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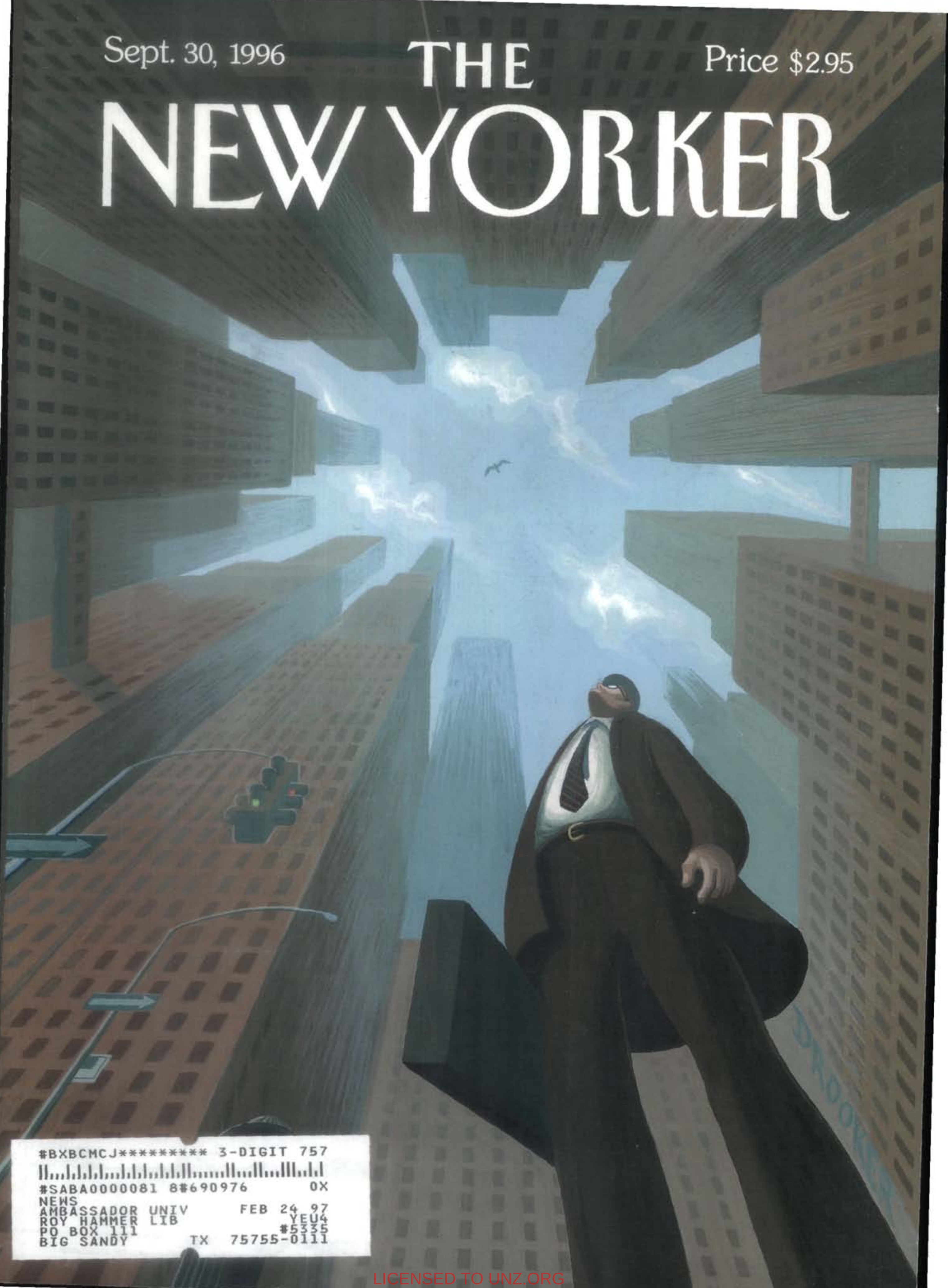

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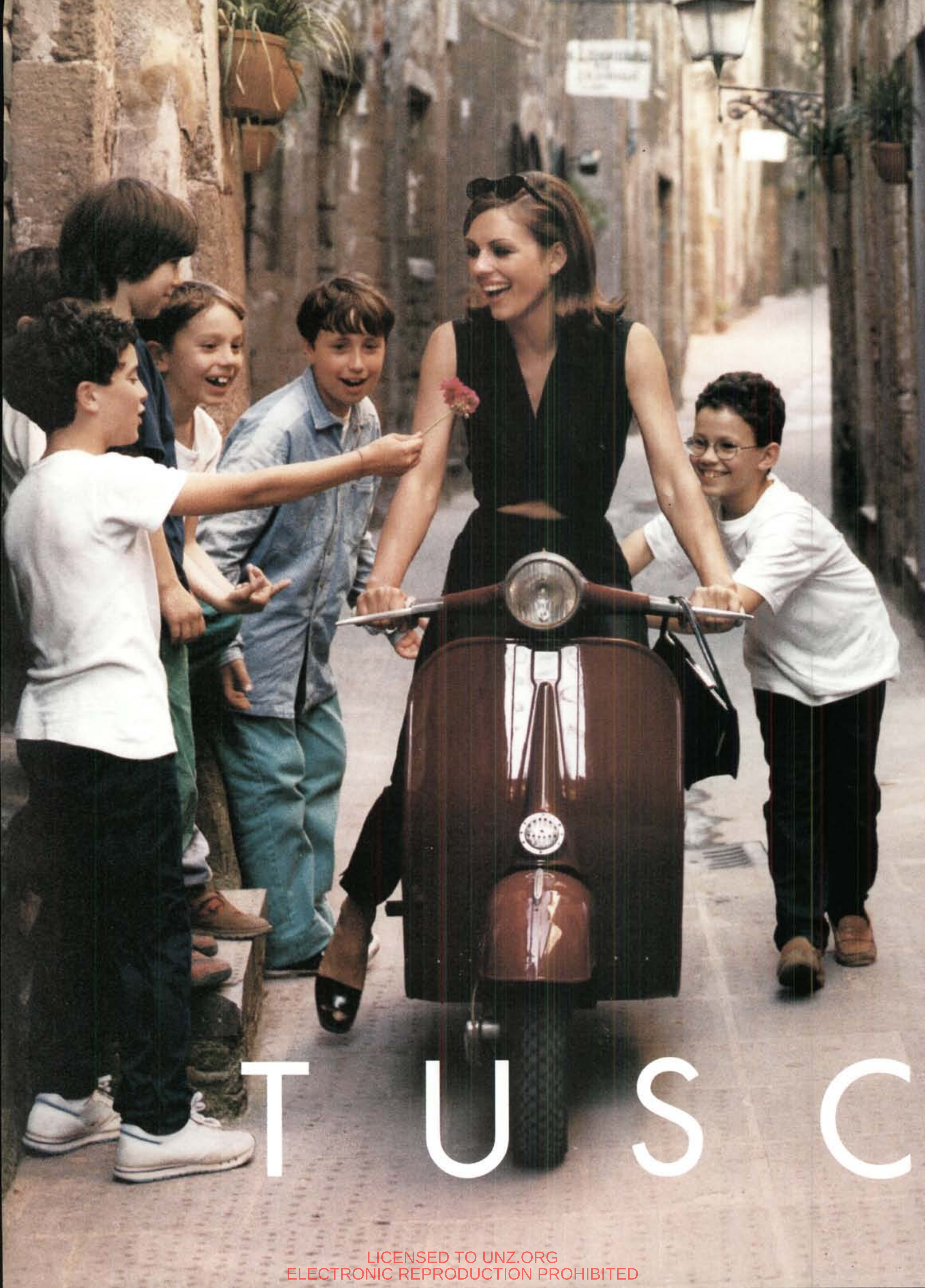
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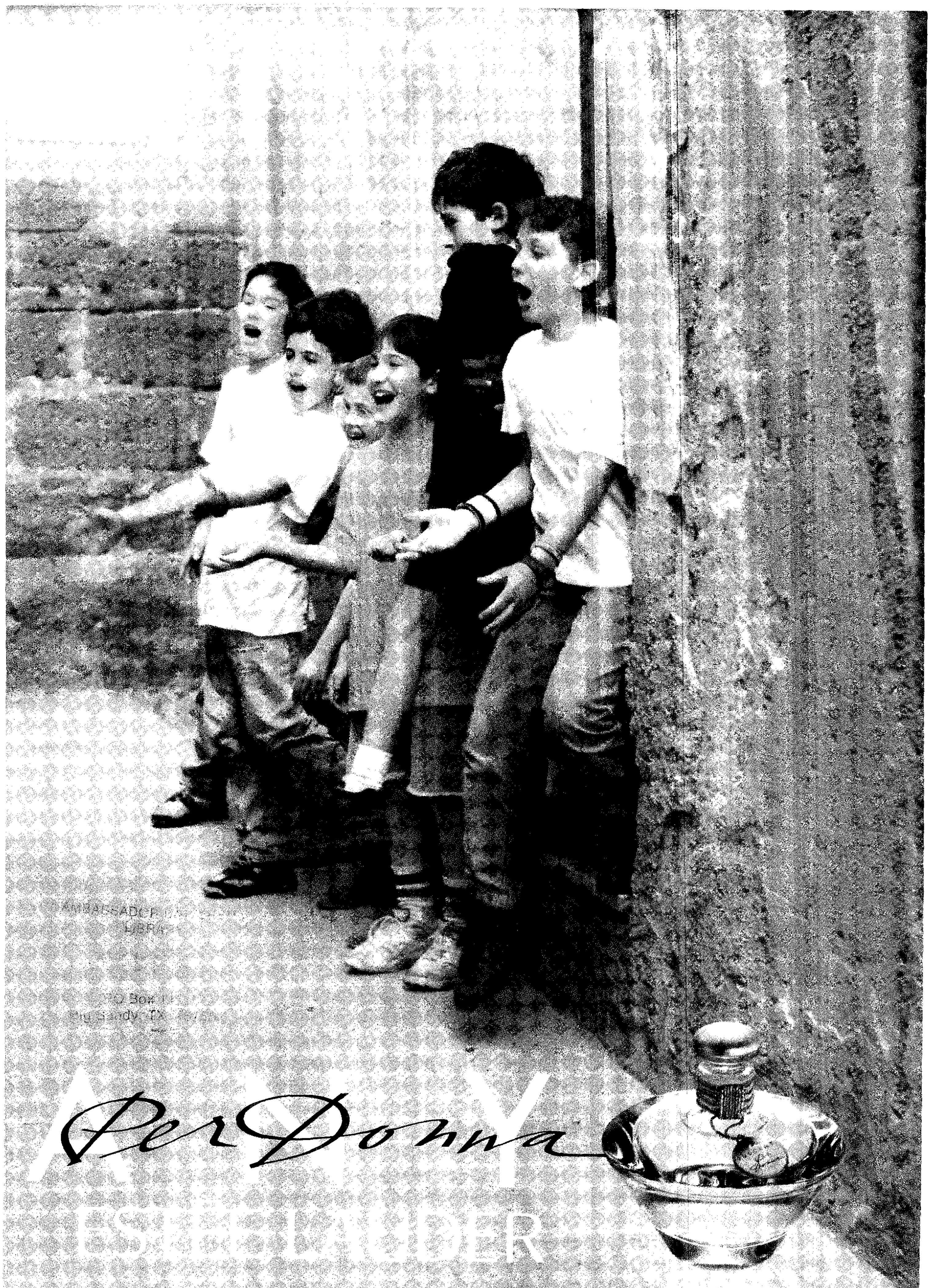
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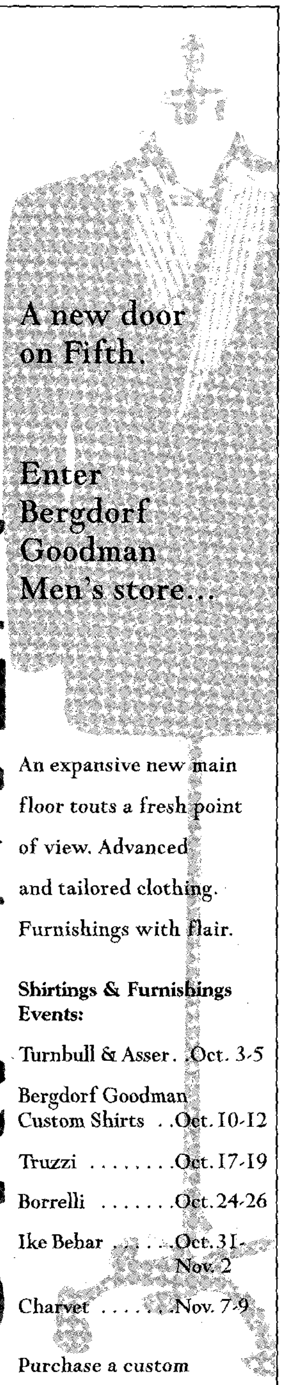

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THE NEW YORKER

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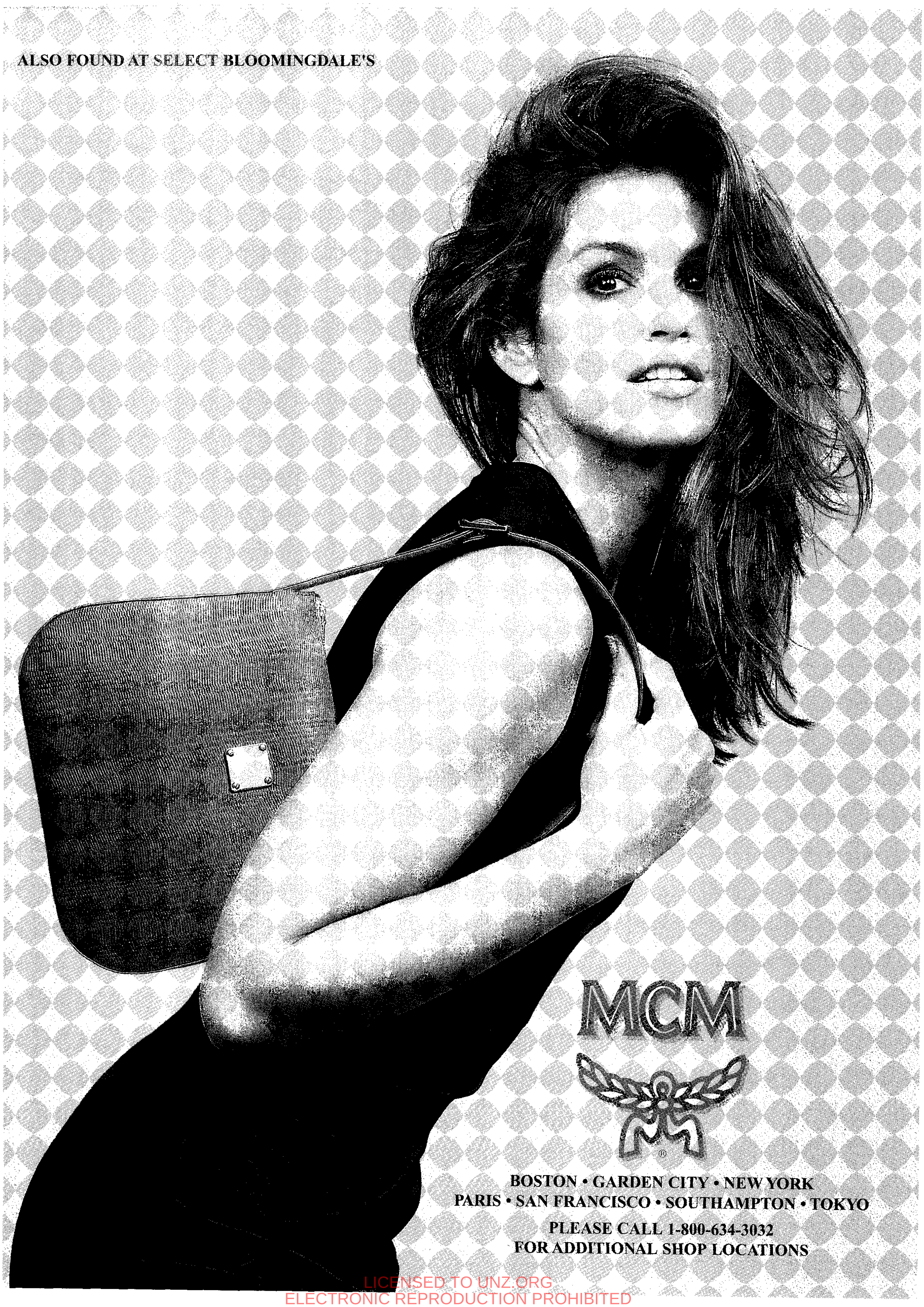ALSO FOUND AT SELECT BLOOMINGDALE'S

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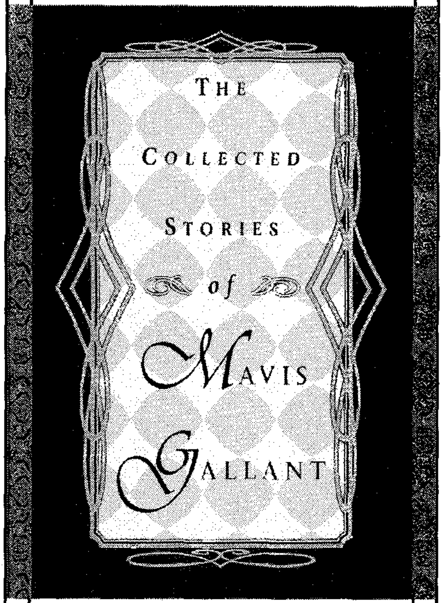

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COMMENT

DOWN WITH COMPASSION

Morality isn't all it's cracked up to be.

If patriotism is the last refuge of scoundrels, moralism is surely a rest stop along the way. The political right's generation-long moral crusade for hard work, sexual restraint, and an end to indulgent government and profligate permissiveness may or may not have made us better people, but it quite effectively prepared us for a steady shrinkage of public services and the villainizing of immigrants, gays, poor blacks, and liberals. You would think that after being bludgeoned with morality for twenty years liberals and other assorted "progressives" would be alert to the dangers of moral politics. But no.

Last week, a new, left-leaning Christian movement, Call to Renewal, convened in Washington, timing its first major public gathering to coincide with the Christian Coalition's annual Road to Victory convention. Call to Renewal announced its determination to enter politics on the side of true Christian values like compassion for the poor. Its main organizer, the Reverend Jim Wallis, who is the editor of the magazine *Sojourners*, denounced President Clinton as a sinner for signing the welfare bill. While the idea of a Christian counter-Coalition has a certain piquancy, this isn't simply a sectarian quarrel about how to interpret the message of the Gospel. The moral position of Call to Renewal reflects an attitude that liberals, religious and secular alike, generally share; namely, that the ascendancy of the right represents the triumph of greed, selfishness, callousness, and cruelty, while the task of the left is to expose this moral iniquity and convert Americans to the cause of generosity, altruism, and—above all—compassion.

A prominent speaker at the Call to Renewal rally was Marian Wright Edelman, president of the Children's Defense Fund. Edelman has called Clinton's unwillingness to veto the welfare bill "a moral blot on his Presidency." For well over a decade, she has been the most influential advocate of a moralist strategy for preserving Aid to Families with Dependent Children, arguing that to be anti-welfare is to be anti-child. This approach has not been effective. Indeed, ever since the early Reagan years the left has been hyperventilating against things like greed and selfishness without discernibly slowing the country's drift to the right.

The liberal moralists misconstrue the problem. If the welfare state is in deep trouble, the reason is not that people are somehow meaner than they used to be but, rather, that economic and social conditions have changed. A global econ-

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THE NEW YORKER, 20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. Thomas A. Florio, president; Pamela Maffei McCarthy, senior vice-president/deputy editor; Diane M. Silberstein, senior vice-president/publisher; Pamela H. Older, vice-president/manufacturing director; Peter Armour, vice-president/circulation director; Rhonda Pinzer Sherman, vice-president/special-projects director; Maurie Perl, vice-president/public-relations director; Robert A. Silverstone, vice-president/business manager; Richard Levine, vice-president/human-resources director; Jonathan Marder, vice-president/special marketing; Carmen Lopez, associate publisher; Cindy Schreibman, creative services director; Marie Wolpert, marketing director. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies. © 1996 by *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of THE NEW YORKER. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are registered trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc., published through its division *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc.

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omy that allows jobs to be moved wherever wages are lowest has severed the link between a company's profits and the prosperity of its employees. Computer-driven technology has replaced millions of workers with machines. Transnational corporations are able to play states, cities, and, increasingly, whole countries off against one another, using the threat of moving, implicit or explicit, to influence tax and fiscal policies. And the collapse of Communism has relieved the captains of industry of the need to convince workers that they have a stake in preserving the system. At the same time, this is a society riven by cultural tensions. Conflict between the races and the sexes is exacerbated by economic anxiety. Feminism, sexual freedom, and market forces have destabilized a family structure based on male dominance and female dependence, yet we haven't found satisfying alternatives.

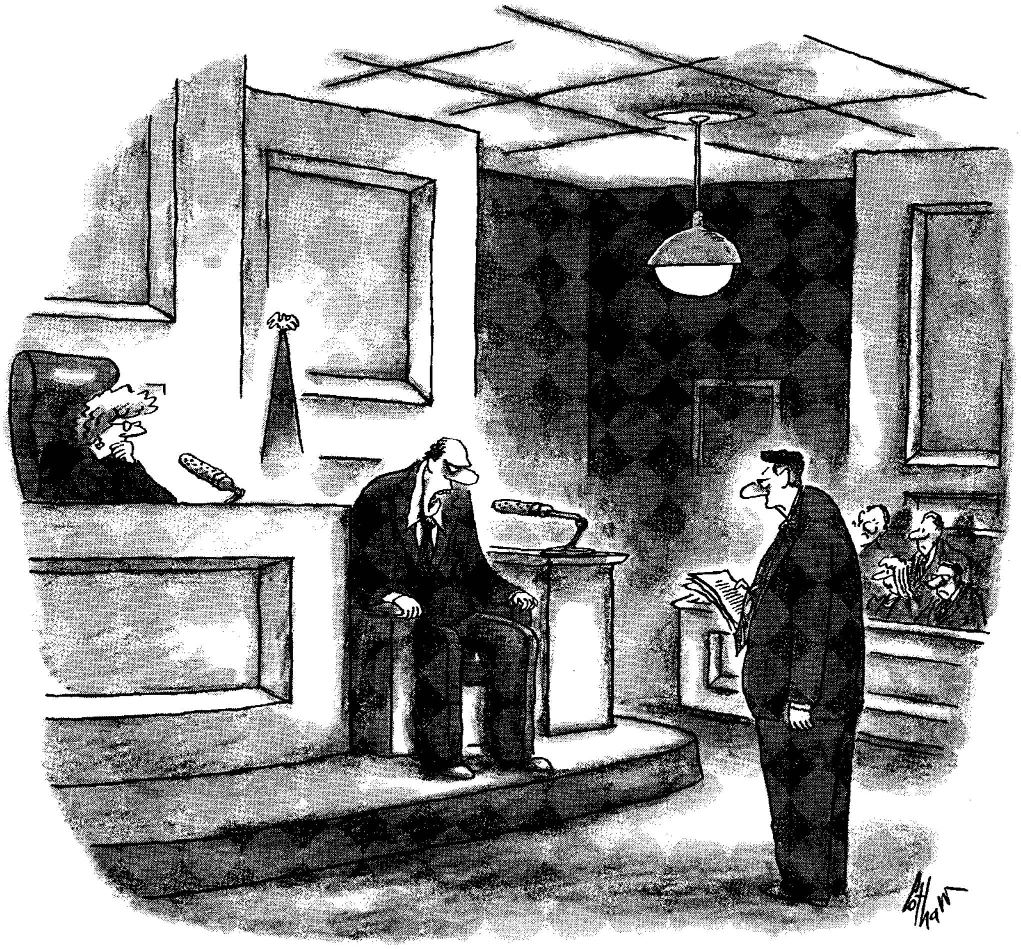
Had Clinton vetoed the welfare bill, it might have done wonders for his personal moral development. But he was operating within a widespread consensus of the political and economic élite that entitlements must be curbed, and Aid to Families with Dependent Children was the most vulnerable entitlement of all. There was no chance that the welfare system would survive in a form palatable to the likes of the Reverend Jim Wallis or Marian Wright Edelman. Next year, another bill would pass, more or less draconian depending on how the elections had turned out, and the march toward devolution would scarcely miss a beat.

As for the rest of us, it's true that instability, insecurity, and feelings of powerlessness tend to inhibit people's compassionate, generous impulses. But moral lectures are not going to change this. Americans ought to be posing deeper, harder questions, like how people can wrest from the corporations power over economic and political decision-making, and how the family can be reinvented in a world of gender equality.

On such questions, the moralists have almost nothing to say. Worse, their preaching amounts to an insidious form of denial. The politics of compassion implies that it's other people—"those less fortunate than ourselves"—whose troubles need attention. This view of the world is not only condescending but increasingly inaccurate. As the effects of economic restructuring creep up the class ladder from the blue-collar worker to the upper-middle-class professional, no one's way of life or standard of living is secure. Nor are any of us immune to cultural turmoil.

In the end, liberal moralism bears a strong resemblance to its cousin on the right. It's authoritarian: instead of working to persuade people with ideas, it manipulates them with name-calling and appeals to guilt. It's for selflessness and sacrifice over pleasure and freedom. The irony is that right-wing moralism is always more successful than the left-wing kind. The right generally concentrates its moral attacks on despised groups, dissident minorities, and subversive élites, while praising its own constituency for *not* being lazy, licentious, or criminal. When it does target "mainstream Americans," it focusses on behavior that people already feel guilty about, such as not being home with the children. Liberal moralists, on the other hand, have a habit of attacking the entire non-poor population for not being compassionate enough—a losing strategy if there ever was one.

For people who are struggling to maintain a livable existence—as most people are nowadays—selflessness is a hard sell. If anything, most people ought to be demanding more than they do demand. Anyway, the purpose of politics in a democratic society should not be moral improvement, which is properly the business of individuals, but a coöperative effort to promote the general welfare—that is, to create social conditions conducive to the pursuit of happiness. Give people the power to shape their lives to their liking, and their souls will take care of themselves. —ELLEN WILLIS



"All I can figure is that he must have been inspecting the water quality of our lakes and rivers when he became entangled in cement."

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IN THE MAIL

DEPT. OF AMPLIFICATION

In my April 22nd article, "All Worked Up," I raised several questions about a series on corporate downsizing that appeared in the *Times* in March. Among other things, I pointed out that there was at that time a serious problem with the statistics on the subject, in that the Labor Department had calculated the total number of layoffs each year—the best over-all measure of downsizing—only through 1993. I also quoted government economists who criticized the *Times'* attempt to circumvent this problem, which involved using a statistical "moving average" technique to produce its own estimates of total job losses for each year since 1979: nearly 10 million between 1993 and 1995, and 43.5 million between 1979 and 1995.

Recently, the Labor Department released the results of its latest biennial survey of displaced workers, which fills in the statistical lacuna, at least partly. On August 23rd, the *Times* asserted in a front-page news story that the new evidence supported its case: "The new figures are within a few percentage points of projections published by The New York Times in March. The Times's calculation of total jobs eliminated between 1979 and 1995 proved accurate." A brief comparison of the *Times'* figures with those of the Labor Department suggests that this statement was tendentious.

The estimates in the original *Times* series were that 3.38 million workers lost their jobs in 1993, 3.34 million in 1994, and 3.26 million in 1995. But the new Labor Department figures estimate that there were 2.11 million jobs lost in 1993, 2.49 million in 1994, and 3.72 million in 1995. Adding in a small number lost at unspecified points during those years gives an official total of 8.4 million involuntary layoffs, which is some 1.6 million fewer than the *Times'* estimate. In fact, far from being "within a few percentage points," these numbers show that the *Times'* estimates were 60 per cent too high for 1993, 34 per cent too high for 1994, and 12 per cent too low for 1995. In other words, only the last of these numbers was even remotely accurate, and that near-hit is probably misleading. The Labor Department's figure for 1995, which appears to show an increase in the rate of layoffs, should be treated skeptically. Estimates for the most recent year are usually substantially lowered in subsequent surveys.

The recent *Times* story also claimed that actual job losses between 1979 and 1995 were 43.3 million, only slightly less than the paper's original estimate, but there was no support for this assertion in the Labor Department's survey. Indeed, annual data provided by the Bureau of Labor Statistics cast more doubt on the *Times'* numbers. These figures, which are based on past surveys of displaced workers, detail the government's best guesses for job losses each year between 1981 and 1994—the only period for which consistent data exist. The numbers show a total of 31.4 million job losses for this fourteen-year period. The *Times'* estimate for the same period was 37.6 million, a discrepancy of more than 6 million.

Louis Uchitelle, the correspondent who wrote the August 23rd story and was co-author of the series, did not dispute my calculations but said my critique "ignores that we used a moving average technique to arrive at the yearly displacement numbers." In fact, my point was that this statistical method, combined with the *Times'* choice of data, produced job-loss figures that are substantially higher than the official estimates provided by the Labor Department.

What import does all this carry for the ongoing debate about economic insecurity? It doesn't mean that downsizing isn't real or that it doesn't cause a lot of human misery. But the new figures do support my original criticism: that the statistical analysis underlying the downsizing series, which depicts both the nature and the extent of downsizing as unprecedented, was flawed.

JOHN CASSIDY
New York City

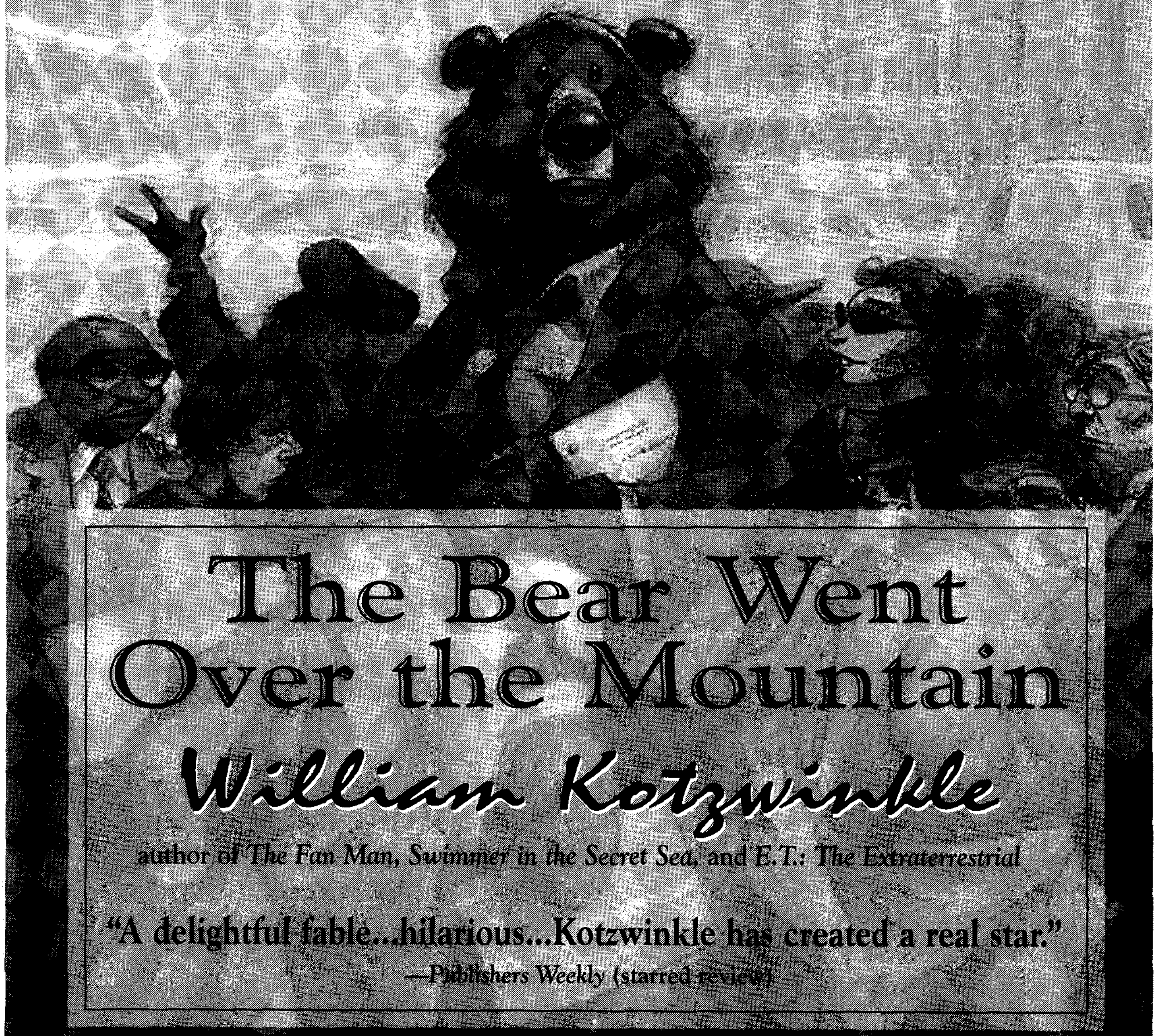
The story of a backwoods bear who became a literary lion.

photo: Hans Pfitzinger

A furry fable for grownups
by William Kotzwinkle.

Once upon a time in rural Maine, a big black bear found a manuscript under a tree. While he couldn't eat it, he did read it, and decided it wasn't bad. Borrowing some clothes from a local store, and the name Hal Jam from the labels of his favorite foods, he headed to New York to seek his fortune in the literary world.

Now, in William Kotzwinkle's delicious fantasy for grownups, he's about to take America by storm.



The Bear Went Over the Mountain

William Kotzwinkle

author of *The Fan Man*, *Swimmer in the Secret Sea*, and *E.T.: The Extraterrestrial*

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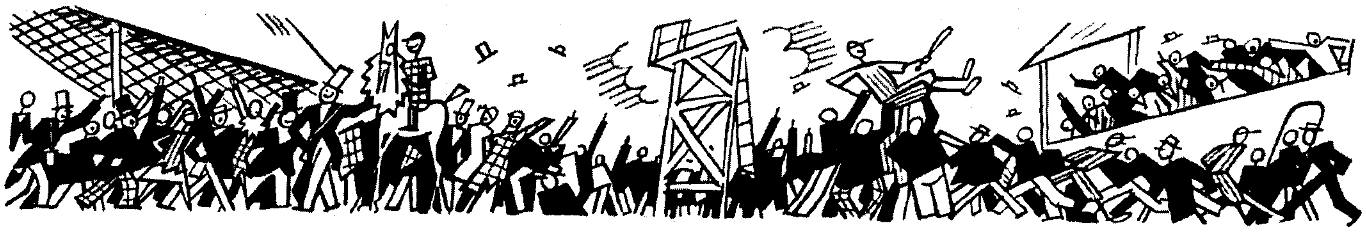

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Americana—A revue surveying the evolution of the nation's music since the eighteen-nineties. In previews through Sept. 28. Opens Sept. 29 at 7. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

Eddie Izzard—The British comic, in a limited engagement at P.S. 122. In previews Sept. 25-28. Opens Sept. 29 at 7:30 and continues, Thursdays through Sundays, through Oct. 20. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

Edmond—The Atlantic Theatre Company begins its season with David Mamet's 1982 urban morality drama. Directed by Clark Gregg. In previews through Sept. 30. Opens Oct. 1 at 8. (336 W. 20th St. 239-6200.)

Elektra—The National Theatre of Greece comes to town for a brief engagement with Sophocles' tragedy, starring Lydia Koniordou, in her own staging. In Greek with English supertitles. Sept. 25-27 at 8; Sept. 28 at 1:30 and 8:30; and Sept. 29 at 3. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Fit to Be Tied—A new comedy by Nicky Silver, starring T. Scott Cunningham, Jean Smart, Matt Keeslar, and Dick Latessa. In previews. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Gerard Alessandrini cuts a satirical swath through the Great White Way in a new edition of his musical parody. In previews. (Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. 799-4599.)

Late Night Catechism—An interactive comedy by Maripat Donovan and Vicki Quade, about things parochial. Previews begin Sept. 26. (St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-4200.)

Oh, Captain!—The York Theatre Company's Musicals in Mufti series of overlooked works concludes with a concert performance of Jay Livingston, Ray Evans, Al Morgan, and José Ferrer's tale of a two-timing English sea captain. Sept. 27 at 8, Sept. 28 at 2:30 and 8, and Sept. 29 at 2:30. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-5820.)

Political Animal—Douglas McGrath portrays a charming but unprincipled Presidential candidate in his new comedy. In previews. (McGinn/Cazale, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

Radio Gals—An Arkansas music teacher (Carole Cook) turns her home into a nighttime radio station from which she broadcasts her own band, in a new musical by Mike Craver and Mark Hardwick (the creators of "Oil City Symphony"). In previews through Sept. 29. Opens Oct. 1 at 8. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

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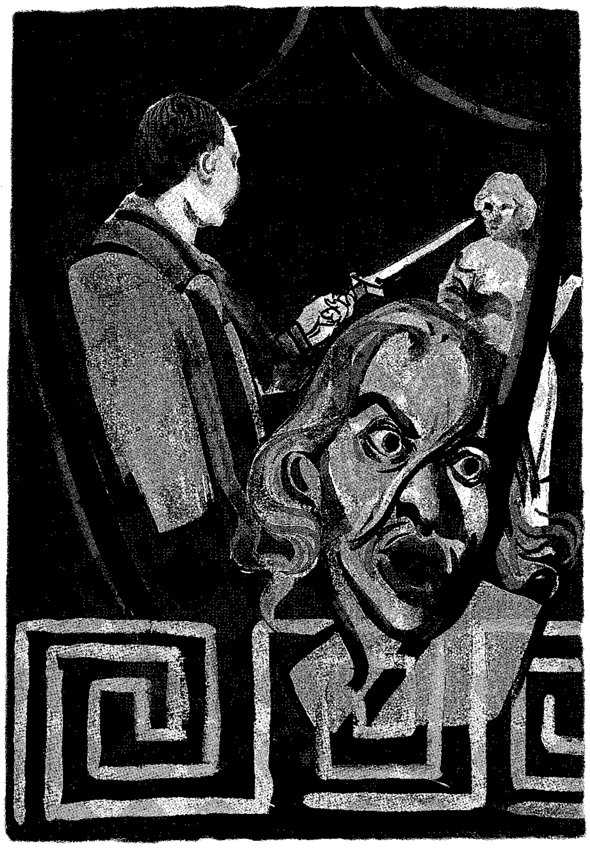
Rhinoceros—An adaptation by Theresa Rebeck of Ionesco's 1959 absurdist classic, presented by the Valiant Theatre Company. In previews. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200.)

Sex and Longing—In Christopher Durang's new comedy, Sigourney Weaver and Jay Goede play friends who write a book about their sexual addictions, which comes under attack by right-wingers. A Lincoln Center Theatre production, directed by Garland Wright. In previews. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

View of the Dome—Theresa Rebeck's new drama, about a Washington, D.C., attorney and her political machinations within a corrupt system. In previews through Sept. 29. Opens Sept. 30 at 8. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 460-5475.)

Wake Up and Smell the Coffee—Eric Bogosian brings an expanded, espresso-strength version of his solo work in progress to the Knitting Factory for five consecutive nights, beginning Oct. 1 at 8. (74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. 219-3055.)



"Elektra," performed by the National Theatre of Greece.

DAVID TOMB

OPENED RECENTLY

The All-Nude College-Girl Revue—A return engagement of Lisa Faith Phillips's semiautobiographical play, about a coed who takes an unconventional job. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Oct. 3.)

Back on the Boulevard—Liliane Montevecchi sings French cabaret classics and tunes by Cole Porter, George Gershwin, and others. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Sept. 29.)

Big—This adaptation of the movie that starred Tom Hanks provides little joy, though Daniel Jenkins, as the twelve-year-old in a grown-up's body, is sweet and likable. Directed by Mike Ockrent. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/27/96.) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

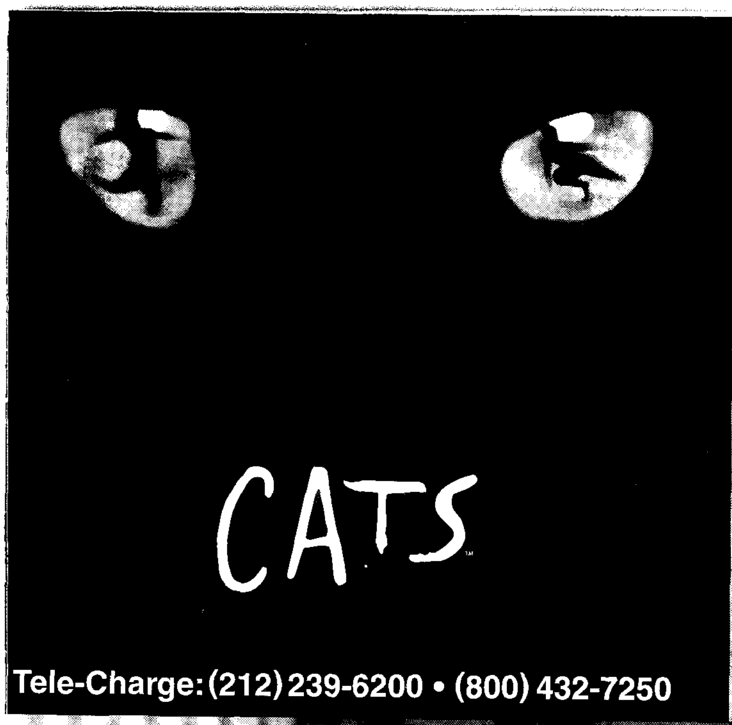
Born to Sing!—This sequel to the long-running gospel musical "Mama, I Want to Sing!" chronicles the increasingly chaotic world tour of gospel diva Doris Winter and the New York Reach Ensemble; the plot isn't compelling, and the acting isn't consistently good enough to make a difference. But that hardly matters, since the point, as in "Mama," is the music, and the music is glorious. The four main performers (Tanya Blount, Kellie D. Evans, Lisa Fischer, and Stacy Francis) have strong (and distinctly different) voices. Singing both standards and original songs, and backed by the impossibly energetic and gracious music minister, Charles Stewart, and the choir, they give the show the backbone it needs. You couldn't find a better introduction to gospel without going to church. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 505-0700.)

The Boys in the Band—James Lecesne, as the swishy Emory, and David Greenspan, as the lethal Harold, have a field day in Mart Crowley's 1968 study of gay self-hatred. The script no longer seems particularly shocking (except in its viciousness) or politically suspect, but it holds up soundly in this impressive revival, which was supervised by the playwright and directed with buckets of bile by Kenneth Elliott. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

Chicago City Limits—The improv company takes aim at the 1996 Presidential campaign with a new revue, "Right to Laugh Party." (Chicago City Limits Theatre, First Ave. at 61st St. 888-5233.)

Chimère—In the center of two concentric red dirt paths stands a pond, in which candles seem to float; the lights dim, someone sings, and suddenly a man on horseback appears in the pond. And for the next two hours, the French company Zingaro—seventeen riders, acrobats, and dancers, a twelve-member band, and twenty-seven horses—overwhelms its audience with passionate, sensual images. This is art for art's sake, without any particular plot, but the equestrianism is astonishing (a horse at full gallop, for instance, with a rider balanced upside down near one shoulder), and in combination with the richly colored, Indian-inspired music, dance, and costumes, it's exquisite. (The big top, Battery Park City. For more information, call 1-718 636-4100.)

City Water Tunnel #3—Marty Pottenger's multimedia performance piece, which focusses on the ongoing construction of New York City's third water tunnel, is an examination of laborers and their effect on the world. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202. Closes Oct. 6.)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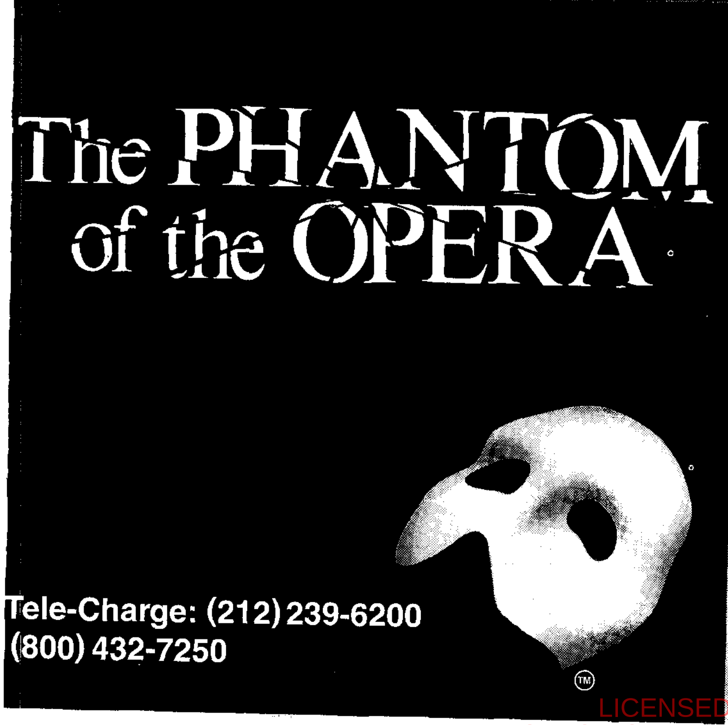
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The Cocoanuts—The American Jewish Theatre's revival of the Irving Berlin–George S. Kaufman musical that starred the Marx Brothers in 1925—about a Florida land scheme—has moved to a new theatre, changed some cast members, and ironed out a number of the problems that plagued the original production downtown. The songs, which include "Always" and "Shaking the Blues Away," are pleasant enough, but it's the laugh-out-loud comedy that really scores. Michael McGrath, in the Groucho role, is inspired, and Celia Tackaberry, channelling Margaret Dumont, makes a worthy foil. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 239-6200.)

A Delicate Balance—A bracing, astringent revival of Edward Albee's 1966 play about a family that has sacrificed much of its humanity for the sake of appearances. The cast, under the fine direction of Gerald Gutierrez, is uniformly excellent. (5/27/96) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Closes Sept. 29.)

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—The exuberant, over-the-top designer Howard Crabtree died in June, and this production (created with and written and directed by Mark Waldrop) is a fitting cap to his career. It's a revue of witty, satiric songs that purport to be part of a larger show that keeps falling apart, leaving Michael West, who plays Crabtree, wondering whether he should have become a chicken farmer. Some of the bits work better than others, but the combination of love songs ("Newt—I think you're cute," sings one forlorn man), charming silliness (a centaur wonders why the other guys at the gym treat him differently), and occasional serious moments, performed by a wonderful cast decked out in Crabtree's sequinned, feathered, mind-boggling costumes, is a sure sign that chicken farming's loss was our gain. With music by Dick Gallagher. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

Eric Bogosian, in "Wake Up and Smell the Coffee."

RUSSELL CHRISTIAN

Disappearing Act—A cabaret-style revue meant to celebrate and skewer urban gay life. Michael Oster's songs, which run the gay gamut—shopping, phone sex, theatre queens, people with AIDS—are impersonal if sometimes clever audience pleasers, and while the three performers work hard to make them come alive, the brittle staging and two-hour running time does them in. For piano-bar fans only. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Einstein: A Stage Portrait—John Crowther portrays the fluffy-haired physicist, in a new play by Willard Simms. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-6322.)

Evolution—A rock performance piece, set in a carnival, by Steven Guyer. (Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. 346-8510.)

Full Gallop—The Manhattan Theatre Club's production of Mary Louise Wilson and Mark Hampton's one-woman play, in which Ms. Wilson appears as Diana Vreeland, the one-time editor of *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue*. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Burt Shevelove, Larry Gelbart, and Stephen Sondheim's 1962 musical-comedy version of a Roman farce is a joke play that begs for outrageousness. But Jerry Zaks's peppy, acrylic revival, starring Nathan Lane, seldom enters that giddy zone of comic daring. (5/20/96) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Grace & Glorie—Tom Ziegler's predictable but charmingly told tale of an illiterate Virginia mountain woman (Estelle Parsons) and the Harvard M.B.A. (Lucie Arnaz) who befriends her in her last days. Under Gloria Muzio's direction, the two actresses make the blend of humor and pathos affecting rather than—as it might easily have been—cloying. (Laura Pels, Broadway at 45th St. 719-9393.)

Heating & Cooling—A comedy about air-conditioning, by Sara Plath. Presented by the Lark Theatre Company. (Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. 727-3626. Closes Sept. 29.)

Hughie—Al Pacino stars as the blowhard gambler Erie Smith, in his own staging of Eugene O'Neill's 1941 drama. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

An Ideal Husband—In Oscar Wilde's hundred-and-one-year-old play, a youthful transgression comes back to threaten the career of a promising Cabinet member. The man who saves the day is played, with showy aplomb, by Martin Shaw. The rest of the delightful, mostly British cast, under the direction of Peter Hall, is well up to the Wildean wit and wisdom, and the evening flies by in a flash of epigrammatic splendor. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—In made-for-musical-theatre voices, the appealing cast of Joe DiPietro and Jimmy Roberts's crowd-pleasing revue about love and marriage sings songs examining such made-for-musical-theatre issues as parents who talk baby talk, the injustice of long ladies'-room lines, the gruesomeness of bridesmaids' dresses, and the unbearable triteness of shopping. Couples in the audience may nudge each other happily as they guess the actors' lines before they're uttered. Directed by Joel Bishoff. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.)

Jason and Medea—A modern-day adaptation of works by Seneca and Euripides, incorporating music and dance. Written by Dennis Moritz. (Nuyorican Poets Café, 236 E. 3rd St. 505-8183. Closes Oct. 6.)

The King and I—In a word, magnificent. Hats off to Donna Murphy, as Anna, Lou Diamond Phillips, as the King of Siam, and everyone else (including Rodgers and Hammerstein, of course) who had a hand in this production. Christopher Renshaw directed. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

Matty: An Evening with Christy Mathewson—Christy Mathewson's mother wanted him to be a preacher, but Mathewson preferred baseball, and between 1911 and 1913 he led the New York Giants to three pennant victories, becoming something like the Michael Jordan of his day. When he wasn't busy endorsing products (tobacco) or inventing pitches (the screwball), he also did quite a bit of writing, which Eddie Frierson has turned into a one-man show. Frierson exhibits plenty of energy (there's no shortage of yelling), but he isn't content merely to entertain the audience with tales of such characters as manager John McGraw and Charley (Giant Jinx Killer) Faust: unfortunately, he never fails to include the moral of a story. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Misalliance—The Pearl Theatre Company opens its season with Shaw's 1910 satire. (80 St. Marks Pl. 598-9802. Closes Oct. 12.)

Old Wicked Songs—Jon Marans' well-written piece of sentimental sanctimony asks the question: Can a blocked, arrogant twenty-five-year-old pianist find wisdom under the tutelage of a suicidal singing teacher who survived the Holocaust? (The answer is yes.) The evening is carried on the cool command of Justin Kirk, who plays the young man with swaggering style. Hal Robinson, as the wily coach, hangs in there, too, but sometimes the dialogue and his dialect let him down. The characters go through their changes neatly, but the audience arrives at the station long before the engine of the plot does. (9/16/96) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

The One-Minute Play Contest—A fun and frenzied competition in which audience enthusiasm and a decibel metre decide which sixty-second drama gets the prize (fifty clams) for each heat. Sept. 28 at 7 and 8:30 (preliminaries) and at 10 (finals). (Dicapo Opera Theatre, 184 E. 76th St. 279-4200.)

Othello and the Circumcised Turk—Assurbanipal Babilla's take on the Moor's tragedy incorporates text and characters from other Shakespeare plays and Middle Eastern burlesque traditions. (Vineyard's 26th Street Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 925-7469. Closes Sept. 29.)

Paved Paradise—Performance artist John Kelly's solo musical work, a paean to Joni Mitchell. (Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. 741-0391. Closes Sept. 28.)

Phaedra—In his new one-person show, Everett Quinton, of the Ridiculous Theatrical Company, takes on all the roles in the tragic soap opera recalled in the title. He cuts a striking figure, with his bald head and combat-fatigues gown, but his frantic pace suggests that he's trying to make up in sweat what he lacks in art. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 307-4100. Closes Sept. 29.)

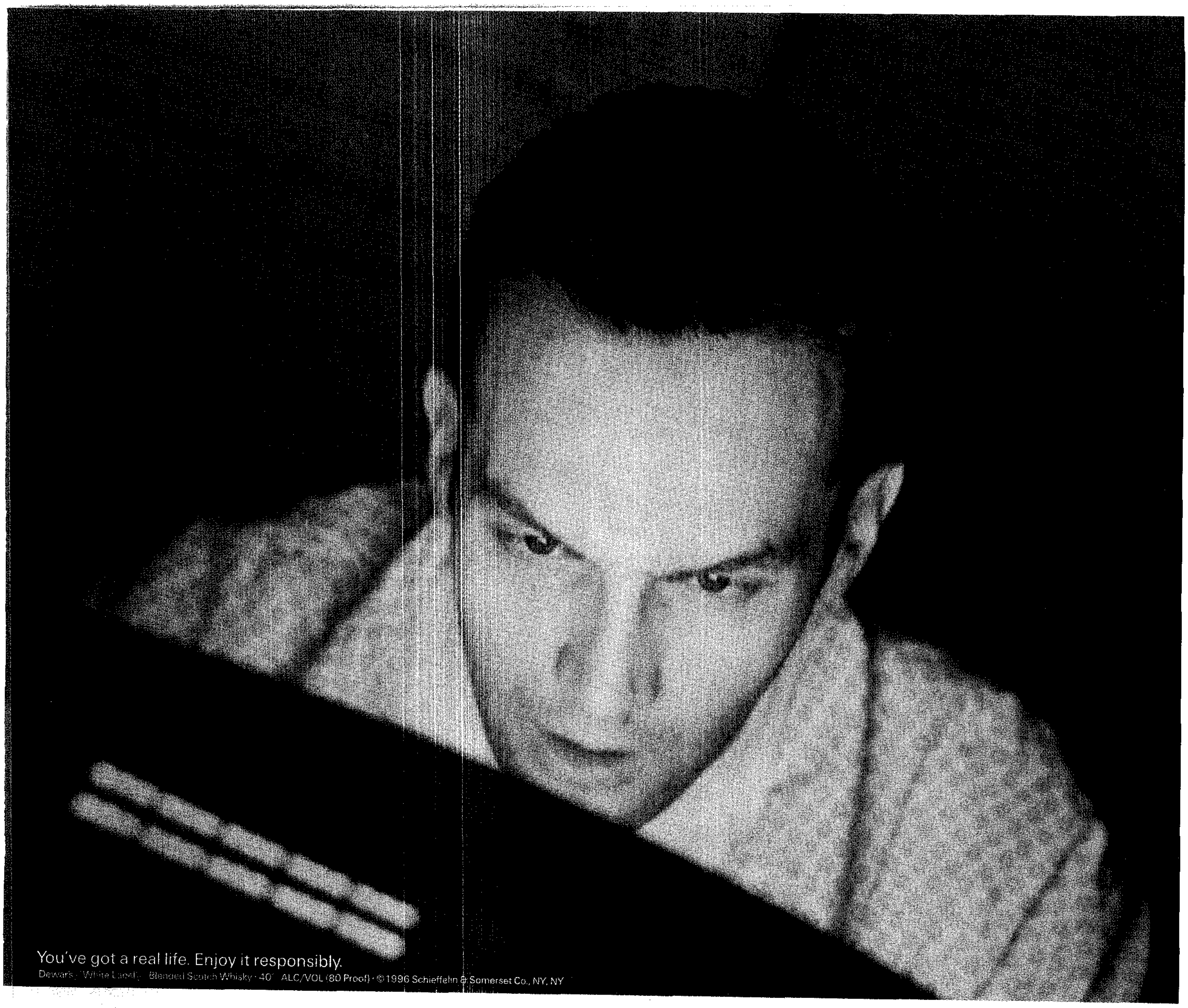
Pig—A working-class family's barbecue turns bad, in a drama by Tammy Ryan. (29th Street Repertory Theatre, 212 W. 29th St. 465-0575. Closes Oct. 12.)

Skylight—From London, where it was originally staged at the Royal National Theatre, comes David Hare's latest drama, starring Michael Gambon and Lia Williams and directed by Richard Eyre. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Sleeping Hippo—Max Mayer's drama about a woman who becomes involved in a triangle with a poor artist (who hangs out in her run-down East Village bar) and his rich patron. (Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 715-1808. Closes Sept. 29.)

Summer and Smoke—The Roundabout has given Tennessee Williams's 1948 drama, about the unrequited love of the prim, pure Alma Winemiller (Mary McDonnell) for the louche doctor John Buchanan (Harry Hamlin), an uneven but compelling revival. McDonnell radiates decency and intelligence and makes both Alma's nervousness and the punishing slow burn of her desire convincing. Hamlin may not have the Promethean energy that Williams called for, but he's handsome, charming, and bubbling with testosterone, and he and McDonnell have a tender, appealing rapport. Unfortunately, director David Warren's omission of a crucial emblematic gesture at the end suggests that he has mounted the play without really understanding it. (9/16/96) (Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

Volunteer Man—Rattlestick Productions presents a dark comedy-drama by Dan Clancy, about



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the relationship between an AIDS hospice worker and a dying man. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 353-3665. Closes Sept. 29.)

What the Butler Saw—Jean Cocteau Repertory presents Joe Orton's 1969 satire, directed by Scott Shattuck. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

LONG RUNS

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **BRING IN DA NOISE, BRING IN DA FUNK:** Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **COWGIRLS:** Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. . . .**THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **GRANDMA SYLVIA'S FUNERAL:** SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555. . . . **GREASE!:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **LOVE THY NEIGHBOR:** Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MASTER CLASS:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **RENT:** Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. . . . **ROB BECKER'S DEFENDING THE CAVEMAN:** Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100. . . . **SHOW BOAT:** Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100. . . . **SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477. . . . **SUNSET BOULEVARD:** Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4007. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **VICTOR/VICTORIA:** Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.

Montazstroj, the Croatian dance trio, at P.S. 122.

JENNY WILLIAMS

DANCE

"Have Red Ever Green"—The Vietnamese-American choreographer Tai Dang and his company of twenty (plus assorted locals who were drawn in during rehearsals) stage a multimedia look at the dualities and ambiguities of the immigrant experience. Dang chose Columbus Park, in Chinatown, for the performances because it represents the intersection of the old and the new: it was built on the site of the infamous ghetto known as Five Points (which remains familiar through the photographs of Jacob Riis), and the dancers move around and through a nearly one-hundred-year-old pavilion in the park—while skyscrapers tower nearby. Dang himself came to this country after the fall of Saigon, when he was twenty, and his aim is to evoke the sense of dislocation that confronts the immigrant. As he puts it, "I created a character who comes to a new land—absolutely new, for him; then he begins to discover himself in this strange place." About the title, he will only say, "It came to me a way, way long time ago. It can mean many things. When people see the piece, they may find out more about the mystery." (Columbus Park Pavilion, Bayard St. between Baxter and Mulberry Sts. Sept. 26-29 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

"Everybody Goes 2 Disco from Moscow 2 San Francisco: The Re-Mix"—The Croatian trio Montazstroj brings its raw dance blend (its signature work, "Croatia in Flame," was staged—and filmed—in Zagreb shelters during air-raid alarms) to the Lower East Side. On a set reminiscent of a squat (the stage contains only a wall of urinals and a basketball hoop), the threesome incorporates movements from sports, sex, war, and, of course, disco. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Sept. 26-29 at 8:30.)

Rambert Dance Company—The seventy-year-old company from London's West End returns to New York after a nine-year absence. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Sept. 25-27 at 8, Sept. 28 at 2 and 8, and Sept. 29 at 2 and 7:30.)

"Prime Time"—Dancers Over 40, a truth-in-advertising assembly of dancers and choreographers of a certain age, presents a program that includes "A Thin Frost," by Gus Solomons, Jr., and "I Thought You Were Dead," by Stuart Hodes and Alice Teirstein. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Sept. 26-28 at 8 and Sept. 29 at 3.)

"Masao"—Koosil-Ja Hwang, a choreographer born in Japan to Korean parents, opens Danspace Project's fall season with her evening-length work about the Japanese annexation of Korea. She and her four-member company, Dance Kumikokimoto, share the title role, a Korean Everyman stripped of identity and relocated to work camps and war zones. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. Sept. 26-29 at 8:30.)

"CrUX"—Yanira Castro, a veteran of dance in public settings (Grand Central, the Times Square subway station, the basketball court at the 96th St. Y.M.C.A.), brings her choreography (including "Canned Cherries" and "I've Heard This Before I Had Had Any of This") to an established stage. (Merce Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. For reservations, call 865-7915. Sept. 27 at 9 and Sept. 28 at 8.)

Odissi Dance of India—Guru Kelucharan Mohapatra, one of the leading practitioners of the Indian temple-dance style known as orissa, celebrates his seventieth birthday with this performance, joined by his twelve-member troupe of dancers and musicians and by one of his foremost disciples in the genre, Oopalie Operajita. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Sept. 27 at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

Fred Hersch—This pianist has received a lot of press recently as one of the first jazz musicians to come out as H.I.V.-positive and to actively campaign against AIDS, but his supple Bill Evans-infused lyricism has been drawing attention for years. He's a dyed-in-the-wool romantic with a feel for history, and his formal cast cloaks his poetry in bittersweet. He's also one of the few young jazz pianists who can pull off an evening of solo improvisation. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 501-3330. Sept. 25 at 8.)

Yma Sumac / Combustible Edison—The Peruvian songbird with the four-octave range first swooped onto the music scene forty-six years ago with "Voice of Xtabay" (a name invented by someone at Capitol Records). With little advertising, the album sold half a million copies and set in motion the cocktail-music craze that captured the hearts of the cha-cha set. With her turbans, her Styrofoam Incan statues, and her Tiki Room hauteur, she was considered camp even in her heyday. Now, approaching her eightieth year, she's the patron saint of camp. Put on one of her records, with their jungle-bird calls and ancient love chants, and your dreary home is transformed into a hideaway deep in the primeval rain forest. / The first band to feature a signature drink recipe on a CD cover (two ounces brandy, one ounce Campari, one ounce fresh lemon juice; ignite brandy, pour into a shaker full of cracked ice, etc.), this self-proclaimed "suave and sybaritic" group is the most convincing of the new cocktail-lounge revivalists. The music is a kitschy libation consisting of equal parts vibraphone, Farfisa organ, melodica, bossa-nova bongos, and surf guitar. (Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. 307-7171. Sept. 25 at 8.)

Pearl Jam—Earnest, intense, and a little bit stupid, Pearl Jam has spent the past two years engaged in some very un-rock-star-like behavior: warring with Ticketmaster, stubbornly refusing to make videos, and demoting itself to Neil Young's backup band. On the sprawling new "No Code," Eddie Vedder trades in his apoplectic rumble in favor of a more restrained modal approach (picked up from the Pakistani superstar Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan; the two singers coupled on last year's "Dead Man Walking" soundtrack). Despite Vedder's new sound, the band is still firmly entrenched in a heavy-duty Crazy Horse groove—it's hard to imagine them anywhere but at the top of the grunge heap. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. 307-7171. Sept. 28-29 at 3.)

Mercedes Sosa—The Argentine folk singer. (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. Sept. 29 at 8.)

Oscar Peterson—At the peak of his powers, Peterson often sounded like four pianists at once. A recent illness has left him impaired—now he sounds like only two. Since the late forties, the Indomitable One has set the standard for whirlwind technique and pile-driving swing. For most of America, he *is* mainstream jazz piano. With Tony Bennett, Herb Ellis, Ray Brown, Shirley Horn, Roy Hargrove, Milt Jackson, the Manhattan Transfer, and the great Danish bassist Neils-Henning Ørsted Pederson. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 307-7171. Oct. 1 at 8.)

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Back in the fifties, **HADDA BROOKS** (through Sept. 28) was the Hollywood ideal of a torch singer. Stylish and sultry, she generated atmosphere from behind the piano in films like "In a Lonely Place" and "The Bad and

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the Beautiful." Today, at seventy-nine, she looks and acts like a sly, twinkling character out of some Chandleresque fairy tale: often in midsong she'll jump up from the keyboard, tilt her head, look at someone in the audience, and cackle some kind of incantation. She has spunk and charm, and she's definitely something else. Dining.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—A humongous tenor-sax sound and an inexhaustible spirit get **BILL SAXTON** (Sept. 28) through any gig; he's a resourceful veteran who deserves a much wider audience. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Through Sept. 29: a seventy-fifth-birthday salute to **BILLY TAYLOR,** with guest appearances by **DONALD BYRD, JOHN FADDIS, JIMMY HEATH, JOE LOVANO, TITO PUENTE, STEVE TURRE, STANLEY TURRENTINE, PHIL WOODS,** and many others. Sept. 30: The **JACKIE MC LEAN** quartet. A week-long seventieth-birthday party for **RAY BROWN** begins on Oct. 1. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A duskily lit neighborhood bar, where pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, drummers compete for your ear. Truth and beauty usually prevail. Through Sept. 28: piano, bass, and drums with **MIKE LEDONNE, JOHN WEBBER,** and **LEWIS NASH.** Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and, through mid-October, the great **BARBARA COOK.** . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, pianist **PETER MINTUN** is in attendance.

FIFTY SEVEN FIFTY SEVEN, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A sleek piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel. Dining.

IRIDIUM, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Across the street from Lincoln Center, this restaurant and club features a handsome bar upstairs and a surreal performance space downstairs. Through Sept. 29: the **KENNY BARRON** quintet. Barron may have succeeded too well as the pianist of choice—ubiquity goes hand in hand with being taken for granted. Whatever the drawbacks of popularity and consistency, though, he turns every set into a lesson in unmannered, eloquent improvisation. He may be the most sympathetic accompanist around, but under the spotlight he's a star. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—An Old New York kind of place, with dark wood panelling, white tablecloths, and brass figurine lamps. Sept. 25-28: Piano and bass with **JOHN BUNCH** and **JAY LEONHART.**

KNITTING FACTORY, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Sept. 25-28: The **BILL FRISELL** quartet. His latest recording, "Quartet," is an atmospheric chamber work unsullied by drums. Whether he can re-create this mood in a downtown jazz club is anyone's guess, but no matter what route he takes, Frisell sounds like no one else: mating the tonality of rock with the finesse and economy of a Zen master, he's taken the guitar to the next dimension.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—A surefooted comedienne, **FAITH PRINCE** (through Sept. 28) has an intuition for the mechanics of a joke: she never punches a punch line. She looks like a turn-of-the-century Florodora girl, with a Lillian Russell figure and a sweet, intelligent face. She's sort of perfect, and definitely perfect for "Three of Hearts: The Songs of Mary Rodgers," a new revue saluting the composer of such Broadway musicals as "Once Upon a Mattress," which showcased the great comic talents of Carol Burnett, and "Hot Spot," which starred the glorious Judy Holliday, whom Prince often resembles. Singers Jason Workman and Mark Waldrop share the spotlight. **JOE WILLIAMS** takes over on Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Rainbow Room, there's a revolving dance floor, plus swinging big-band music courtesy of the Rainbow Room Orchestra, featuring vocalists Sean Mahony and Claudette Sierra. Closed Mondays.

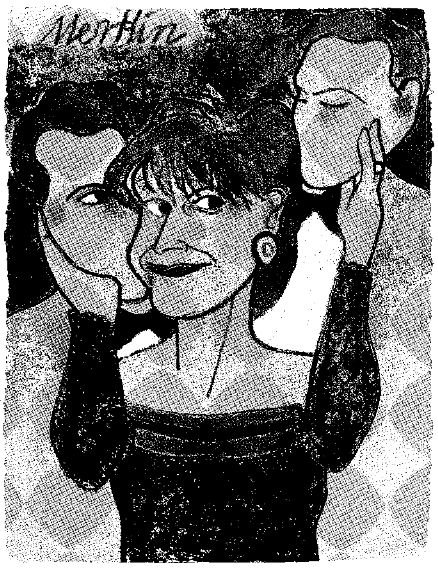
SMALLS, 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565)—This aptly named club features up-and-coming players jamming late into the night.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Through Sept. 29: **BOBBY WATSON** is the Cannonball Adderley of our day, an exemplary alto player and a canny band-leader who revels in the pleasure of connecting with a crowd. Dining.

TAVERN ON THE GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—The Chestnut Room may resemble a hunting lodge decorated by Liberace, but the performances here are no joke. Through Sept. 29: **DAVE MC KENNA.** A mainstream monster, this pianist has a left hand that's a force of nature—a massive generator capable of putting any bassist out of business. And his wit is as celebrated as his virtuosity. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—**ROY HARGROVE** (in with a big band through Sept. 29) is an all-American musician. Everything about his trumpet playing conveys verve, dazzle, fun, and optimism—it's a little hard to take. He has the skill and the spirit, but a study of, say, B. B. King might calibrate his vision a bit. **JAVON JACKSON** (starting Oct. 1) is no fool. In a scene overflowing with bright young tenor saxophonists, even an exceptional player like Jackson has to do something special to grab the spotlight. On his new—and mostly fascinating—"Look Within," he ditches the conventional horn-and-rhythm-section setup and goes outré. Collaborating with Craig Street, the jazz producer of the minute, he experiments with acoustic guitar and organ, brings in vocalist Cassandra Wilson, and tackles the music of Frank Zappa, Muddy Waters, and Serge Gainsbourg. He may not be able to replicate all these sonic high jinks live, but guitarist Fareed Haque will be on hand to help spice things up. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A rarity among jazz clubs: somewhere you'd go to eat even if there were no music. Through Sept. 28: piano, sax, and bass with **JUNIOR MANCE, JOE TEMPERELY,** and **CALVIN HILL.**



Faith Prince, with Mark Waldrop and Jason Workman, at Rainbow & Stars.

ROCK, ETC.

BLARNEY STAR, 43 Murray St. (732-2873)—Home to fine Irish music every Friday night.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Decent sight lines, great greasy food, prodigiously talented waitresses, and a consistent roster of high-quality acts. Sept. 30: The Ed Palermo big band performs the music of Frank Zappa.

BROWNIES, 169 Avenue A, at 10th St. (420-8392)—Sept. 26: **LOCAL H.** Sept. 27: A record-release party for downtown heroes **SKELETON KEY.** Sept. 28: Power pop with **44.** Sept. 30: **LISA GERMANO.** Disturbing, murky, dissonant yet tuneful, infantile, and wise, "Excerpts from a Love Circus," the second solo album by this former violinist for John Mellencamp (there's no trace of her old boss here), has been described as Appalachia meets Oz—a pretty fair indication of where she's coming from. Germano has an eerie non-voice, and when she sings "What Is Victoria's Secret?" or "I'm Not Your Yoko Ono," she sounds like a mystical Lolita weaned on comic books and the Cabala.

CAFÉ SIN-É, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—Sept. 25: Singer-songwriter **JACK MC KEEVER.**

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A narrow, graffiti-strewn cave packed every evening with new and used bands. . . . ¶ Next door, the neat and comfortable testament to gentrification called CB's Gallery plays host to **SIZEABLE** on Sept. 27.

CONTINENTAL DIVIDE, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Hipsters, punks, poseurs, N.Y.U. students, the occasional skinhead—a typical East Village bar. Live music nightly.

THE COOLER, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—A lavender and stainless-steel vault deep in the heart of the meat district. Sept. 26: Gender-bending English pop with **PLACEBO.**

DON HILL'S, 511 Greenwich St. (219-2850)—A tidy little SoHo bar with an above-average P.A. system and topnotch local bands on the docket. Friday night is SqueezeBox, a vinyl-and-velvet gay glamfest, hosted by Misstress Formika.

DOWNTIME, 251 W. 30th St. (695-2747)—A friendly split-level bar with a dazzling quasi-Cubist paint job and an above-average pool table.

FEZ, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—The **WILD COLONIALS** (Sept. 25) are the salonistes of the L.A. music scene. Dr. John, Cyndi Lauper, and Rickie Lee Jones are among the guests on the band's new album, "This Can't Be Life," which is driven by Angela McCluskey's heartfelt honey-and-hot-sauce vocals. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

THE GREATEST BAR ON EARTH, 1 World Trade Center (524-7000)—Hyperbole, perhaps, but it's certainly the highest. And Thursdays through Saturdays you'll find live music, dancing, and dining, a hundred and seven stories above the city. Sept. 26-28: The **FLYING NEUTRINOS.** This itinerant New Orleans jazz band—its members grew up in the Big Easy, took a brief detour through Europe, and wound up adrift in the East River on a homemade paddleboat—is a family affair. Cousins Ingrid Lucia, twenty-five, and Todd Lundagin, twenty, lead the group: Lucia's sassy patter and mischievous grin are a lot like Billie Holiday's, and wonder-boy Todd plays trombone, tap-dances, and has a disarming Chet Baker-like voice.

IRVING PLAZA, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—This sprawling two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. Sept. 27-28: **BOB MOULD.** "This one is for me," writes the post-punk hero on the liner notes of "Bob Mould," his first album since his explosive trio Sugar dissolved last year. If you think this brutal, beautiful record represents his all, wait until you see him in person. Oct. 1: **POE** borrowed her name from Edgar Allan, and she's a bit of a raven herself: a dance-floor folkie with a bewitching urban cool. With the **EELS.** . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday. The dancers share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

MERCURY LOUNGE, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—Sept. 25: **THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS.** It's been a decade since John Flansburgh and John Linnell first performed jerky little pop songs while wearing improbably enormous masks. (They later observed that "everybody wants prosthetic foreheads on their real heads.") The Brooklyn-based duo have been unmasked for some time, but their jerky little

RICHARD MERKIN

pop songs—precociously crafted and full of surreal humor—flow unabated. Sept. 27: Hip-hop, punk, and Celtic fiddling with **ASHLEY MAC ISAAC**. Oct. 1: **STIR**.

PADDY REILLY'S MUSIC BAR, 519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210)—**BLACK 47** usually plays on Saturdays.

LES POULETS, 16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000)—The name may be French, but the music here is Latin: expect salsa, merengue, and the occasional cha-cha. Dining.

RODEO BAR, 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500)—The walls simulate a log cabin, smoke blows through the nostrils of a buffalo head, a horse trailer has been converted into a bar, and you get peanuts for eating and, sometimes, throwing.

ONLY CONNECT

Web Sightings

7UP.COM (http://www.7UP.com)—Just as ads are often said to be the best things on TV, some of the coolest Web sites are commercial ones. 7UP.com, designed by the advertising firm of Young & Rubicam, capitalizes on the Web's built-in youth market with all the aggression—but also with the panache and the high production values—of an MTV video. Visitors are greeted by the sound of a fizzing beverage filling up a glass—"Carbonate your brain" is the site's motto—followed by a speed-metal riff (you need Shockwave and Real Audio software for the full effect; both can be downloaded quickly here). A pair of spinning 7UP cans adorns the top of every page, like dancing Rockettes in a desert mirage.

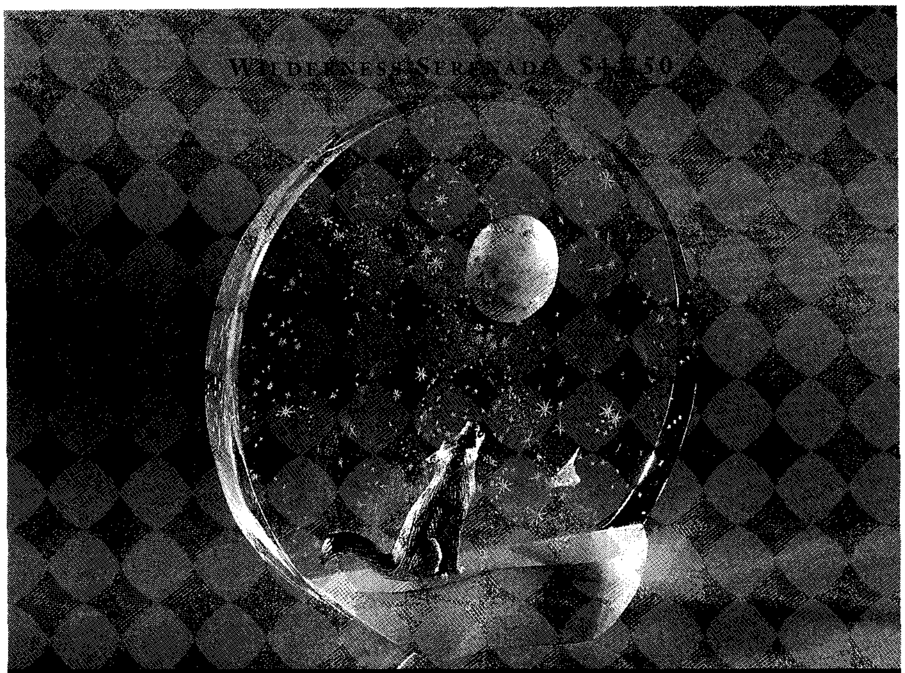
On the home page, icons in bubbles surround a large microphone. A picture of the White House takes you to the Political Action page, where you can download a Universal Voter Registration Form (a first on the Web). A handshake image calls up the Job Pool, with leads on entertainment-industry positions as well as 7UP-bottler gigs. The ad agency occasionally tries too hard for a with-it disaffectedness ("Now you don't have to be a two-faced spineless suit to be part of our political process" is how the Political Action page begins), but the target audience here is college-radio listeners, and in this context 7UP.com acquits itself handily. The Listen Up page offers a list of alternative musicians, complete with bios and sound files: not only can you hear the twenty-year-old Alaska-born singer Jewel perform her ubiquitous "Who Will Save Your Soul?"—you can learn how she fulfilled her dream by surfing in Southern California, living in a van, and playing music in a coffeehouse. Some dreams have endured, it seems, even into the digital generation.

S.O.B.'S, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to calypso, reggae, and the bossa nova. Dining.

TRAMPS, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—**BEN HARPER** (Sept. 27) plays stark, bass-heavy acoustic blues, but, though his slide work is reminiscent of the fiery Chess masters, his new album, "Fight for Your Mind," is firmly set in 1996. Sept. 28: Ska with the **SELECTER**.

WEBSTER HALL, 125 E. 11th St. (353-1600)—A byzantine disco wonderland with four floors, a coffee shop, and a wig boutique. Wednesday is drag night. Psychedelic Thursdays feature grunge acts and cheap beer.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Sept. 27: The **GEFKENS**.



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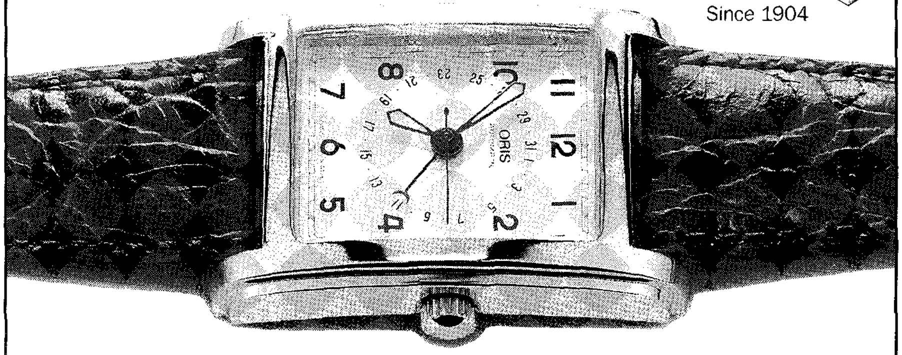

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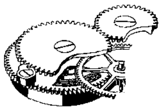

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ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Toulouse-Lautrec." Through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ A fine selection of Islamic textiles, including a Turkish embroidered hanging, a Kashmiri sash, and an ikat robe from Bukhara, Uzbekistan. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "Two by Two," in the Costume Institute, presents fifty fashion ensembles in male and female pairs, from the early eighteenth century to 1970. Through Nov. 24. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Pictures of the Times: A Century of Prints from the New York *Times.*" Through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Multimedia conceptual work by the Dutch artist Pieter Laurens Mol. Through Nov. 2. (He also has a show at Sean Kelly, 43 Mercer St., through Nov. 9.) (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Meret Oppenheim: Beyond the Teacup." Through Oct. 9. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Breuer's Whitney," a show of drawings, photographs, models, and other objects chosen to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of the opening of Marcel Breuer's gray granite upside-down ziggurat. Through Dec. 8. . . . ¶ "NYNY: City of Ambition." An anthology of twentieth-century images of New York drawn mostly from the permanent collection, presented in an installation as bold, entertaining, and aggressive as the city itself. Through Oct. 27. . . . ¶ "An American Story," a survey of twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, both well known and obscure, from the museum's collection. Through Oct. 6. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Photography in Latin America: A Spiritual Journey," a selection of more than a hundred pictures from the museum's collection. Among the forty-two artists represented (most of whom are women) are Manuel and Lola Alvarez Bravo, Graciela Iturbide, Batienne Schmidt, and Javier Silva Meinel. Through Jan. 19. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

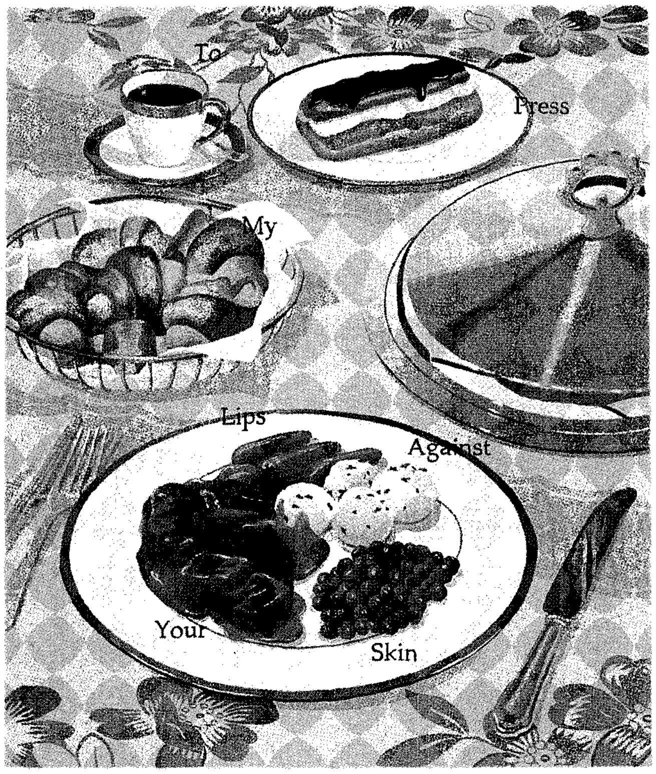
The Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Illegal Camera." The Nazi occupation of the Netherlands is best known to most of us through Anne Frank's diary, but another secret record of the era was made by Dutch photographers, both professional and amateur; a selection of their work has been gathered in this stunning exhibition. Through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ "From Court Jews to the Rothschilds: Art, Patronage, and Power, 1600-1800" presents two hundred and seventy paintings, sculptures, illuminated manuscripts, and ceremonial objects that tell the story of Jewish appointed officials—diplomats, financiers, minters, arms purveyors, art dealers—in the Germanic courts of Europe. Through Jan. 19. (Open Sundays, except Sept. 29, through Thursdays, 11 to 5:45, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"A Fine Line: Rembrandt as Etcher" showcases more than a hundred pieces from the library's large collection of impressions by the Dutch master. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ A complementary show, "Seventeenth-Century Dutch Drawings," includes more works on paper by Rembrandt, as well as by Aelbert Cuyp, Adriaen van Ostade, and Samuel van Hoogstraten. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "Seeking the 'Splendid Misery': Presidential Races from Washington to Truman" tells the political story in pamphlets, song sheets, newspapers, engravings, and letters from the campaigns. Through Jan. 5. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, uptown and downtown galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6; Chelsea galleries are open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Alan Bray—This faux-naïf Maine artist paints luminous imaginary landscapes that take a while to sink in. The best recall ukiyo-e prints, although a few woodland scenes, rendered in exaggeratedly bright colors, are more pretentious than portentous. Through Sept. 28. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St.)



"The Table Setting (Room Service)," by Julia Jacquette (Solomon).

Leonardo Drew—Hellish visions in massive assemblages of distressed objects encrusted with rust: industrial plastic film, matted feathers, glass, wood, nuts and bolts. When the occasional fleck of color intrudes—a single peacock feather, a swatch of carpet—it blazes through like an acetylene torch. There's a great deal of refinement here, but perhaps not much more. Through Oct. 19. (Boone, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

David Smith (1906-65)—A magnificent suite of works on paper executed in 1963. For some, he placed found objects on paper and sprayed them with pigment, creating vibrant forms that anticipate the retinal energy of seventies graffiti art. Even more gorgeous is a series of landscapes in green egg ink. Through Oct. 5. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Andy Warhol (1928-87)—Two shows of the 1984 series "The Rorschach Paintings." (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St., and 136 Wooster St.)

Group Show—A well-chosen conspectus of the color-field school (the cerebral, highly formalistic early-sixties alternative to Pop), mounted in collaboration with Sotheby's. Jules Olitski's large, barely inflected canvases of neutral color engulf the viewer in a warm, cosmic bath. Two fine paintings by Morris Louis are sinuous, symmetrical, witty little worlds. The show also includes works by, among others, Sam Francis, Helen Frankenthaler, and Larry Poons, as well as a superb Hans Hofmann and an almost arrogantly elegant sculpture by Anthony Caro. Through Oct. 5. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Short List—**JOHN ALEXANDER,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; through Oct. 19. . . . **JAN ARONSON,** Wächter, 111 E. 65th St. Through Oct. 12. . . . **JAKE BERTHOT** and **HARVEY QUAYTMAN,** McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Both shows through Oct. 1. . . . **LORENZO CARDI,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; through Oct. 12. . . . **GEROME KAMROWSKI,** Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. Through Oct. 19. . . . **YAYOI KUSAMA,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. Through Oct. 19. . . . **MARKUS LÜPERTZ,** Werner, 21 E. 67th St. Open Mondays; through Oct. 26. . . . **GABRIEL OROZCO,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; through Oct. 12. . . . **ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG,** Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. Through Oct. 19. . . . **MARGARETT SARGENT,** Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. Open Mondays; through Oct. 5. . . . **PETER SAUL** and **ANDREW LENAGHAN,** Adams, 50 W. 57th St. Both shows through Oct. 31. . . . **TOM WESSELMANN,** Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Through Oct. 26.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

Chelsea Art Walk—Guided tours of the neighboorhood's art spaces, including six artists' studios, take place on Sept. 28-29, at 12 and 2. Presented by Tag Heuer watchmakers. For more information, and reservations, call 327-2526.

Scott Lifshutz / Marc Brandenburg—An amusing series of portraits by the principal organizer of the Wigstock festival. / Beautifully finished pencil drawings on buff paper, of everything from sex to sports figures to an electric chair to Twiggy. Also on view are colorful hand-knitted sweaters with masks based on S & M gear. Through Oct. 6. (Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Julia Jacquette—Finely detailed wood panels, done in sign painters' enamel, depicting flowers, women's hands, a plate of cold cuts, and dishes of ice cream, combined with texts on conflict and desire. Opens Sept. 25. Through Nov. 2. (Holly Solomon, 172 Mercer St.)

Martin Kersels—Photographs, a video, a film loop, and a motorized audio sculpture, by an inspired Los Angeles oddball. In previous videos and photographs, Kersels has exploited his mass (he's six-seven and weighs more than three hundred pounds) for both comic and poignant effects, tripping himself in the street or falling lifelessly to the ground. In his first New York solo show, he has engaged other people as well. For the photo series "Tossing a Friend," he asked six friends to allow him to do just that—the pictures typically show them in midair. A weird yet delightful exhibition. Through Oct. 19. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

Paul McCarthy—"Yaa-Hoo," an ambitious, noisy, hyperkinetic mise-en-scène installation in which a wooden bunkhouse shifts position on mechanized tracks; life-size plastic automatons, often amalgams of human and animal body parts, engage in a hilarious variety of sexually explicit acts; and a sorry-looking male-female figure beats feebly on a tomtom. Through Oct. 12. (Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St.)

Gregory Lee Pickard—"Burnt Offerings," stuffed animals that have been eviscerated, filled with concrete, and then blowtorched, like a zooful of cartoon characters who mistook sticks of dynamite for dinner. They would be disturbing if they hadn't survived the abuse cuter than ever. Through Oct. 6. (Bridges and Bodell, 13 E. 7th St. Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 7.)

"Mutate/Loving the New Flesh"—An element of teen-age gross-out animates the sensibilities

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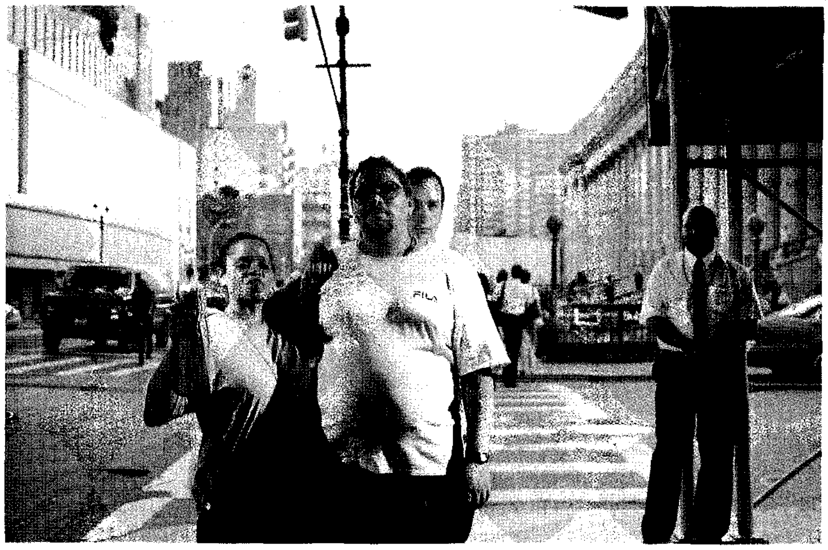

PHILIP-LORCA DICORCIA: *A self-portrait by the photographer, whose works are on view at Pace Wildenstein MacGill, through October 19.*

Tableaux Vivants—In looking at a Philip-Lorca diCorcia photograph, the first thing you wrestle with is artifice. DiCorcia makes staged pictures of people, but his studio is always an ad-hoc one—anything from a bedroom to a sidewalk to a car. An exemplary portrait from the early nineties features a young Hollywood drifter standing outside a diner, dishevelled, shirtless, and lit by what looks like a warm sunset; the point of view is from inside, with a countertop jukebox, a burger, and a paper coffee cup prominent in the foreground. Your impulse to read the photograph as a candid documentary scene quickly dissolves with the dawning recognition—from the strange light and the stagy interior—that the setting must have been carefully controlled. This sort of imitation realism makes for a charged psychological vignette. But the pictures at Pace Wildenstein MacGill (32 E. 57th St.), from diCorcia's recent series "Street Work," are only partly staged, and as a result they come closer to verisimilitude. On the sidewalks of a given city—Naples, London, Tokyo, New York—the artist finds a desired spot, sets up his unobtrusive tripod and flashes, and lies in wait. The unpredictable actions and expressions of oblivious working stiffs, weary commuters, and homeless souls are both discomfiting and rewarding. By limiting his artifice, diCorcia has plumbed new depths of possibility.

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of some of the contributors to this lively group show, but the best work has a bizarre elegance. For anyone who has been following Charles Long's work, his "Her Plane"—a resin-covered glass door (or table, as it is displayed on sawhorses here) out of which anemonelike appendages flower tumorously—is a must-see. Through Oct. 5. (Wittels, 48 Greene St.)

"A Strategy Hinted At" / Angie Eng—A skulk of neo-Conceptualist young toughs who work in such disparate mediums as found objects, commercial graphics, video, photography, and yoga. / "Safety Belt," the first solo exhibition by the twenty-seven-year-old video-installation artist. Both shows through Oct. 26. (Artists Space, 38 Greene St.)

"Voyeur's Delight"—An exhibition of interactive and multimedia projects by twenty-seven artists, among them Michel Auder, Dike Blair, Sophie Calle, Jane Dickson, Aimee Morgana, and Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt. Through Oct. 12. (Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. Opens at noon.)

Short List*—*POLLY APFELBAUM, *Boesky & Callery,* 51 Greene St. Through Oct. 5. . . . **JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT,** Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. Through Nov. 23. . . . **VICTOR ESTRADA,** Petzel, 26 Wooster St. Through Oct. 19. . . . **JACKIE FERRARA,** Klein, 40 Wooster St. Through Oct. 12. . . . **SELMA FINK,** Bridgewater/Lustberg, 560 Broadway. Through Oct. 12. . . . **LEE GARRETT,** Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St. Through Oct. 5. . . . **PETER HRISTOFF,** Beitzel, 102 Prince St. Through Oct. 5. . . . **TOBIAS KEENE,** Spencer Brownstone, 39 Wooster St. Through Oct. 17. . . . **PIETER LAURENS MOL,** Sean Kelly, 43 Mercer St. Through Nov. 9. . . . **SAL SCARPITTA,** Grand Salon, 83 Grand St. Opens at noon; through Oct. 12. . . . **JIM SHAW,** Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. Through Oct. 19. . . . **RICHARD TUTTLE,** Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. Through Oct. 26. . . . **LUC TUYMANS,** Zwirner, 43 Greene St. Through Oct. 19. . . . **H. C. WESTERMANN,** Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway. Through Oct. 12. . . . **HANNAH WILKE,** Feldman, 31 Mercer St. Through Oct. 19.

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

Christie's—American Impressionist paintings. (Park Ave. at 59th St. 546-1000. Sept. 27.)

Sotheby's—Sept. 28: A wine auction presented jointly by Sotheby's and Sherry-Lehmann. . . . ¶ Oct. 1: An arcade sale of the eclectic, multicultural possessions of Geoffrey Holder and Carmen de Lavallade. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7000.)

Fall Antiques Show—The eighteenth installment of this Sanford Smith classic brings together seventy-five dealers from sixteen states. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Sept. 26-29, with a benefit preview on Sept. 25. For information, call 777-5218.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Frédéric Brenner—Elaborate panoramic group portraits of American Jews. An image of a Catskills hotel staff piled into an empty pool on Singles Weekend is hilariously deadpan, as is "Jews with Hogs," a pack of Harley-Davidson devotees posed in front of a Miami Beach temple. Grave seriousness takes over in a work simply titled "Survivors," in which six topless women who have endured single or double mastectomies look unflinchingly into the camera. Through Sept. 28. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St.)

Philip-Lorca diCorcia / Harry Callahan—Large color photographs. (See above.) / Fourteen small vintage prints of inky black telephone wires, some in droves, some lonely and attenuated, set against alabaster grounds. Graphic perfection. Both shows through Oct. 19. (Pace Wildenstein MacGill, 32 E. 57th St.)

Annie Leibovitz / "Skies"—Photographs of celebrities and this summer's Olympians along with examples from recent series—portraits of battered women, Las Vegas dancers, and O. J. Simpson sightseers—many of which have appeared in these pages. / Captured slices of heaven (some with people, electrical wires, and buildings in the foreground) by such classical and contemporary masters as Le Gray (whose work comes up at auctions next month), Lartigue, Coburn, Kertész, Weston, Hoyningen-Huené, Misrach, and Sugimoto. Both shows through Oct. 12. (Danziger, 130 Prince St.)

Roman Vishniac (1897-1990)—The Russian-born photographer devoted his early career to documenting Jewish communities in Eastern European ghettos in the years just prior to the Nazi onslaught. The mostly vintage prints here, taken in Vilnius, Warsaw, Mukachevo, and elsewhere, capture an impoverished calm in the smiling or wary faces of boys and girls, students, peddlers, and elders. Through Sept. 28. (Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St.)

Frederic Weber / Alvin Booth—Closeups of heads—faces with closed or haunted eyes, X-rays of skulls—seen through richly layered veils of yellow, saffron, and copper red. The simpler, least busy works establish the strongest moods. / Three grids each of nine severe, nearly abrasive photographs of male and female nude models, variously painted in gold, wound with rope, or coated in latex. Both shows through Oct. 12. (Richardson, 560 Broadway.)

"Collection in Context"—Photographs of hands, from 1947 to the present, from the collection of Henry Buhl. Among the artists represented are Robert Frank, Irving Penn, Cindy Sherman, Gregory Crewdson, Chuck Close, and Barbara Kruger. Through Oct. 19. (Thread Waxing Space, 476 Broadway.)

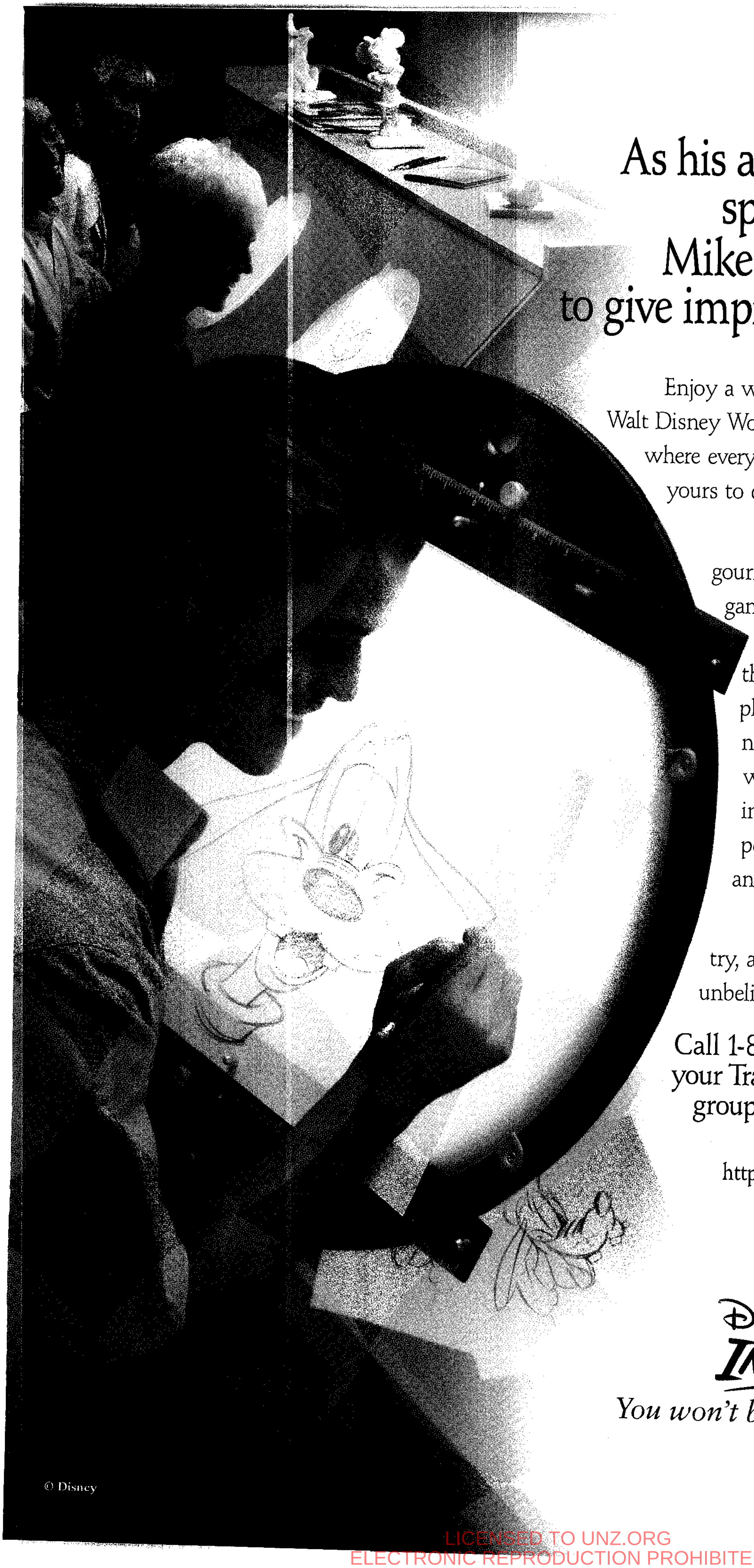
"Henri Cartier-Bresson in America, 1935-1975"—More than a hundred works, selected by the photographer; nearly half of them are from 1946-47. Through Nov. 2. (Equitable, Seventh Ave. at 51st St. Open Mondays; opens Saturdays at noon.)

"Precisionist Poetics" / "Naked"—Seventies abstract photography with an urban bent, by four artists: Lewis Baltz, Michael Bishop, Ray Metzker, and Grant Mudford. / The exposed human body, from Nadar to Mapplethorpe. There are offerings in between from Arbus, Bellocq, Brandt, Friedlander, Hosoe, Weston, Witkin, and others. Both shows through Oct. 26. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—"Landscapes of the Civil War." Selections from recently discovered albumen prints in the collection of the Medford (Massachusetts) Historical Society. Through Nov. 10. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Short List—JEFF BURTON, Kaplan, 48 Greene St. Through Oct. 5. . . . **ROBERT CAPA,** Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Through Oct. 18. . . . **RICARDO DE OLIVEIRA,** Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. Through Oct. 12. . . . **MICHAEL EASTMAN,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Through Oct. 19. . . . **PATRICK FAIGENBAUM,** Gladstone, 99 Greene St. Through Oct. 5. . . . **JOAN FONTCUBERTA,** Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. Through Oct. 26. . . . **RALPH GIBSON,** Leica, 670 Broadway. Opens Saturdays at noon; through Oct. 16. . . . **LEWIS HINE,** Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. Through Oct. 12. . . . **RUDOLF KOPPITZ,** Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Through Oct. 19. . . . **RICHARD MISRACH,** Marcus, 578 Broadway, and Mann, 42 E. 76th St. Through Oct. 5 and Nov. 2, respectively. . . . **MIGUEL RIO BRANCO,** Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. Through Nov. 16. . . . **JERRY SCHATZBERG,** Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway. Through Oct. 12. . . . **JOHN SCHLESINGER,** Saul, 560 Broadway. Through Oct. 12. . . . **DAVID SEYMOUR** and **BERENICE ABBOTT,** International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; both shows through Nov. 3. . . . **VALERIE SHAFF,** Bridgewater/Lustberg, 560 Broadway. Through Oct. 12. . . . **WOLFGANG TILLMANS,** Rosen, 130 Prince St. Through Oct. 26.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art and the Brooklyn Museum.)



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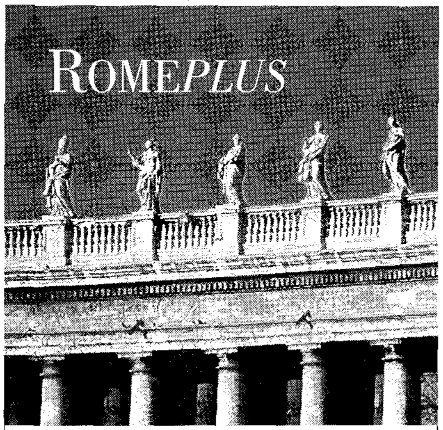

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CLASSICAL MUSIC

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Opening performances of the season, which continues through May 10: **ANDREA CHÉNIER,** with Maria Guleghina, Luciano Pavarotti, and Juan Pons; conducted by James Levine. (Sept. 30 at 6:30.) . . . **THE BARTERED BRIDE,** with Teresa Stratas, David Kuebler, Vladimir Bogachov, and Paul Plishka; Mr. Levine. (Oct. 1 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—**DER ROSENKAVALIER.** (Sept. 25 and Sept. 28 at 8.) . . . **LA BOHÈME.** (Sept. 27 at 8.) . . . **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (Sept. 28 at 1:30 and Oct. 1 at 8.) . . . **FALSTAFF,** with bass Sherrill Milnes in the title role. (Sept. 29 at 1:30.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

"ARIANNA"—Monteverdi seems to have considered his 1608 opera, "Arianna," his greatest stage work, and his contemporaries generally concurred, always citing its extraordinary emotional impact. It's hard to imagine how so acclaimed a piece could simply disappear, but neither the manuscript nor a single copy of the complete score survives. (Perhaps there's still hope, given the notorious disarray of Italian archives; Monteverdi's 1643 "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," for example, resurfaced only in the nineteen-twenties, in a pile of miscellaneous materials at the Naples Conservatory.) Nonetheless, "Arianna" was not totally lost: its "Lamento" became the composer's best-known composition, and eight other passages survive as well. In addition, Severo Bonini, who was Monteverdi's student when "Arianna" was being composed, later wrote his own version of the opera. The harpsichordist and conductor Bradley Brookshire has created a viable performing edition by using excerpts from Bonini's setting to connect the nine Monteverdi fragments, thereby suggesting something of the original dramatic flow. In this performance, Mr. Brookshire leads I Musici di San Cassiano, an ensemble of early-music instrumentalists and singers (including mezzo-soprano Désirée Halac in the title role). (Trinity Church, Broadway at Wall St. Sept. 26 at 1. Admission by contribution.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Kurt Masur conducts Mendelssohn's String Symphony No. 12 and Piano Concerto No. 1 (with Helen Huang), as well as Schumann's Symphony No. 1 (the "Spring"). (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. Sept. 26 and Sept. 28 at 8, Sept. 27 at 11 A.M., and Oct. 1 at 7:30.)

CITY ISLAND BAROQUE ENSEMBLE—In the first of two Bach weekends, Mordechai Rechtman directs Cantatas No. 29, No. 82, and No. 127. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 1-718 885-2478. Sept. 29 at noon.)

ORPHEUS CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—The conductorless ensemble inaugurates a new, modestly priced uptown series with performances of Rossini's "L'Italiana in Algeri" Overture, Kodály's "Summer Evening," and Mozart's A-Major Piano Concerto (K. 488, with Jeffrey Kahane). (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 870-6784. Sept. 29 at 3.)

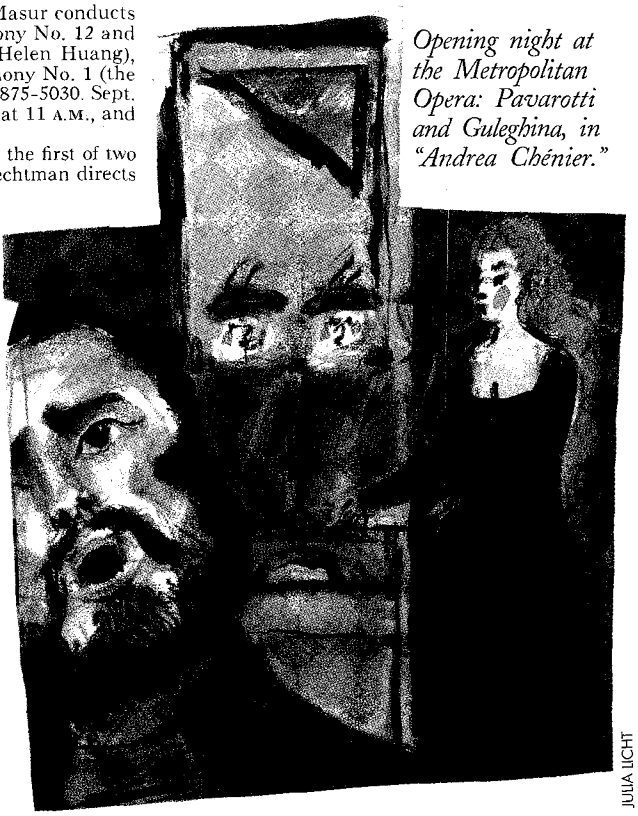
JUPITER SYMPHONY—The music of Louis Spohr (1784-1859) is enjoying a much deserved renaissance. One of the leading violinists and conductors of his day, he championed the early music of Beethoven (late Beethoven baffled him) and, in his later years, defended Wagner's scores against conservative opponents in the musical establishment. He was such a prolific composer—thirty-four string quartets, fifteen violin concertos, ten symphonies, and so on—that his output was bound to be uneven; nonetheless, his work is never less than well crafted, and at his best it is exceptional. A fine example is his Symphony No. 6 (the "Historical," as he subtitled it), which Jens Nygaard conducts in this all-Spohr concert. Each of its four movements reflects the salient musical style of one of the four great epochs (in Spohr's view) of music history: the Bach-Handel period (around 1720), the Haydn-Mozart era (1780), the age of Beethoven (1810), and the *Allerneueste* (the "very latest," by which he meant 1839, the year in which the symphony was composed). Rounding out the program are his Clarinet Concerto No. 1 (with Charles Neidich) and Violin Concerto No. 7 (featuring James Buswell). (Good Shepherd Presbyterian Church, 152 W. 66th St. Sept. 30 at 2 and 7 and Oct. 1 at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-1259.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Wolfgang Sawallisch conducts Dvořák's concert overture "In Nature's Realm," Strauss's D-Minor Violin Concerto (featuring Erez Ofer, the orchestra's concertmaster), and Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 3 (the "Scottish"). A benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Sept. 30 at 7:30. . . . **NOTE:** At press time, the orchestra was on strike. Ticket holders may wish to check the status of this concert close to the performance date.)

RECITALS

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—The society opens its season with a benefit concert that includes songs and arias by Handel, Rachmaninoff, Rossini, and Strauss, and instrumental pieces by composers better known for their vocal works (including Puccini and Ponchielli). Book One of Brahms's "Liebeslieder Waltzes" rounds out the evening. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Sept. 25 at 7:30.)

SHOSTAKOVICH FESTIVAL—The Manhattan String Quartet has made a specialty of the music of Shostakovich, performing the complete cycle of his fifteen quartets on several occasions and releasing all of them in recommendable recordings on the ESS.A.Y. label. In this intense festival, colleagues assist them in presenting all of Shostakovich's



Opening night at the Metropolitan Opera: Pavarotti and Guleghina, in "Andrea Chénier."

JULIA LICHT

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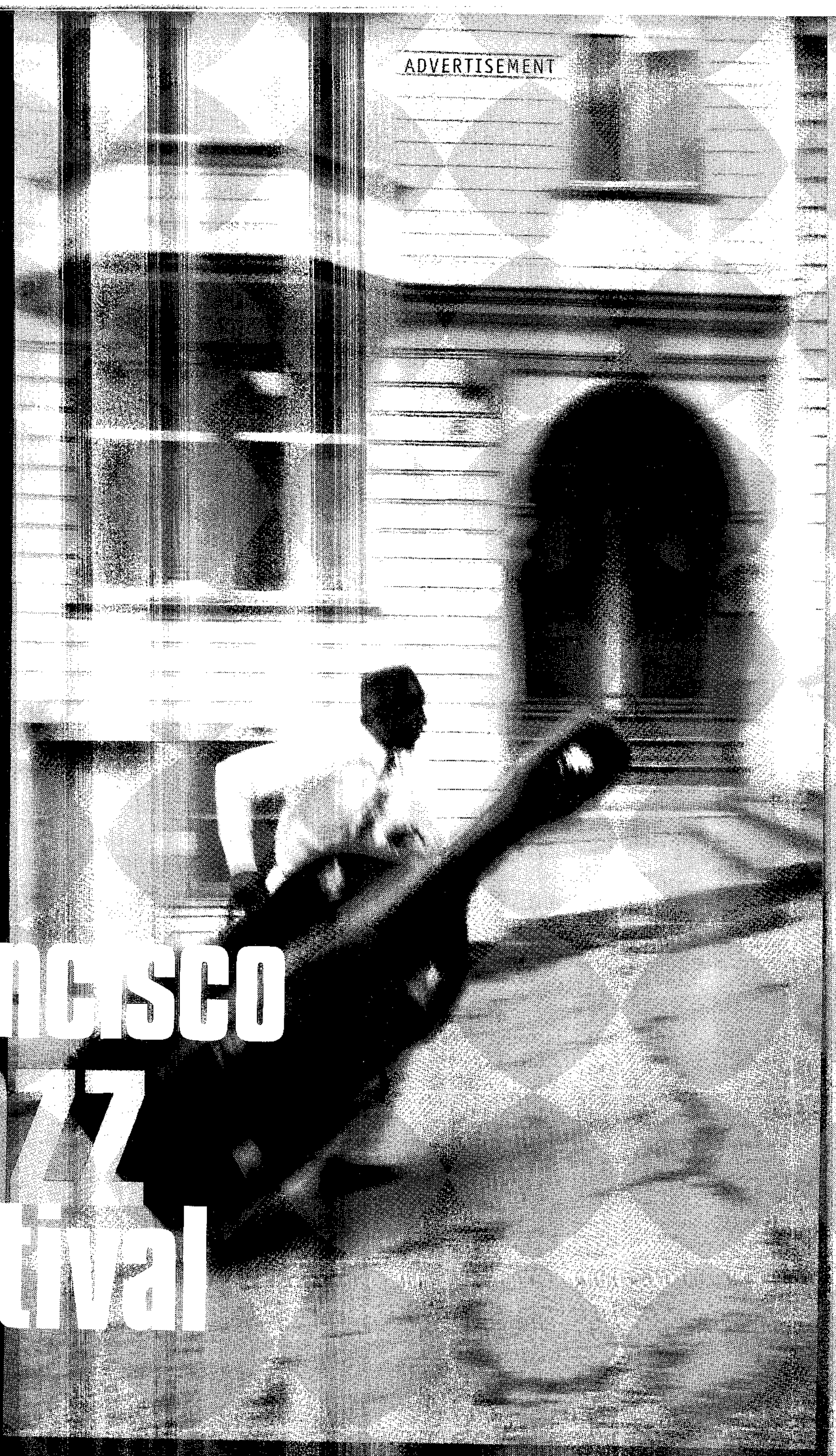

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S JAZZ

Let the *San Francisco Jazz Festival* be your guide for a grand tour of the City by the Bay. Experience the mastery of "Saxophone Colossus" **Sonny Rollins**, "the greatest living jazz musician" (*Village Voice*), high atop scenic Nob Hill. Take a cable car down the hill to North Beach for a two-night showcase of the young mavericks behind the new "San Francisco Sound." Visit the sea lions at Pier 39, then take in the breathtaking City skyline aboard the luxury yacht "San Francisco Spirit" in the Festival's "Ellington on the Bay" brunch cruise.

The *San Francisco Jazz Festival* offers the full spectrum of jazz, matching each artist with a unique San Francisco venue for a perfect marriage of sights and sounds. The **George Shearing Quintet**, the **David Sanborn Group**, and the historic reunion of **Paco De Lucia, Al DiMeola, and John McLaughlin** in the elegant splendor of Nob Hill's Masonic Auditorium. Blues guitar legend **John Lee Hooker** in his first full-length concert in years, with blues singer extraordinaire **Ruth Brown**, in Oakland's grand Art Deco landmark, the Paramount Theatre. A two-night Afro-Cuban jazz extravaganza with the legendary **Chico O'Farrill** and his twenty-piece orchestra in the swinging '50s-era nightspot Bimbo's 365 Club.

Founded in 1983, *the San Francisco Jazz Festival* is devoted to innovative and exciting programming you won't find anywhere else, from historic tributes to the leading edge of jazz. The Festival's fourth "Stride Piano Summit" celebrates the living legacy of the great Fats Waller with **Dr. Billy Taylor**, **Al Casey**, **Doc Cheatham**, **Jay McShann**, **Dick Hyman**, **Ralph Sutton**, and **Mike Lipskin**. Jazz greats **Dewey Redman**, **Charlie Haden**, **Nana Vasconcelos**, and **Peter Apfelbaum** come together in the inspiring grandeur of Grace Cathedral for "A Tribute to Don Cherry" in memory of the visionary trumpet master. Two generations of jazz drumming join forces as the incomparable **Max Roach** shares a bill with new sensation **Leon Parker**. In "Silk Road," tabla superstar **Zakir Hussain** and other seminal figures in the Bay Area-born Asian American Jazz movement explore the musical territory where East meets West.

From outstanding concerts to a historic photo exhibit to free talks with jazz luminaries such as **Max Roach**, **Charlie Haden**, and famed record producer **Orrin Keepnews**, the *San Francisco Jazz Festival* is truly "the biggest and most acclaimed jazz festival in the United States" (*Chicago Tribune*).

For a complete listing of *San Francisco Jazz Festival* events, please see the following pages. For more information, call **800/627-5277** (415/788-SFJF in California) or visit www.sfjazzfest.org. To order tickets, call 800/225-2277 (415/776-1999 in California).

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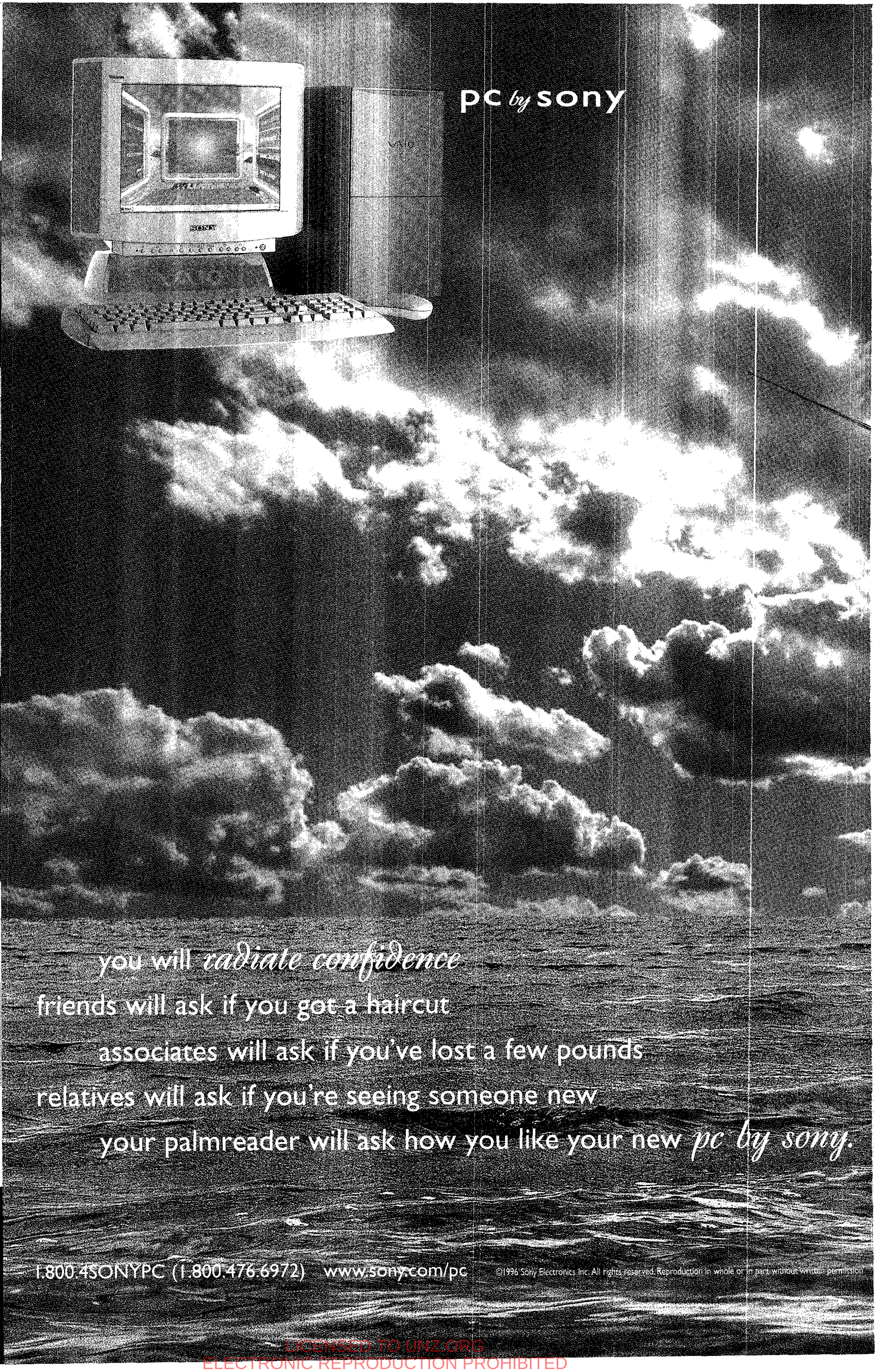
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the San Francisco Jazz festival

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Max Roach

Sonny Rollins

Al DiMeola
John McLaughlin
Paco De Lucia

David Sanborn

George Shearing

John Lee Hooker

A Fats Waller Tribute

Chico O'Farrill

Wednesday, October 23, 8:00pm
Masonic Auditorium
— *Gala Opening Night*
SONNY ROLLINS

Wednesday, October 23, Noon
Justin Herman Plaza, Free Concert
— *Youth in Jazz*
SF BAY AREA GRAMMY ALL-STAR
HIGH SCHOOL JAZZ BAND

Thursday, October 24, 8:00pm
Masonic Auditorium
— *The Shearing Sound*
GEORGE SHEARING QUINTET
DIANA KRALL TRIO

Thursday, October 24, 8:30pm
Herbst Theatre
— *Silk Road: Asian Concepts in Jazz*
ZAKIR HUSSAIN, MARK IZU,
MIYA MASAOKA, FRANCIS WONG,
HAFEZ MODIRZADEH, ANTHONY BROWN

Friday, October 25, 8:00 & 10:30pm
Bimbo's 365 Club
— *Jazz Horizons*
JAZZ PASSENGERS with DEBORAH HARRY
PETER APFELBAUM SEXTET

Friday, October 25, 8:30pm
Masonic Auditorium
— *Stride Piano Summit IV:*
The Legacy of Fats Waller
DR. BILLY TAYLOR (MC), DICK HYMAN,
RALPH SUTTON, JAY McSHANN,
AL CASEY, DOC CHEATHAM,
MIKE LIPSKIN (ARTISTIC DIRECTOR)

Saturday, October 26, 8:30pm
Masonic Auditorium
— *An Evening With David Sanborn*
DAVID SANBORN GROUP

Saturday, October 26, 8:00pm
Grace Cathedral
— *Sacred Space: A Tribute to Don Cherry*
CHARLIE HADEN, DEWEY REDMAN,
NANA VASCONCELOS,
PETER APFELBAUM

Sunday, October 27, 3:00pm
Florence Gould Theater
— *History of Jazz Piano:*
From Ragtime to Avant Garde
DICK HYMAN

Sunday, October 27, 7:00pm
Herbst Theatre
— *Vocal Jazz*
DEE DEE BRIDGEWATER with
JACKY TERRASSON
MARK MURPHY

Monday, October 28, 8:00pm
Bimbo's 365 Club
— *Backyard Alchemy:*
The Bay Area Jazz Scene I
MINGUS AMUNGUS, GRASSY KNOLL,
ROBERT STEWART, JOSH JONES QUARTET,
DOGSLYDE, DJ CHEB i SABBAH

Tuesday, October 29, 8:00pm
Bimbo's 365 Club
— *Backyard Alchemy:*
The Bay Area Jazz Scene II
DAVE ELLIS QUARTET, PAPA'S CULTURE,
ANN DYER & NO GOOD TIME FAIRIES,
ORANJ SYMPHONETTE,
WILL BERNARD QUARTET, DJ ANDREW

Wednesday, October 30, 8:00pm
Palace of Fine Arts Theatre
— *Beat*
MAX ROACH (solo)
LEON PARKER QUARTET

Thursday, October 31, 8:00pm
Palace of Fine Arts Theatre
— *Voodoo Boo!: A New Orleans Halloween*
MICHAEL RAY & THE COSMIC KREWE,
LEROY JONES QUINTET, BO GRUMPUS,
DJ CHEB i SABBAH & 1002 NIGHTS

Friday, November 1, 8:00pm
Paramount Theatre, Oakland
— *Roots & Blues*
JOHN LEE HOOKER, RUTH BROWN,
CHARLIE MUSSELWHITE (solo)

Friday & Saturday,
November 1&2, 8:00 & 10:30pm
Bimbo's 365 Club
— *Happy 75th, Chico!: A Cuban Dance Concert*
CHICO O'FARRILL ORCHESTRA
CANDI SOSA

Saturday, November 2, 8:30pm
Masonic Auditorium
— *The Guitar Trio*
PACO DE LUCIA, AL DIMEOLA,
JOHN McLAUGHLIN

Sunday, November 3, 11:00am
Pier 39 East Marina
— *Jazz Brunch: Ellington on the Bay*
Pacific Marine Yachts' "San Francisco Spirit,"
MARY STALLINGS
PAULA WEST

Sunday, November 3, 7:00pm
Bimbo's 365 Club
— *B-3 Organ Summit: A Salute to Jack McDuff*
JACK McDUFF, SHIRLEY SCOTT, DUKE JETHRO

Special Event:
Friday, November 15, 8:30pm
Masonic Auditorium
— *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil:*
The Songs of Johnny Mercer
JOHN BERENDT (author), EMMA KELLY,
LADY CHABLIS, MARGARET WHITING,
JULIUS LaROSA, WARREN VACHÉ,
JOHN PIZZARELLI, BILL CHARLIP,
CYNTHIA SCOTT

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chamber music. Sept. 25 at 7:30: Violinist Livia Sohn, violist Paul Coletti, cellist Robert deMaine, and pianist Norman Krieger perform the Cello Sonata, Violin Sonata, Viola Sonata, and Piano Trio No. 1. . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 7:30: The Quartets No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, and No. 4. . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 7:30: The Moscow and Manhattan String Quartets offer the Two Pieces for String Octet, in a program that also includes the Two Pieces for String Quartet, Piano Trio No. 2 (in E Minor, with violinist Kenneth Freed, cellist Chris Finckel, and pianist Jeffrey Biegel), and Piano Quintet. . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 7:30: The Quartets No. 5, No. 6, No. 7, and No. 8. . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 2: The Quartets No. 9, No. 10, No. 11, and No. 12. . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 7:30: The Quartets No. 13, No. 14, and No. 15. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. . . . **NOTE:** On Sept. 27 and 28, from 1 to 5, the Hunter College Department of Music will host a conference on Shostakovich's chamber music in Lang Recital Hall, on the fourth floor of the college's North Building. The poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko will be among the participants. No tickets are necessary for the symposium sessions.)

BARGEMUSIC—Violinist Carmit Zori, cellist Fred Sherry, and pianist Anne-Marie McDermott offer works for piano trio by Beethoven (his "Kakadu" Variations), Joachim Stutschewsky (a Ukrainian-turned-Israeli member of the Schoenberg circle), and Dvořák (his F-Minor Trio, Op. 65). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Sept. 26 at 7:30 and Sept. 29 at 4.)

BELLA DAVIDOVICH—The pianist performs works by Brahms (Two Rhapsodies, Op. 79), Mendelssohn (his "Rondo Capriccioso" and six of the "Songs Without Words"), and Chopin (including the Polonaise-Fantaisie and the Third Ballade). (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Sept. 26 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

ELIZABETH HYNES AND CYNTHIA MUNZER—Soprano and mezzo-soprano, in a program of solos and duets by Mozart, Bellini, Brahms, Respighi, and others; with pianist Kenneth Huber. (Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, 316 E. 88th St. Sept. 27 at 8. Tickets at the door.)

THE THIRTY-TWO—Pianists Cullan Bryant and Dmitri Rachmanov are leap-frogging through all thirty-two of Beethoven's piano sonatas. This installment features the six sonatas Beethoven wrote in the last four years of the eighteenth century: the three Op. 10 sonatas, the "Pathétique," and the two Op. 14 sonatas. (Nicholas Roerich Museum, 319 W. 107th St. Sept. 29 at 5. No tickets necessary. The series continues, every other Sunday, through Dec. 8.)

TALI ROTH—Classical guitarist, playing works by Albéniz, Rodrigo, Sor, and Villa-Lobos, as well as her own transcription of Bach's D-Minor Chaconne. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Sept. 29 at 6 and 8. No tickets necessary.)

HELICON ENSEMBLE—The ensemble offers songs and solo piano pieces by Schumann, as well as his D-Minor Violin Sonata and the Three Romances for Oboe and Piano. Although it's no longer unusual to hear historically informed performances of music from the first half of the nineteenth century, in the case of Schumann they remain relatively rare, and that's a pity: his proclivity for dense textures often results in a gummy sound on modern powerhouse instruments, but period instruments (which are what will be played in this concert) can remind us that Schumann's balances weren't necessarily so problematic, after all. The performers in this recital are soprano Dana Hanchard, violinist Mark Steinberg, oboist Marc Schachman, and pianist Pedja Muzijevic (playing on a modern copy of a six-and-a-half-octave Conrad Graf Viennese fortepiano). (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Sept. 30 at 8.)

REBECCA YOUNG AND ILAN RECHTMAN—The violist and the pianist offer Schubert's "Arpeggione" Sonata and Bach's Viola da Gamba Sonata No. 3. (Mansfield Hotel, 12 W. 44th St. Sept. 30 at 8. No tickets necessary. . . . **NOTE:** The performers will play these and other works in the New York Viola Society's first recital of the season, at Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St., on Sept. 29 at 7:30. For information, call 924-7299.)

"RADICAL JEWISH CULTURE"—At Merkin Concert Hall. Sept. 30 at 8: John Zorn's "Zaz," with Neta Pulvermacher and Dancers; also on the bill is the screening of a film by Ken Jacobs with a score by Catherine Jauniaux. . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 8: A collaborative improvisation by Mr. Zorn's Masada Ensemble and the Lynn Shapiro Dance Company, as well as a song cycle by John Schott. (129 W. 67th St. 501-3330.)

EUGENIA ZUKERMAN AND ANTHONY NEWMAN—The flutist and the harpsichordist-pianist perform works by Mozart and Vivaldi. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0571. Oct. 1 at 6.)

MICHAEL CRAWFORD

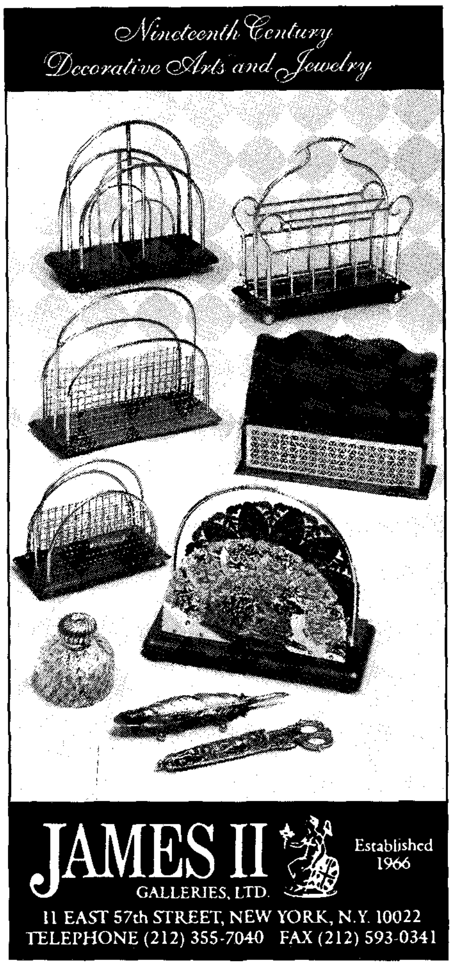
ABOVE AND BEYOND

TIN CUPS—The top-ranked women golfers who will tee it up at this week's Big Apple Classic, in New Rochelle—Annika Sorenstam, Pat Bradley, Liselotte Neumann, and Tracy Kerdyk among them—may find themselves feeling slightly unbalanced on the Wykagyl Country Club golf course, and not just because of its treacherously undulating terrain. The unusual layout of the course calls for five par fives and as many par threes—one more of each than is usual. For players confident enough to throw their irons right at the pins, this design could make for a few extra birdies per round. But Kerdyk, last year's winner, sees a conventional par four—the twelfth—as the pivotal hole: "It's a blind tee shot, dogleg right, downhill to a small, sloped green, and if they put the flag behind the front right bunker, it's a real test," she says. "I'm always very happy to walk off with a par on twelve." (For more information, call 1-203 363-1095.)

READINGS—Sept. 27 at 7:30: Poets Jorie Graham and Michael Palmer read from their work. (Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St. 989-5566. Tickets at the door.) . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 8: Neil Simon opens the Unterberg Poetry Center's fall series of readings with excerpts from his latest memoir, "Rewrites." (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

TALKS—Sept. 29 at 1:30: Pearl Besserman, the great-great-great-grandniece of the Baal Shem Tov, the founder of Hasidism, ponders Jewish mysticism and the Cabala. (Sufi Books, 227 West Broadway. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 6: In a talk titled "The Hourglass and the Gopher," novelist Penelope Lively discusses such writerly concerns as time (more, please) and research (ditto). (Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0855.)

WALK—Sept. 29 at 2: Joe Spano, of the Urban Park Rangers, scours the salt marshes of Brooklyn's Marine Park to see what the tide brought in—usually mussels, clams, oysters, fiddler crabs, etc. For more information, call 1-718 438-0100.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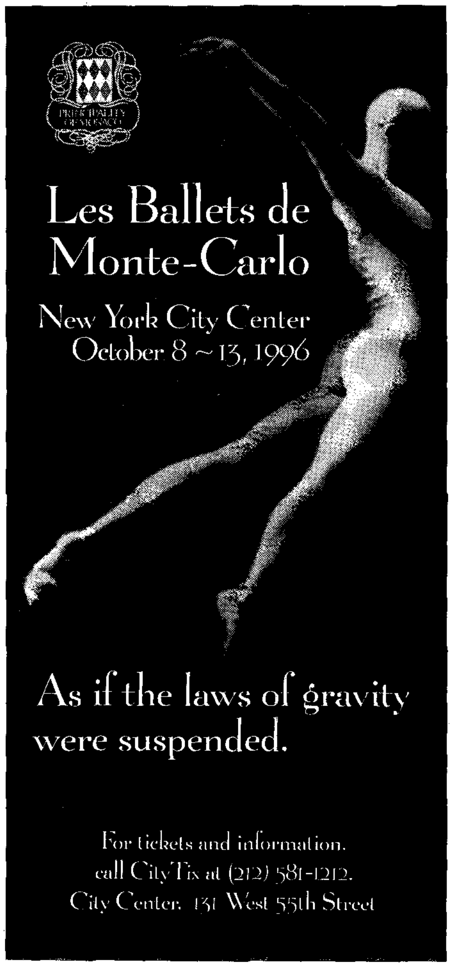
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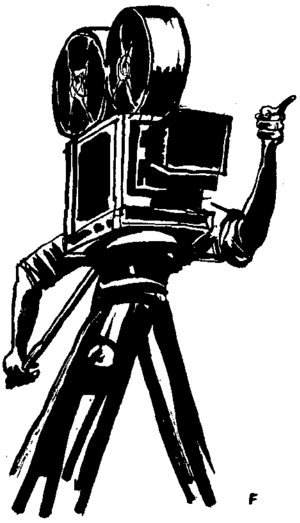


THE MOVIES

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

CAUGHT—Edward James Olmos and Maria Conchita Alonso are happily married New Jersey fishmongers, until they give a young drifter (Arie Verveen) a job and a place in their home, in a drama directed by Robert M. Young. Opening September 25. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Square.)

CURDLED—A young Miami woman (Angela Jones) takes a job cleaning up after murders, in a black comedy directed by Reb Braddock. With William Baldwin. Opening September 27. (84th Street Sixplex and Village Theatre VII.)

ENTERTAINING ANGELS: THE DOROTHY DAY STORY—Moira Kelly portrays the social activist who fought poverty in New York City during the nineteen-twenties, in a drama directed by Michael Rhodes. Opening September 27. (Lincoln Square.)

EXTREME MEASURES—Michael Apted's thriller stars Hugh Grant and Gene Hackman as two New York City doctors at odds over a wildly unethical method of curing paralysis. With Sarah Jessica Parker. Opening September 27. (Criterion Center, Gemini, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, and Orpheum VII.)

GLORY DAZE—A comedy written and directed by Rich Wilkes, about five friends on the verge of college graduation. Opening September 27. (Quad Cinema.)

THE LEOPARD SON—Hugo van Lawick's nature documentary observes a young leopard growing up on the Serengeti Plain. Narrated by John Gielgud. Opening September 27. (62nd & Broadway and Village East Cinemas.)

THE LINE KING: THE AL HIRSCHFELD STORY—A documentary by Susan W. Dryfoos, focussing on the nonagenarian caricaturist. Opening September 27. (Cinema II.)

SECRETS & LIES—Mike Leigh's new film, a family drama set in London. Opening September 28. (Angelika Film Center, Eastside Playhouse, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and 19th Street East 6.)

2 DAYS IN THE VALLEY—Forty-eight hours of murder and mayhem with hit men, art dealers, and screenwriters in Los Angeles. John Herzfeld wrote the screenplay and directed the large cast, which includes Danny Aiello, Charlize Theron, and James Spader. Opening September 27. (Astor Plaza, Baronet, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Showplace, and Waverly.)

CURRENT FILMS

(The signed notes are by Bruce Diones, Sarah Kerr, Anthony Lane, and Terrence Rafferty. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given. Theatre information is listed on page 30.)

AMERICAN BUFFALO—David Mamet's angry, acid play, first performed in 1975, has finally been brought to the screen by the director Michael Corrente, whose reverence for the original is such that his movie still feels like a play. There's no hum of background life here, nobody passing on the street—only a testy stalemate between the three principals: Dennis Franz as a junk-shop owner, Dustin Hoffman as his disillusioned friend, and Sean Nelson as the young gofer who wants to join them in a crime. Apart from one cloudburst of violence at the end, the characters do little except talk. Mamet's ear for baffled musings was never sharper, and Hoffman casts off his habitual plaintiveness for something more dour and dirty, but the film feels cramped and airless. Corrente's closeups are so unrelenting that you half expect the actors to reach out and slug the camera.—A.L. (9/16/96) (Cinema I, Lincoln Square, and Village East Cinemas.)

BIG NIGHT—The actor Stanley Tucci co-wrote (with Joseph Tropiano), co-directed (with Campbell Scott), and co-stars (with Tony Shalhoub) in this elegant, leisurely low-budget comedy about a struggling Italian restaurant run by a pair of immigrant brothers. Tucci has shaped the story into something that functions as both a demonstration and a vindication of the sort of subtle, finely detailed character acting that he and Shalhoub have practiced in relative obscurity throughout their careers. They work together beautifully, and their rapport appears to inspire their fellow-performers—an unusually happy, relaxed ensemble that includes Ian Holm, Isabella Rossellini, Minnie Driver, Allison Janney, and Campbell Scott. The big set piece—a lavish dinner in honor of the singer-bandleader Louis Prima—is a fitting climax to the movie's patient accumulation of savory and blissfully pointless delights: a convincing illustration of how keen pleasure for pleasure's sake can be.—T.R. (9/23/96) (Angelika Film Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and 19th Street East 6.)

FEELING MINNESOTA—Keanu Reeves is Jjaks, an ex-convict who returns to his decrepit Minnesota home town to attend the wedding of his mean, bumbling brother, Sam (Vincent D'Onofrio). Jjaks and the gorgeous bride (Cameron Diaz) wind up having sex in the bathroom and calling it love at first sight, and a few days later they split town, with the vicious Sam on their trail. The writer-director, Steven Baigelman, makes clever use of his ugly Rust Belt backdrop, and he has written a nearly perfect Keanu Reeves role in that Jjaks is handsome but rarely speaks. He dilutes the mood, though, with a series of cynical, too smart plot twists. The movie is a well-handled exercise in noir, but it never works up the existential oomph of the originals. With Tuesday Weld as Jjaks's inexplicably cruel mother, and Dan Aykroyd, hammily transposing his Canadian accent into Minnesotan, as a dirty cop.—S.K. (Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, Murray Hill Cinemas, and Orpheum VII. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through Sept. 26.)

THE FIRST WIVES CLUB—Three of America's finest comic actresses get together for the first time, and the best that Hollywood has to offer them is this loud empowerment comedy. The premise—old friends meet at a funeral and find that after years apart they have something in common: their husbands are leaving them for younger women—sounds like a fair taking-off point for some wicked comedy. But all that the scenarist, Robert Harling, can think of to follow it up with is a tepid revenge fantasy in which they bond and dole out justice to their cheating men. Goldie Hawn's character, an insecure and fading actress who's had too many face-lifts, is basically the same one she played in the much funnier "Death Becomes Her." Bette Midler's high spirits show through, and she gets a few bitchy Paul Rudnick-style barbs to toss off, but she's stuck in a lackluster role as a New York Jewish mom. Only Diane Keaton rises above the material: she has little to do except be nervous and shy, but her interplay with her co-stars is charming, and her tact is impeccable—she never pushes the warmed-over jokes too hard. The director, Hugh Wilson, handles the stars' screen time diplomatically, but he's aiming for harmless froth, and what he winds up with, as the hysteria level rises, is something brash and strident.—B.D. (Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, Orpheum VII, 72nd Street East, State, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII.)

Fly Away Home—Anna Paquin (of "The Piano") plays Amy, a thirteen-year-old whose mother has died in a car crash; she is farmed out to her estranged father (Jeff Daniels), who invents flying machines and other oddities in the wilds of Ontario. At first, the two of them barely speak—Amy reserves her love for a gaggle of orphaned goose chicks, which she raises as if they were her own. That the film escapes cuteness to become genuinely affecting is a tribute both to Paquin's stubborn enthusiasm and to the peculiar briskness of the director, Carroll Ballard. His movie is much too busy to linger over its considerable beauty: the characters prefer to work out their wounded emotions in furious activity. (When the birds grow up and need to migrate, Amy and her father go with them, leading the way in tiny aircraft.) Ballard has re-created the old-fashioned, uncondescending magic with which he infused "The Black Stallion." Like the young Spielberg, he convinces you that a flight of fancy can be the best way to travel.—A.L. (9/16/96) (Chelsea Cinemas, Gemini, Lincoln Square, and Village Theatre VII.)

Grace of My Heart—For about half its length, Allison Anders' ode to the sixties' Brill Building composers is an innocuous good time. Illeana Douglas, as a Carole King-like songwriter, is surrounded by some hip performers in thinly veiled musician roles: Patsy Kensit, Eric Stoltz, and a cool John Turturro in a Phil Spector wig and goatee. The story follows the saucer-eyed songwriter's rise on the New York scene, and the sequences that show her work being cut by groups that are supposed to represent the Drifters and the Shirelles have a hokey kick. The movie dies, however, when she moves to California and marries a Brian Wilson-like musician (Matt Dillon). The script turns serious, and the pop fizz fades away.—B.D. (Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, State, and Village Theatre VII.)

Last Man Standing—The action in Walter Hill's new film takes place in a tiny Texas border town during Prohibition: a mysterious loner, who calls himself John Smith (Bruce Willis), arrives and deliberately provokes a war between two criminal gangs—a bloodbath that nearly eliminates both groups of thugs. Hill, remaking Akira Kurosawa's 1961 samurai classic, "Yojimbo," is smart enough not to imitate the style of the original. But, although the picture is impressively shot (by Lloyd Ahern) and edited (by Freeman Davies), its dark look and overdeliberate manner feel wrong for the story: Hill transforms what should be a speedy, gruesome tall tale about an amoral prankster into one of those archetype-heavy action sagas that lumber from mythic tableau to mythic tableau and never generate much excitement. Also with Alexandra Powers, Christopher Walken, William Sanderson, Bruce Dern, Karina Lombard, and David Patrick Kelly.—T.R. (9/23/96) (Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, Gotham Cinema, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Olympia, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII.)

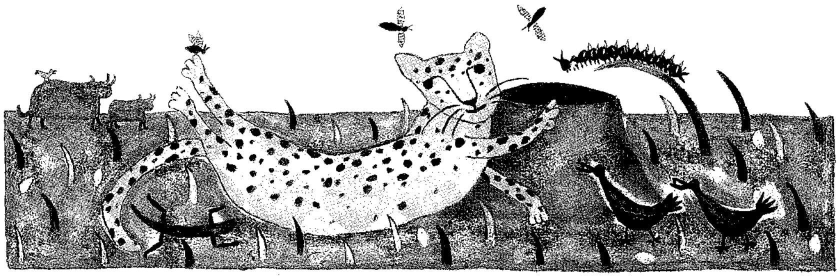
Maborosi—The Japanese director Hirokazu Kore-eda's simple, quiet story of a young woman's slow awakening from grief is impeccably lit, and the actors underplay beautifully. The hushed quality—the scenes are more photographed than directed (and occasionally you may feel tempted to kick the camera to get it moving)—gives the drama little room to play out. Instead, the film builds an emotional momentum; at times it seems as though Kore-eda is photographing sadness itself. His images are resonant and evocative (a long shot of mourners walking along the shore against an evening sky suggests Japanese characters on a page), and the poetry of the film is hard to shake. In Japanese.—B.D. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Maximum Risk—Jean-Claude Van Damme's new movie has opened without much fanfare, but it's the best of his career, with a well-plotted story about twin brothers, the Russian mob, and a secret list that the F.B.I. wants, and pacing more like "The French Connection" than the usual hit-and-run action fare. Van Damme carries himself smartly, playing a low-key French policeman with a somber, steady gaze, and the stillness of his performance passes for depth. But his real coup is kick-starting the American career of another stellar Hong Kong director, Ringo Lam, as he did for John Woo in "Hard Target." Lam's technique is different from Woo's: his choreographed violence, more punchy than poetic, explodes after long, quiet scenes. And while Larry Ferguson's dialogue isn't much, Lam layers his story and creates moods, often hushed and threatening, that give him a chance to develop his characters. This is a rarity among the year's action movies: one that gives itself time to breathe.—B.D. (Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Olympia, Orpheum VII, and Village East Cinemas.)

A Modern Affair—A single New Yorker (Lisa Eichhorn) becomes pregnant with the aid of a sperm bank, then tracks down her child's father (Stanley Tucci), in a romantic comedy directed by Vern Oakley, from a screenplay by Paul Zimmerman. (Village East Cinemas.)

The Rich Man's Wife—The lowest of the low. In a rehash of the kind of plot that Lana Turner left for dead thirty years ago, Halle Berry plays a television executive's pampered wife who, in a slight lapse of judgment, confides to a psychopath that occasionally she wishes her husband would die. This is a vehicle for Berry, but the only emotion she expresses convincingly is complacency at her own cuteness; when she attempts passion, anger, or fear, she looks like she's just smelled dirty socks. To distract the audience, the movie has her changing outfits every four seconds, and when that stratagem starts to drag we get some of the meanest, least motivated violence ever put on film. Directed by Amy Holden Jones.—S.K. (84th Street Sixplex, 86th Street East Twin, Embassy 1, 19th Street East 6, Sutton, and Village East Cinemas.)

She's the One—The second movie by the twenty-eight-year-old writer and director Edward Burns is almost indistinguishable from his low-budget début feature, "The Brothers McMullen." Once again, he has



YUMI HEO

Opening September 27, Hugo van Lawick's documentary "The Leopard Son."

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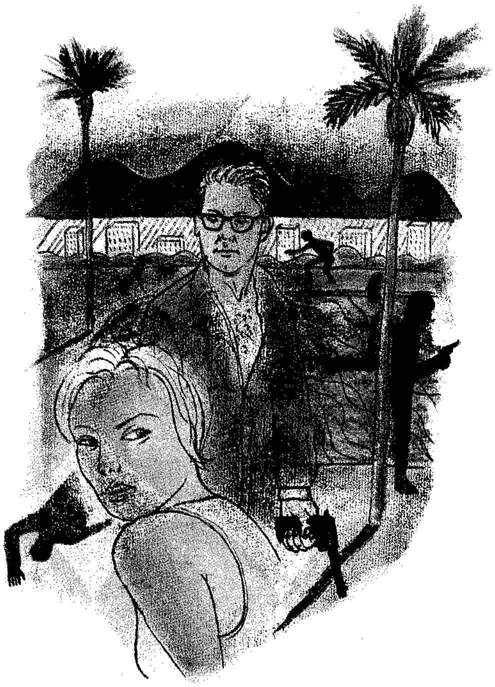
made a romantic comedy on the theme that young Irish-American guys are utterly confounded by the opposite sex—a notion barely robust enough for a single movie.—T.R. (9/9/96) (Lincoln Square, New York Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 23rd St. West Triplex, 34th St. East, and Village East Cinemas.)

The Spitfire Grill—Writer-director Lee David Zlotoff's first film, a little-people fable set in a picturesque village in Maine, is chock full of uplift: it features redemption, martyrdom, reverent mountain vistas, and cross-generational female bonding. The mountains (which are really in Vermont) perform reliably, but everything else about the picture is solemnly berserk.—T.R. (9/9/96) (Chelsea Cinemas, East 85th Street, Gemini, Lincoln Square, and Village Theatre VII.)

ALSO PLAYING

ANTONIA'S LINE: Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **BASQUIAT** (reviewed in our issue of 8/19/96): Angelika Film Center, Eastside Playhouse, and Regency. . . . **BROTHER OF SLEEP:** Carnegie Hall Cinemas and Quad Cinema. . . . **BULLETPROOF:** Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, Metro Cinema, National Twin, and Orpheum VII. . . . **COURAGE UNDER FIRE:** Cinema 3. . . . **THE CROW: CITY OF ANGELS:** Park & 86th Street Cinemas and State. . . . ***DADETOWN:*** *Film* Forum. . . . **DEAD MAN:** The Screening Room. . . . **DOWN BY LAW:** The Screening Room. . . . **EMMA** (8/5/96): Beekman, Chelsea Cinemas, 86th Street East Twin, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **ERASER** (7/8/96): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **FIRST KID:** Village East Cinemas. . . . **FLED:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **FLIRT:** Film Forum. . . . **GIRLS TOWN:** Angelika Film Center. . . . **INDEPENDENCE DAY** (7/15/96): First & 62nd Cinemas, National Twin, 62nd & Broadway, and 23rd St. West Triplex. . . . **LONE STAR** (7/8/96): Angelika Film Center, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and 68th St. Playhouse. . . . **MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE** (6/3/96): Manhattan Twin and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **THE NUTTY PROFESSOR** (7/8/96): Manhattan Twin and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **PARADISE LOST: THE CHILD MURDERS AT ROBIN HOOD HILLS:** Quad Cinema. . . . **THE POSTMAN:** Angelika 57, Sutton, and Waverly. . . . **PURPLE NOON:** Carnegie Hall Cinemas. . . . **RENDEZVOUS IN PARIS:** Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema. . . . **STEALING BEAUTY** (6/10/96): 59th Street East Cinema and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **STRANGER THAN PARADISE:** The Screening Room. . . . **SUPERCOP:** Embassy 2 and Sutton. . . . **SURVIVING PICASSO:** Paris. . . . **SYNTHETIC PLEASURES:** Cinema Village. . . . **A TIME TO KILL** (7/29/96): Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII. . . . **TIN CUP** (8/12/96): Coronet, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, and Waverly. . . . **TRAINSPOTTING** (7/22/96): Angelika Film Center, Cinema 3rd Avenue, Guild, Lincoln Square, and 19th Street East 6. . . . **A VERY BRADY SEQUEL:** Embassy 3 and 23rd St. West Triplex. . . . **WALKING AND TALKING:** Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Village East Cinemas.



Opening September 27, James Spader and Charlize Theron in "2 Days in the Valley."

THEATRE ADDRESSES

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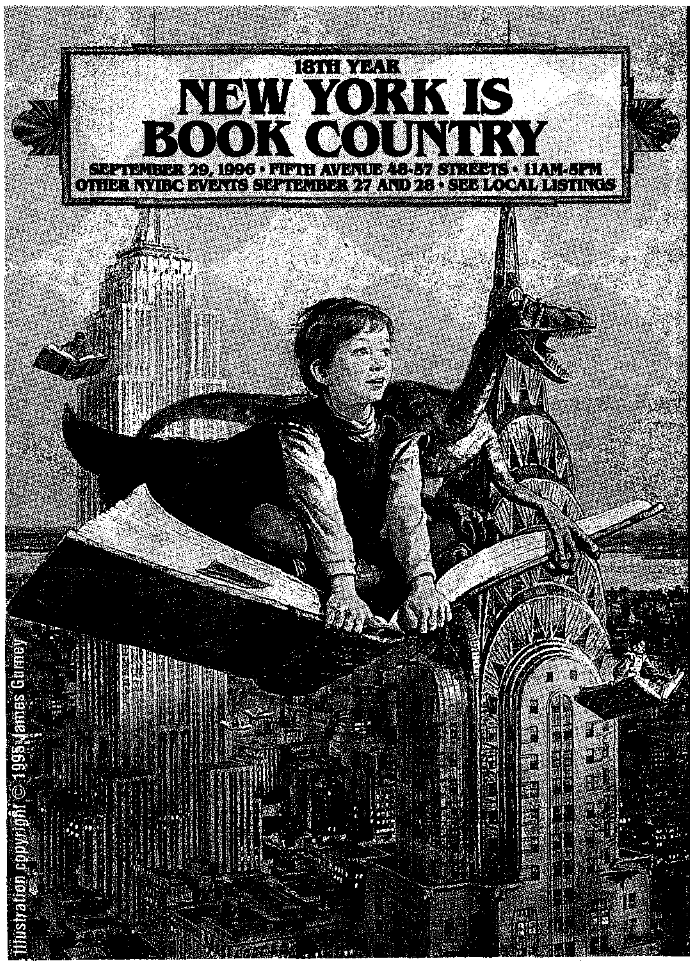
(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th St.
Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
Baronet, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, Seventh Ave. between 56th and 57th Sts.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Cinema I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St.
Coronet, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Criterion Center, Broadway at 44th St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
Eastside Playhouse, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
86th Street East Twin, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Embassy I, Broadway at 46th St.
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th St.
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
Gemini, Second Ave. at 64th St.
Gotham Cinema, Third Ave. at 58th St.
Guild, 33 W. 50th St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St. (757-2280).
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Manhattan Twin, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Metro Cinema I and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
National Twin, Broadway at 44th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St.
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
Regency, Broadway at 67th St.
The Screening Room, 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
68th St. Playhouse, Third Ave. at 68th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
State, Broadway at 45th St.
Sutton I and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd St.
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th St.
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Waverly I and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.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REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the listings following these notes.)

Ashes and Diamonds (1958)—Andrzej Wajda's threnody for Poland, set on May 8, 1945—the first day of the postwar era—reinforces slashing social melodrama with absurdist shocks, symbolic curlicues, and small-town black comedy. It's a vortex of a movie, exciting even (perhaps especially) when passion, irony, and melancholy are all swirling together. At the center is the complex romantic figure of the nationalist assassin Maciek (Zbigniew Cybulski), who in the course of twenty-four hours helps kill two wrong men, tumbles into love with a beautiful barmaid, and then goes after the Communist leader who was his original target, though at the end of the day he can no longer put his heart into his dirty work. With his contemporary look—tousled hair and tinted glasses—and his sometimes antic, sometimes mournful cool, Cybulski is the modernist fuse in Wajda's stash of explosives. He keeps the audience guessing: Will Maciek pull off the execution? Run away with the barmaid? Self-destruct? The movie is tightly scripted (by Wajda and Jerzy Andrzejewski, from Andrzejewski's novel) and dynamically shot (by Jerzy Wojcik) in coruscating black and white. With Ewa Krzyzewska and Adam Pawlikowski. In Polish.—M.S. (Museum of Modern Art; Sept. 30 and Oct. 1.)

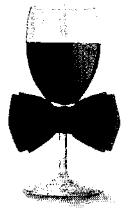
Giant (1956)—George Stevens directed this handsomely designed, big, glossy version of the profoundly second-rate Edna Ferber novel about a couple of generations of a Texas cattle-ranching family, and James Dean (in a supporting role) ran away with it. This was the last film in his brief, meteoric career, and he was dead when it was released. His appearance here is particularly startling, because he plays his misfit role in the twitchy, self-conscious, ''modern'' manner of the fifties, while the rest of the movie is in the conventional heavy-going style that had always been deemed appropriate for sprawling family sagas. (This one sprawls for three hours and eighteen minutes.) Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson are the leads.—P.K. (Lincoln Square; starting Sept. 27.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1959)—This first full-length film by Alain Resnais has a script by Marguerite Duras which features musical, incantatory dialogue, and a crucial line, ''They make movies to sell soap, why not a movie to sell peace?'' The movie, which opens with the intertwined nude bodies of a French movie actress (Emmanuèle Riva) and a Japanese architect (Eiji Okada), was taken as powerful propaganda against the atom bomb. The lovers are covered in symbolic ash, and when the woman says that she has seen everything in Hiroshima the man tells her she has seen nothing in Hiroshima; then they say the same things over again, and again, and perhaps again. Riva gives a remarkably fine performance. Eiji Okada says no more than an analyst might; he is simply a sounding board. In French.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Sept. 26 and Oct. 1.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Joyce Cary's painter-hero, Gulley Jimson, is a fabulous, lewd creation: the modern artist as a scruffy, dirty little bum. Alec Guinness's sly, likable Gulley isn't all that one might hope for (Guinness lacks passion and innocence and the real fire of insolence), and the movie is too literal-minded—it's a conformist movie about nonconformity—but, with that said and out of the way, let's admit how marvellously enjoyable it is. Ronald Neame directed Guinness's adaptation.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Sept. 27 and Sept. 29.)

My Own Private Idaho (1991)—A beautiful disaster. The movie is set primarily in the seedier parts of Portland, Oregon, and its main characters are a pair of young hustlers, Mike (River Phoenix) and Scott (Keanu Reeves). Mike is a narcoleptic who has lyrical dreams composed of imagery from his childhood.

Anyway you slice it.



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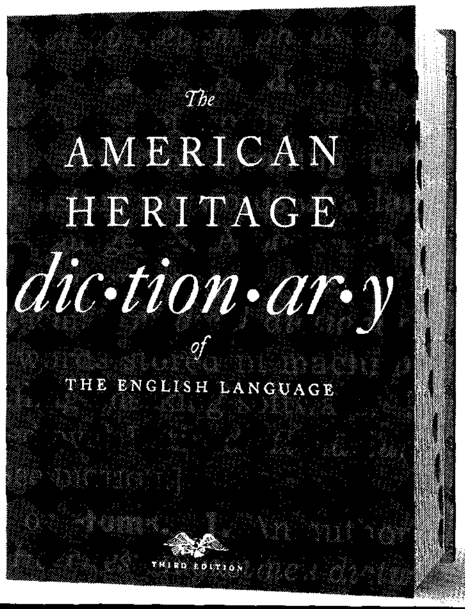


HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

THE DICTIONARY FOR OUR TIMES

Scott, the son of Portland's mayor, is modelled on Shakespeare's Prince Hal; the Falstaff character here is a scruffy gay cokehead called Bob (William Richert), and his scenes with Scott are stylized variations of incidents from both parts of "Henry IV." The writer-director, Gus Van Sant, takes a lot of chances, and, visually, the movie is so imaginative, so fiercely alive, that it carries us along. But when the over-all design of the picture becomes clear—Scott turns into a villain, Bob is ennobled as a symbol of outlaw freedom, and Mike takes on the aura of a holy fool—Van Sant's vision seems disappointingly trite and schematic. Phoenix, however, gives a superbly intelligent and intuitive performance. Although the script ends up begging for sympathy for Mike, the actor never does.—T.R. (Symphony Space; Oct. 1.)

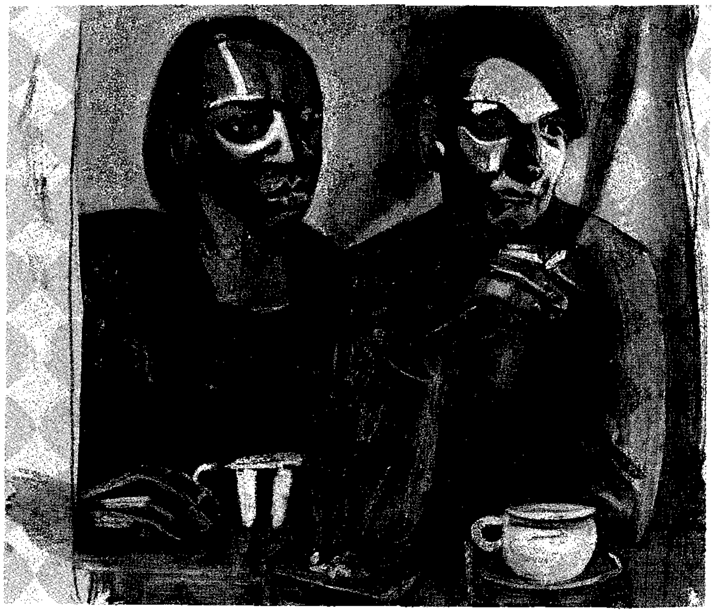
A Place in the Sun (1951)—This George Stevens version of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," updated to the fifties, features Elizabeth Taylor—in one of her most sensitive (yet steamy) performances—as the rich girl whom a poor, rather weak young man (Montgomery Clift) is drawn to. The film is mannered enough for a gothic murder mystery, while its sleek capitalists and oppressed workers seem to come out of a Depression cartoon; the industrial town is an arrangement of symbols of wealth, glamour, and power versus symbols of poor, drab helplessness. The hero's jilted working-class girlfriend (Shelley Winters) is not allowed even to be attractive; Winters makes the victim so horrifyingly, naggingly pathetic that when Clift thinks of killing her he hardly seems to be contemplating a crime: it's more like euthanasia. And Clift himself is perhaps a shade too soft and shrinking—an overdirected pawn. But whatever one's reservations about this famous film, it *is* impressive, and in the love scene between Taylor and Clift, physical desire seems palpable.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Sept. 29.)

Tunes of Glory (1960)—An English film starring Alec Guinness and John Mills as two colonels in a peacetime Scottish regiment who are out to destroy each other. There are times when the two virtuoso performances are completely overpowered by the clumsy staging, but the acting and the unusual theme help to compensate for the muddy exposition and mediocre film techniques. It's an ugly-looking movie, though. Ronald Neame directed, from James Kennaway's script, based on his own novel. With Susannah York, Kay Walsh, Dennis Price, Gordon Jackson, Duncan Macrae, and John Fraser.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Sept. 27 and Sept. 29.)

Yentl (1983)—Barbra Streisand directed, produced, co-wrote, and stars in this musical version of the Isaac Bashevis Singer story "Yentl the Yeshiva Boy," and it's funny, delicate, and intense—all at the same time. Set in the thriving Polish-Jewish communities of an imaginary, glowing past, it tells of a young woman with a passion for religious study who grows up in a tradition-bound society where women are excluded from scholarship; when her widower father (who has secretly taught her) dies, she dresses as a boy and goes off to enroll in a yeshiva in a distant town. Dressed as a boy, Yentl is no longer resentful of male privileges, and for the first time she feels attracted to a man—the virile, bearded Avigdor, played by Mandy Patinkin, who can hardly wait for his wedding to Hadass, played by Amy Irving. When these three repressed characters become entangled, the movie (like Singer's story) brushes up against darkness on the one hand and sex farce on the other. Streisand's co-writer was the English playwright and television writer Jack Rosenthal.—P.K. (A Different Light Bookstore; Sept. 29.)

Yojimbo (1961)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as an unemployed samurai, a sword for hire, who walks into a town divided by two rival merchants quarrelling over a gambling concession, each supporting a gang of killers. The samurai has his special skills and the remnants of a code of behavior, but to whom can he give his allegiance? He hires out to each and systematically eliminates both. We might expect violence carried to extremity to be sickening; Kurosawa, in a triumph of bravura technique, makes it explosively comic and exhilarating. In Japanese.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Sept. 26 and Sept. 28.)

Zoo in Budapest (1933)—A lovely, romantic fantasy, with the radiant Loretta Young as a girl who runs away from an orphanage, spends the night in a zoo, and meets a handsome, nonconformist zoo attendant (Gene Raymond). The entire beautifully produced movie takes place during that night in the zoo. Rowland V. Lee directed, and Lee Garmes did the memorable cinematography—tranquil visions of swans and herons on a moonlit lake, and, at the end, when the police arrive and the whole zoo has gone mad, a glimpse of the porcupines in a panic.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Sept. 25.)



Opening the New York Film Festival on September 27, Marianne Jean-Baptiste and Brenda Blethyn in "Secrets & Lies."

ANDREA VENTURA

LATE RUNS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

New York Film Festival—The first programs in a seventeen-day series of recent international films. **AVERY FISHER HALL:** Sept. 27 at 8:30: "Secrets & Lies" (Mike Leigh, France/United Kingdom).... **ALICE TULLY HALL:** Sept. 27 at 8: "Secrets & Lies."... Sept. 28 at noon and Sept. 29 at 7: "Salut Cousin!" (Merzak Allouache, France/Algeria).... Sept. 28 at 3 and Sept. 29 at 9:45: "Irma Vep" (Olivier Assayas, France).... Sept. 28 at 6 and Sept. 29 at 1:30: "Beyond the Clouds" (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema).... Sept. 28 at 9 and Sept. 29 at 4: "Sling Blade" (Billy Bob Thornton, United States).... Sept. 30 at 6: "Le Garçu" (Maurice Pialat, France).... Sept. 30 at 9 and Oct. 1 at 6: "A Self-Made Hero" (Jacques Audiard, France).... Oct. 1 at 9: "Goodbye South, Goodbye" (Hou Hsiao-hsien, Japan/Taiwan). (For tickets, call 875-5050.)

Film Forum 2, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—A program of films by Kenji Mizoguchi; all films in Japanese, with English subtitles. Sept. 25-26: "Sisters of the Gion" (1936) and "Osaka Elegy" (1936).... Sept. 27-29: "Ugetsu" (1953).... Oct. 1: "A Geisha" (1953).... ¶ Sept. 30: "Speedy" (1928, Ted Wilde; silent), with Harold Lloyd.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A showing of films from the Janus Films Collection. Sept. 26 at 2:30 and Sept. 28 at 2: "Yojimbo" (†).... Sept. 26 at 6: "The River" (1951, Jean Renoir).... Sept. 26 at 8 and Oct. 1 at 6: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (†).... Sept. 27 at 2:30 and Sept. 29 at 2: "Tunes of Glory" (†).... Sept. 27 at 6 and Sept. 29 at 5: "The Horse's Mouth" (†).... Sept. 27 at 8: "The Troublemaker" (1964, Theodore Flicker).... Sept. 28 at 5: "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973, Victor Erice; in Spanish).... Sept. 30 at 2:30: "Knife in the Water" (1962, Roman Polanski; in Polish).... Sept. 30 at 6 and Oct. 1 at 2:30: "Ashes and Diamonds" (†).... ¶ A program of works by filmmaker Ken Jacobs, who will be present at all showings. Sept. 27 at 3 and 6:30: "XCXHXEXRXRXIXEXSX" (1980).... Sept. 28 at 2:30: "Opening the Nineteenth Century: 1896" (1989) and "Bitemporal Vision: The Sea" (1994).... Sept. 28 at 5: "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell" (1995).... Sept. 29 at 2:30 and 5: "Chronometer" (1990) and "Coupling" (1996).... ¶ Sept. 30 at 3: "Helen's Babies" (1924, William A. Seiter; silent).... ¶ Sept. 30 at 6: "Captain January" (1924, Edward F. Cline; silent).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600)—Some favorite films of film writer William K. Everson. Sept. 25 at 6: "Air Mail" (1932, John Ford).... Sept. 25 at 8:15: "Zoo in Budapest" (†).... Sept. 26 at 6: "Hot Saturday" (1932, William A. Seiter).... Sept. 26 at 8: "It Always Rains on Sunday" (1947, Robert Hamer).... Sept. 27 at 6: "Straight Shooting" (1917, Ford; silent).... Sept. 27 at 8:30: "The End of the Trail" (1932, D. Ross Lederman) and "Overland Stage Raiders" (1938, George Sherman).... ¶ Films directed by Ritwik Ghatak (1925-76). Sept. 28 at 4, Sept. 29 at 2 and 6:45, and Sept. 30 at 4: "The Citizen" (1953).... Sept. 28 at 6:30, Sept. 29 at 4:30, Sept. 30 at 6:30, and Oct. 1 at 4 and 9: "Pathetic Fallacy" (1958).... Sept. 28 at 8:45: "Hidden Star" (1960).... Sept. 30 at 9 and Oct. 1 at 6:30: "The Runaway" (1959).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (1-718 784-0077)—Sept. 28 at 2: "Night Tide" (1963, Curtis Harrington).... Sept. 28 at 4: "The Unholy Rollers" (1972, Vernon Zimmerman).... Sept. 29 at 2: "George Stevens: A Filmmaker's Journey" (1984, George Stevens, Jr.)... Sept. 29 at 5: "A Place in the Sun" (†).

Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400)—Oct. 1 at 7: "Un Chant d'Amour" (1950, Jean Genet) and "Scorpio Rising" (1963, Kenneth Anger).... Oct. 1 at 8:15: "My Own Private Idaho" (†).

A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850)—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On Sept. 29 at 7, the feature will be "Yentl" (†).

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—A program of films by the Russian director Dziga Vertov. Sept. 27 at 8: "Kinoglaz" (1925).... Sept. 28 at 6: "Shagai Soviet" (1926).... Sept. 29 at 6: "A Sixth of the World" (1926).... ¶ Sept. 27 at 10: Short films by Stan Brakhage.... ¶ Sept. 28-29 at 8: Two different programs of short films from Hollis Frampton's "Magellan Cycle."

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Piñata- Art by Diego Rivera, 1953. Courtesy Hospital Infantil de Mexico "Frederico Gómez," Mexico City. Photo by Medina-Stoppelman.
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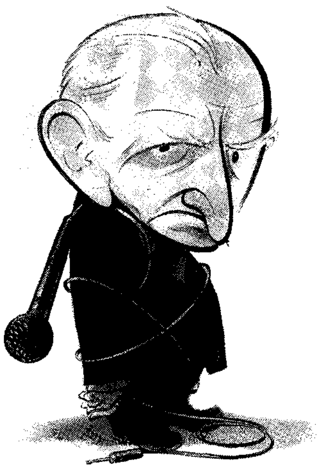
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

MORE CONSPIRACY TALK FROM DALLAS

Ross Perot is not alone in being left out of a debate. In this Presidential campaign, he follows two other candidates who sought to participate in debates but were spurned. The first was the fiery evangelical Alan Keyes, who staged a hunger strike to protest his exclusion from the G.O.P. debate in South Carolina, and had to be handcuffed and hauled away by police in Georgia. The second rejectee was Richard Lamm, the former Colorado governor, who tried in vain to engage Perot himself in debate in his bid to become the nominee of the Reform Party. Back in 1980, even Bob Dole was shut out of a debate—the one in Nashua, New Hampshire, where Ronald Reagan announced that he was paying for the microphone, and made George Bush look like a wimp, an image Bush never shook.


Ross Perot

In public, Perot's spokesman, Russell Verney, was outraged; in private, he told journalists that he was also pleased. He explained sotto voce that Perot now had an issue that put him on the side of a majority of voters: Perot, like them, wanted Perot in. As someone who has always complained of shadowy conspiracies, Perot can now rail against a visible group that has wronged him. The unanimous decision of the bipartisan Commission on Presidential Debates is the fulfillment of his suspicions. The day after he was blackballed, he issued his "J'accuse": a list of malefactors that included both parties, unnamed "corporations and foundations who have a lot at stake here," the gambling industry, the Dole campaign, and political writers who told members of the commission's advisory committee that he had no realistic chance of getting elected. (Only nine per cent of voters believe that he has a chance.)

The commission's decision to exclude Perot also disappointed Paul Begala, the Democratic political consultant and occasional Perot impersonator, who was preparing to play Perot in a mock debate with President Clinton, reprising his 1992 performance in the documentary "The War Room." "I was going to use his rhetoric," Begala said eagerly. "I would wait for the two of them—Clinton and Dole—to fight each other and then interrupt and say, 'You see, there it is! Our country's been wheeled into the hospital on a gurney and the two doctors are in a fistfight.' Now I have all this useless shtick."

The Dole campaign had apparently bet on Perot's exclusion to the degree that it had not picked anyone to play him in a mock debate. (The leading contender for the role of Clinton is Senator Fred Thompson, the smooth former movie actor.) While the Dole people realized their wish, the Clinton camp planned to continue making gestures that Perot be invited. For his part, Perot—isolated, scorned, and embittered—is not without a last resort. Somebody may yet be punished. He has $29,055,400 in federal funds to spend on television commercials. Perot's last political act may be, literally, to shoot his wad.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ERIC PALMA

FÊTE FOR A LION KING

The book-publishing house of Farrar, Straus & Giroux celebrated its fiftieth birthday last week with a couple of public readings by F.S.G. authors at Town Hall: poetry on Wednesday evening and prose on Thursday, followed by a merry and tumultuous party at the Public Library—one of those parties of which it is rumored beforehand that even so much as a single ticket of admission will be difficult to obtain and to which, once the doors were thrown open, hundreds of people streamed unchallenged, heading with the speed and accuracy of birds of prey to one or another of the bars and buffet tables that had been set up in the great entrance hall and its adjacent corridors. Justly, the most prominent figure at the two-day celebration was Roger Straus, who was also the most prominent figure at the birth of the company, initially known as Farrar Straus & Company. John Farrar was a well-known publisher, considerably older than Straus, who was with the firm until his death, in 1974. The company settled upon its present name in 1964. In introducing the poets on Wednesday evening, Robert Giroux, white-haired and roly-poly, offered a mock apology for having been with the house for a scant forty-one years.

Straus was in his late twenties when he founded the company, and some of the octogenarian authors at the party recalled that he was then considered the cockiest young man in town—one universally envied, for whom the gentlemanly, pipe-smoking editors and publishers of the day predicted certain failure. The scion of two wealthy families (his father was related to the Macy's Strauses, and his mother was a Guggenheim), Straus was tall and good-looking, spoke with a suave, upper-class accent, and was plainly delighted with his intellect and the purposes to which he intended to put it. In a written tribute to Straus, read by Richard Merkin, Tom Wolfe offered a recollection of the sartorially resplendent Straus leaving his house on East Seventieth Street and driving downtown in his open Mercedes convertible to his office on Union Square, where to the drug pushers and derelicts who then frequented the area he seemed the most gorgeous of apparitions.

The tweedy editors who doubted Straus's abilities have long since taken to shuffling inky manuscripts elsewhere, and the high level of excellence that F.S.G. early reached and has continuously maintained was made manifest at the celebratory readings in Town Hall. On Wednesday, the F.S.G. poets John Ashbery, James Fenton, Seamus Heaney, Robert Pinsky, and Derek Walcott, among others, read from their works, and on Thursday the prose writers included Ian Frazier, John McPhee, Grace Paley, Susan Sontag, and Scott Turow.

At the library party, Straus spoke a few words that struck some of his authors and old friends as charming but uncharacteristically gentle and modest. Where was the sharp tongue of yesteryear? The witty wisecrack? The savage put-down? Had all his Nobel Prize winners—all those royal bowings and scrapings in Stockholm—tamed the old lion? No way to tell. All one can know for sure is that a couple of years ago Straus sold F.S.G. to the vast German publishing empire of Verlagsgruppe Georg von Holtzbrinck—an act of prudence, in the light of the approach of his ninth decade. F.S.G. proceeds along the same path as before, and Straus himself is content: he has a contract that runs to the year 2000, and he takes pride in noting that it is renewable.

WE NEED THE EGGS

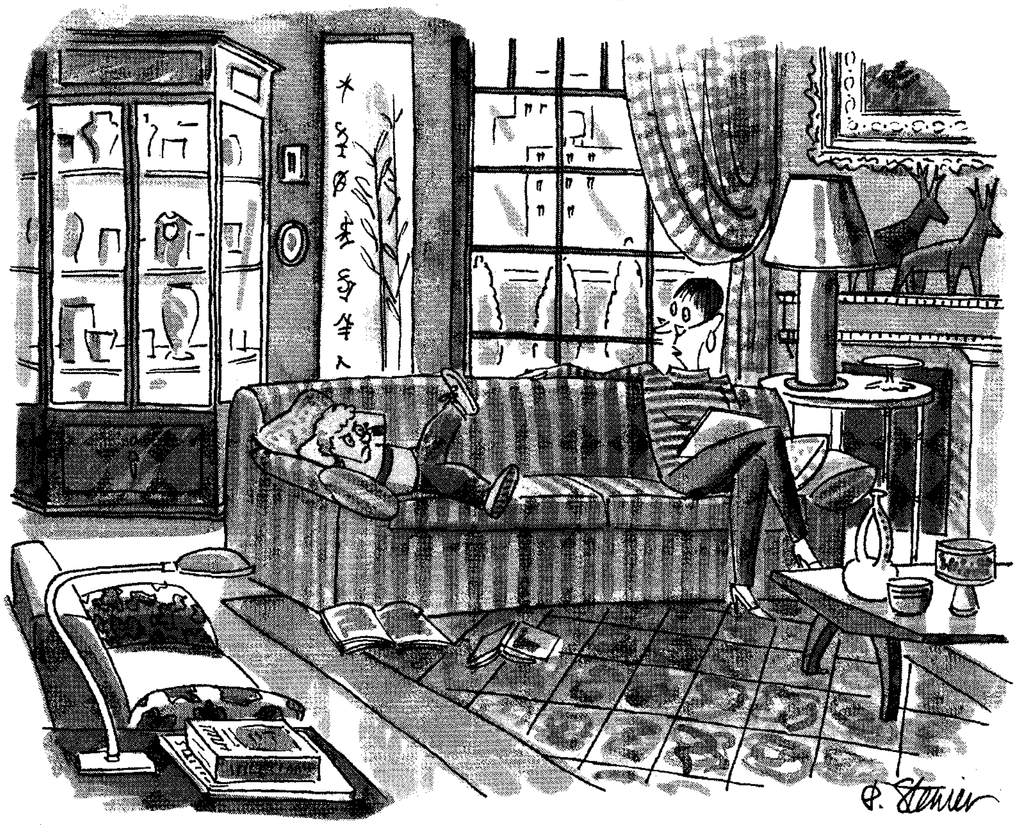
Rob DeSalle has spent the better part of the past year in an attic of the American Museum of Natural History, isolating DNA from caviar. Through a kind of genetic testing similar to that used to solve the mystery of the Romanovs, DeSalle and his colleague Vadim Birstein have developed a technique that can pinpoint, with just one glistening black fish egg, the exact species of the sturgeon or paddlefish that produced it—a project that they hope will come to the aid of endangered sturgeon in the Caspian Sea.

When they began their research, two and a half years ago, DeSalle and Birstein gathered the genetic dossiers of all the kinds of caviar-producing fish in existence. Using the dossiers as a guide, they created primers—short, jigsawlike strands of DNA—each designed to match a specific species of sturgeon or paddlefish DNA. Then they went shopping. "We were given two thousand dollars of grant money to spend on caviar," explains DeSalle, who is in his early forties and is wearing a mustard-colored button-down shirt and leopard-print Converse high-tops. "Vadim went to fancy gourmet shops all over Manhattan. He always came back from his buying trips looking a little harried."

With the price of a seven-ounce tin of beluga caviar hovering around the two-hundred-and-eighty-dollar mark, it's no wonder some shoppers get twitchy. Far more anxious, however, are the people in the industry—distributors, dealers, fishermen—who are facing a frightening disparity between supply and demand. There are now fewer sturgeon in the Caspian Sea than ever before, thanks to poachers, overfishing, and pollution. But this decline has been ignored. Whether blame lies with consumers' appetite for the unattainable or with the now defunct Soviet trade regulations, recent U.S. Department of Commerce data show that caviar imports have doubled since 1991.

"These fish are in trouble," DeSalle says. "And twenty per cent of the caviar we looked at was mislabelled. We got cans marked beluga that weren't beluga. This wouldn't be so alarming if the substituted caviar came from other commercial species, but it came from species that are even more imperilled than the beluga. The ship sturgeon has already become extinct in the Aral Sea."

And what about the shoppers who are helping to fund the black market—and walking away with the wrong caviar, to boot? Where would he recommend they shop? "I don't want to point fingers," DeSalle says, "because I don't think these gourmet shops are really at fault. I think the blame lies more with the dealers and with the people



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catching the fish. The gourmet shops will probably be happy to see these problems worked out, because they want to continue selling caviar, and if the overfishing continues there won't be anything left to sell. The fact that we can now monitor what's going on in the commercial realm—that distributors can push for more Sevruga caviar, say, if it looks like a particularly bad year for the beluga—can only help the stores and their customers in the long run. And, of course, more important is the effect our technique could have on legal efforts to save the fish. Being able to identify a species is a very important part of population management."

DeSalle himself has never warmed to the taste of caviar. "I can't stand it," he says. "I can't stand to smell it. I can't stand to look at it. It's just not American food." Birstein, however, who is Russian, seems to have approached the project differently. "We needed only one egg to assay a tin of caviar," DeSalle says. "And an additional hundred or so were set aside in voucher tubes in case anyone ever wants to come along and verify our results. That left each tin about three-quarters full. I sealed each one up and gave the lot of them to Vadim. After that, they disappeared, so I can only presume one thing."

CAFÉ SOCIETY

IN Sarajevo over the past few months, the regime of Alija Izetbegovic, the new chairman of Bosnia's tripartite Presidency, has tried to cope with one of the world's oldest problems—demobilized soldiers returning home at the end of war—in a uniquely Bosnian way. The solution: let them run cafés. In practice, almost no one except a soldier can open a café. The elderly may still have to wait for their pensions, the doctors for their salaries, the hospitals for their medicines, but no one, it seems, has to wait for a cappuccino.

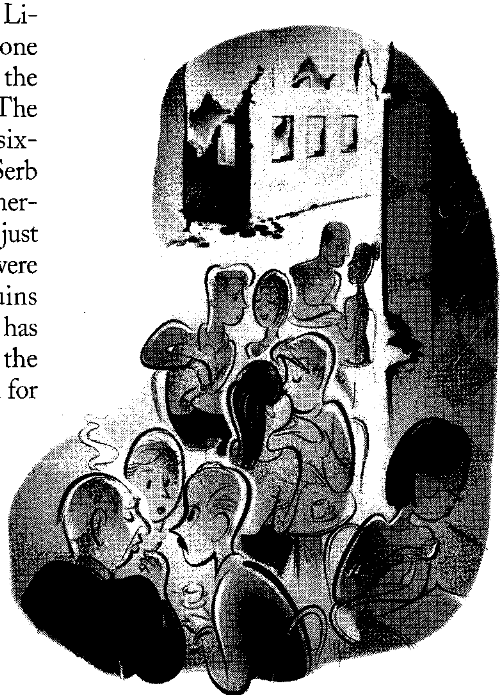
Apart from the fact that, with comrades hiring comrades, the waiters and barmen are all ex-soldiers as well, the development has had a range of consequences that few outside Sarajevo could have anticipated. The city is now full of cafés. In downtown Sarajevo, it seems as if the outdoor terraces of these establishments—"gardens," the Bosnians call them—had sprung up in every available space. Inside, boom boxes blare American pop music, and huge television screens broadcast American sporting events.

But, as any Bosnian will point out, this café life was normal before the siege. "The cliché of Sarajevans is that our life was a Balkan *dolce far niente*," one Sarajevan observed. "Sarajevans loved to sit in cafés. They strolled in the old town. They screwed a lot. They didn't work very hard." He paused. "It's the mentality of the south. It takes more than a war to change such deep things."

An outsider might be struck by Bosnia's dismal prospects. The National Library? Still in ruins. The old pink stone Hapsburg post office, by the edge of the Miljacka River? A burned-out hulk. The *Oslobodjenje* newspaper building, sixteen hundred feet from the former Serb trenches? What building? But the numerous young lovers, who look as if they'd just gone to bed with one another (or else were about to), seem oblivious of the ruins around them. What matters is that life has returned. It's possible to feel again the erotic charge that the city was known for before the war. It was still palpable in the first year of the fighting, when Sarajevo was a town of sex and death. But eventually the deprivation and the dirt—the lack of privacy, the fact that people finally could smell how bad they smelled—seemed to make people come to hate their own bodies, to become alienated from their sexual selves. "Chastity, that's not Sarajevo," a local businessman scoffed. "This time of erotomania that you see now is extreme, but it's very Sarajevo."

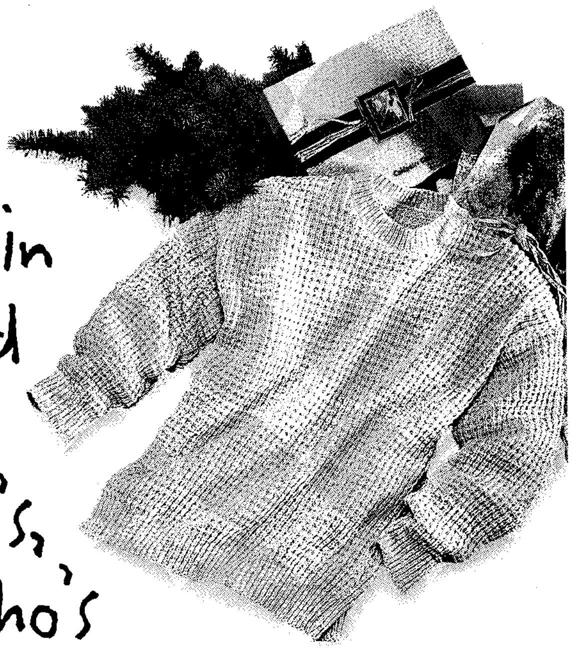
The poet Ferida Durakovic viewed the matter from a calmer perspective. "We are very traumatized, of course, and all this sexual life, and dancing, and strolling in the street until the last minute before curfew, is a wonderful therapy," she said. "It's necessary if we are to recover. We were the only town in the former Yugoslavia to have so many cafés. Politics was—well, just politics. We wanted to get on with life, to drink coffee, make love, go to the sea." She smiled. "You have to understand Sarajevans, if you can. We have no history of having any effect on any politicians. We've always been ruled by others—Ottomans, Austrians, Serbs, Communists. The feeling here is 'If life is good, enjoy it.' People in Bosnia, particularly Sarajevans, and particularly Muslims, never liked to think about the future."

Is it possible, though, that this "café therapy" might leave Sarajevans worse off, both economically and psychologically, than they might have been otherwise? It is all very well for the Bosnian film director Ademir Kenovic to sit over an espresso on the terrace of the Imperial Café, on Marshal Tito Street, and insist that "people *need* to walk and sit in cafés. They need this as they needed the abnormal warmth of this summer. It's a healing process." But as Zdravko Grebo, the director of an alternative radio station, put it, "That's fine in the summer, when, even if there are electricity blackouts and shortages, it's beautiful out, and, anyway, this was the first summer of real peace. But what are people going to do in two months, when it's too cold to sit outside, and all these shortages really matter, because you're cold and there are no jobs and no money? Then the fact that Sarajevo has cafés, or that there's water so you can stay clean, won't be enough, and people will see that they live in a ruined city in a ruined country. That's when the society will explode."



Very few people in Sarajevo express such apprehensions openly. Indeed, most people echo the enthusiasm of foreign visitors who knew Sarajevo during the siege and are elated by the postwar transformation. "The energy is fantastic," a French writer declared. "And the eroticism. I have rarely been in a place so alive. You'll see. Against all odds, Sarajevo is being reborn." ♦

"More Conspiracy Talk from Dallas," Sidney Blumenthal; "Fête for a Lion King," Brendan Gill; "We Need the Eggs," Lauren MacIntyre; "Café Society," David Rieff.



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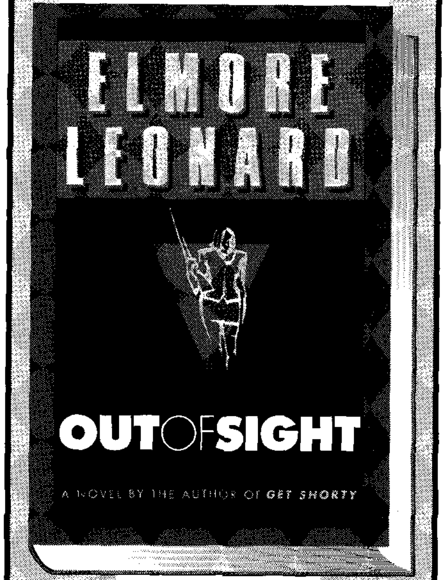

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THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL

CRANKS FOR VEEP

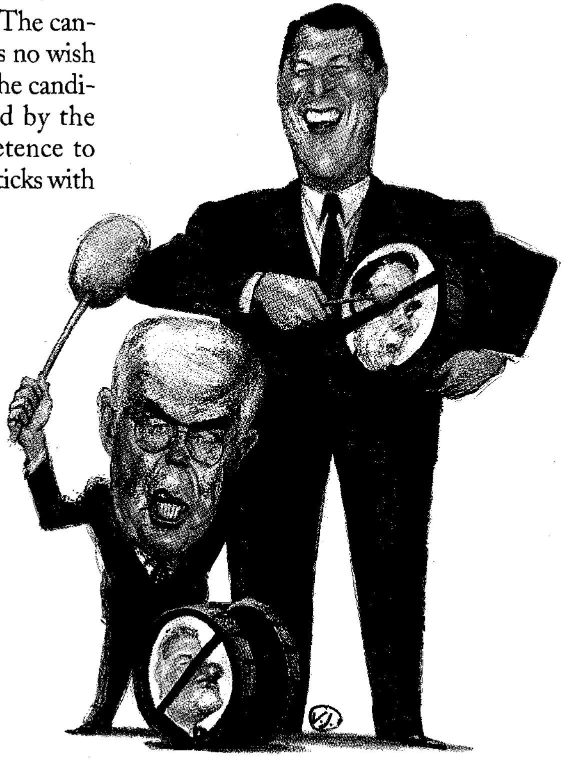
What do Al Gore and Jack Kemp have in common?

BY MICHAEL KELLY

THIS is the quotidian time in the political cycle. The themes of the campaign have long since been set, the nominees have been chosen, the boundaries of the race have been established. There isn't much room for innovation, or much desire for it. The candidate who is up in the polls has no wish to mess with what's working. The candidate who is down is paralyzed by the weight of his proved incompetence to guess what works, so he mostly sticks with what his planners doped out months ago as the master plan, while flitting, with fitful and halfhearted enthusiasm, from one transitory tactic to another. It is not impossible for the contest to reverse itself even at this penultimate stage. Bob Dole's people are fond of noting that such a reversal happened most recently in 1980, when the aged and relatively unknown challenger Ronald Reagan overcame a lag in the polls which had persisted until near Election Day to defeat the Democratic incumbent, Jimmy Carter. But most of the events large enough to move serious numbers of voters one way or the other have already occurred, or have at least been taken into account, and have been planned for to the degree that anything in politics is susceptible to planning. What is left to do is, on both sides, mostly a matter of sticking to the plan and seizing what small opportunities arise extemporaneously. Everybody gets up in the morning and goes out and does his or her job for fourteen hours or so, and does it again the next morning, and so on and on, until it is blessedly over. And nowhere is this more true than in the case of the running mates.

The task that Al Gore and Jack Kemp must perform every day is precisely circumscribed. They are the principal means of expressing the political equivalent of the media marketing strategy known as narrowcasting. It is their job to affect the vote at the margins that matter, to pump up support among their core constituencies and drive down support among the other's core. Targeted by the coördinates of politics—sex and race and geography and income and religion and special interest—they stump their way from women to blacks to Ohio suburbanites to Catholics to Jews to Baptists to environmentalists to senior citizens. It is painstaking, slogging work, and it is not meant to be creative. There is a script for each of those groups, and the running mates are expected to stick to it, and not make any news but what is planned. They are walking talking points.

The pleasant thing about spending a couple of days watching Gore and Kemp go through this business is that both men are, in a mild way, cranks. Not full-bore



Any audience is one chance more to move one step closer to universal understanding.

VICTOR JUHASZ

crackpots—not Baconians or orgone-box men or numerologists—but definitely cranks, and of a definite sort. They are examples of what you could call the Esperanto-type crank. The Esperanto-type crank is a sort of unified-field theorist, a believer in the one great idea that will fix everything, the overarching concept that puts it all into context. It's a species of crankery that particularly afflicts men of ambitious intellect (or, at least, men who have the ambition to be men of ambitious intellect) and it has a long, semi-distinguished history in politics, from Bryan's Cross of Gold to Gingrich's Third Wave. Kemp's one great idea is fiscal policy. The shorthand way of expressing this is to say that Kemp is obsessed with the need to return America to the gold standard, but that is just a part of the big picture. Kemp is basically a glory-of-capitalism man: he believes that if the big money machine can ever be built just right, and oiled just so, it will drive the world forever in humming happiness. The secret is in understanding how the parts work, and how they fit together. Kemp can talk about the parts—about labor and capital and trade and taxes and gold and paper—for hours at a clip, and when he ran for President in 1988 he frequently did so. I remember watching him hold forth on the Bretton Woods agreement for a solid thirty minutes at a kaffeeklatsch in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and by the time he was finished his listeners all wore the same stunned, defeated look, as if they'd been hit with sticks. Gore's one great idea is systemology—that everything is connected to everything else, holistically, and that fixing it all is just a matter of getting all the systems running right, beginning with one's own and working outward from there. He wrote a book explaining this, called "Earth in the Balance," which roped together everything from the Black Death through F. Scott Fitzgerald to, as the index put it, "Women's Rights: understanding needed to gain," in a text that wove the numbingly precise with the grandly apocalyptic into privet-hedge prose, dense and intertwined and nearly impenetrable.

The driving dream of every Esperanto-type crank is that if he could only explain things to enough people, carefully enough, thoughtfully enough—why, eventually everyone would see, and then everything would be fixed. It is a funny and somewhat endearing thing to observe such a man work at the running mate's chore of driving his party's base vote up and the other party's base vote down. The business at hand could not be more grubbily routine—it is all a matter of pandering and frightening, when you get down to it—but for a crank any audience is one chance more to move one step closer to universal understanding. Perhaps if he goes through it very slowly this time . . .

On Monday afternoon of last week, Kemp went to St. Benedict's Preparatory School, in Newark, New Jersey. St. Benedict's, which teaches five hundred and fifty students, in grades seven through twelve, sits on the boundary between the East Ward, Newark's downtown, and the Central Ward, which was once a neighborhood of factory workers but was ravaged by its own rioters in 1967 and is now a blighted terrain of dying housing projects and abandoned homes and liquor stores and check-cashing shops. About eighty per cent of the students at St. Benedict's are black or Hispanic, and between twenty and twenty-five per cent come from families with annual incomes under twenty-two thousand dollars—in some cases, a great deal under. Kemp's visit here was a classic example of the running mate's job. No one in the Dole campaign believes that Kemp can persuade a significant number of voters in places like the Central Ward to vote for Dole, but it is thought that his aggressive efforts to go where Republicans have traditionally not gone and to woo those whom Republicans have traditionally spurned could conceivably dampen the black turnout for Clinton, by reassuring black voters that a Dole Administration wouldn't be so threatening to their interests that they dare not stay home on Election Day.

It's not uplifting work, and it's not easy, either. On that afternoon, the neat, well-dressed students of St. Benedict's Newark Studies classes, gathered in a school gym, hammered Kemp with a long series of challenging questions on crime, welfare, and immigration. "As a former professional football player, you are familiar with the reverse play," Richard Bland III, a sophomore, noted. "Some people say you have reversed your opinion on California's Proposition 187, especially on the issue of closing schools to immigrant children. Why have you reversed your opinion on Proposition 187 since joining the Dole campaign?" There were about a dozen

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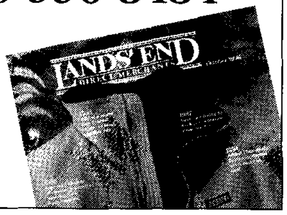
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more questions, all of them in a like vein. The students read them politely but firmly from cards they pulled from their pockets.

A normal, non-Esperanto politician would not have enjoyed this experience, but Kemp, bounding about the center court in jock fashion, balancing on the balls of his feet, and leaning into each question, took it all in with apparent relish, and when Father Edwin Leahy, the cowled headmaster, tried to bring the inquisition to an end Kemp waved him away. He seemed to delight in challenging his questioners' questions—the pleasure of every dining-room debater. He accused one student of basing his question on a false premise and dismissed another with the airy assertion that the counter to his argument was proved "a priori" by the facts at hand.

But it was in his answers to those questions touching on matters economic that you could see Kemp really shine with the crank's joy of making it all clear. A student who asked if the Dole campaign's tax-cutting plan would mean reducing spending on economic programs quickly found himself deep in the thickets of supply-side theory. "Ultimately, all spending is dependent on tax revenues, and all revenues depend on making the economy bigger," Kemp lectured. "So, in my opinion, and in Bob Dole's opinion, cutting tax rates on labor and capital in the American family, and on capital gains—eliminating the capital-gains tax in the inner city—would absolutely expand the economy and create more jobs, and that would ultimately give you more revenue, particularly when you are also keeping a lid on government spending." The lecture continued for another good paragraph before Kemp came to a triumphant end, and the student sat back down silently, as if his legs had gone from under him, wearing the very look that I remembered from the days of kaffeeklatsches and Bretton Woods in New Hampshire.

AND Kemp is the easier of the two Esperantists to listen to. He tends to get his stuff out in relatively short bursts, and he at least stops to breathe in between. Gore just plows on and on, in steady, earnest explication, neither hemming nor hawing, hewing neither to the left nor the right, and driving all before him. He speaks in a near-monotone, except for his signature quirk of pausing before random words (often but not invariably nouns following the article "the") and heavily accenting them, which strikes the ear in the same slightly disconcerting way that the archaic custom of capitalizing nouns strikes the eye in reading a seventeenth-century text. The day after Kemp spoke at St. Benedict's, Gore spoke in Manhattan, at a breakfast in the Rainbow Room sponsored by the magazine *Working Mother*. He hit his stride with a disquisition on the evolution of the industrial era which lasted so long that it felt like a narration of the industrial era.

"At the time of the industrial revolution, that huge wave of change that reorganized work, we began to think of employees in a particular and constrained way," Gore began. "The idea of the Factory became a model that dominated our thinking, and people working in industry began to be seen by many Employers almost as just another movable part in the Machine that was known as the Factory, and there came to be an unnatural division between people who were valued primarily for their Muscles, their ability to perform repetitive tasks, and another group of people, much Smaller in number and much more highly compensated, who were valued for their ability to make Decisions and to Think." This went on for another five hundred and fifty-one words, concluding with "the current stage of evolution," which is now, with corporations beginning to realize that employees are not only sentient but also have Emotions and Loyalties and Connections to their Families, and must be treated with "respect for the wholeness of their lives."

YOU would think that crank talk wouldn't work, that what voters want to hear is more in the way of what President Clinton offers them, which is a traditional mix of targeted promises and targeted fearmongering. Kemp and Gore do pay some obeisance to the business of pandering and frightening which is the basic chore of narrowcast politics. But their speeches are built around, and keep looping back to, the subjects of their passions. What they really want to do is convince people not just to vote for the right ticket but to see the right way, to grasp the Esperantist answer. This is tricky territory. A little crankery goes a long way, as Gingrich discovered. At some point in Year One of the great revolution of 1994, it occurred to a lot of people that they had heard as much about Alvin Toffler as they needed to in this lifetime.

In careful doses, though, the crank has his charm, and it is a charm with an important appeal in the age of Clinton-Morris. Cranks are definitionally sincere. A man who insists on lecturing voters on the gold standard is a man unguided by focus groups. This is not a quality that should be overstated. Kemp and Gore are, after all, professional politicians, and no such creature can really be a pure crank. Gore's purity is particularly suspect. He has an unpleasant habit of trading on the appeal of his sincerity with intimate and heartrending tales of the suffering of Gore family members, to a degree that makes you shudder to think what he might reveal in a really close race. Even so, there is no denying Gore's over-all crank status, and there is certainly no denying Kemp's. And there's no denying the appeal in this. I spoke to several of the tough questioners of St. Benedict's after Kemp's speech there, and they all correctly said that, while they thought Kemp had to some degree ducked the more unanswerable aspects of their questions, including the flip-flop accusation on Proposition 187, they appreciated the manifest sincerity of his beliefs, and the earnest passion with which he attempted to convey those beliefs. "I don't approve of Republican views—they are a little too conservative for me," Omar Scroggins, a fifteen-year-old who was chosen by the school to introduce Kemp, told me. "But I think Kemp's views are right. He's serious. If Dole does get to be President, Kemp will be the backbone of the Administration. Maybe it was just a ploy for black votes, him coming here, and people are skeptical—you look at the way we live, the lack of opportunities here, you can see why—but maybe he is just a good guy and he wants to show that he is good for everybody, you know, that he wants everybody to have a job and all that, and that's important."

Which leads to a thought. It is not unreasonable to think that in the year 2000 Gore and Kemp will be the Presidential nominees of their parties. If that happens, political reporters will get what they have been piously pining after for many years now—a race dominated by a serious, sober discussion of the issues. Twelve months of serious, sober discussion of the issues. They will hate it. They will be stabbing pencils through their eardrums. The voters, though, may finally get a campaign they approve of. And they'll learn a lot, too. ♦

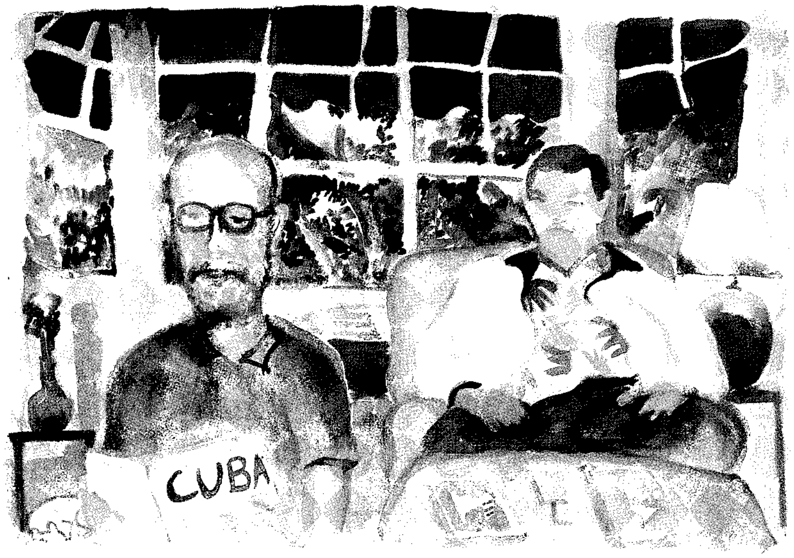
ELMORE'S LEGS

How does Elmore Leonard get true grit?

BY ALEC WILKINSON

ELMORE LEONARD, the writer of sleek and authentic novels about criminals, such as "Stick" and "Get Shorty," has never much enjoyed doing research. His earliest books were written in the fifties and involve cowboys and bandits. Leonard has spent most of his life in Detroit. To describe a mountain or a canyon or a butte, he consulted one issue or another of the magazine *Arizona Highways*. After the market for Westerns disappeared, in the sixties, he relied on a newspaper reporter he knew who covered crime. "I don't like to research," he says. "I like to write." Nevertheless, for the last fifteen years, what verisimilitude in his novels is not the result of his imagination is the result of legwork. Not his legs.

Leonard's legman is named Gregg Sutter. He lives mostly in Hollywood, Florida, a popular destination for tourists from Quebec. Sutter came to Florida four years ago from Michigan, to do research for Leonard, and he likes it well enough, although sometimes he feels rootless there, he says, and he still has Michigan plates on his car. He lives along the beach, where two-story, flat-roofed motels alternate with apartment buildings that look like file cabinets. He has a one-bedroom apartment, filled with a lot of books and hi-fi and video and computer equipment. When he gets up in the morning, he stands his bed against a wall to make more room.

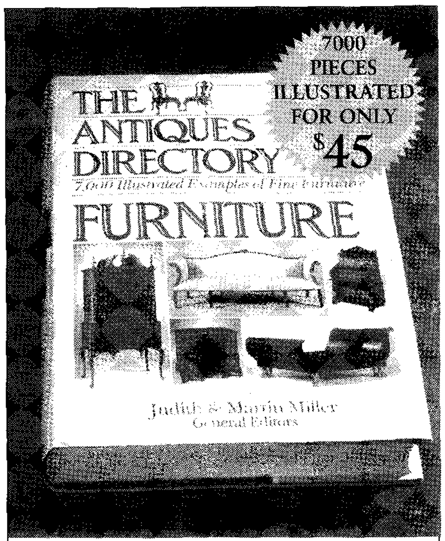


Gregg Sutter (right) with Leonard: "I'm like someone who leads an archeological dig, then turns the findings over to someone who knows what they mean."

STEPHEN LACK

Sutter is forty-five. He is tall and large-boned, he has shaggy dark hair and small features, he stoops a little, and he has a shuffly walk. He frequently tucks his chin down and to one side and looks back at you with eyes askance, a form of shyness. His manner is somewhat measuring and aloof. "I'm very charming when it comes to librarians," he says, "but I don't have any charm otherwise."

Sutter's name occasionally appears in newspaper and magazine stories about Leonard, usually because Leonard has mentioned it. A friend of mine noticed it and suggested I call him. When I asked Sutter what he was working on, he said that when Leonard finished "Out of Sight," his newest and thirty-third novel, which recently arrived in bookstores, he had intended to write about the fashion industry. Leonard—whom Sutter referred to as Dutch—ex-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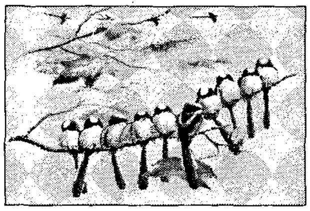

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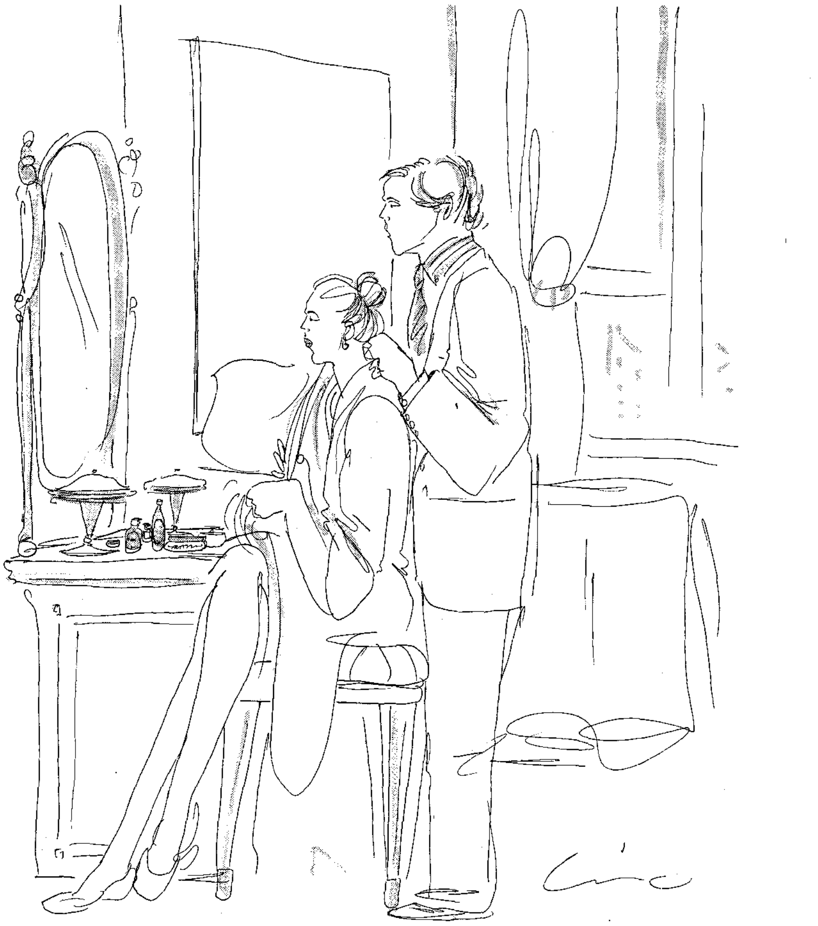
pected the book to include the Mafia and he sent Sutter to New York last February to look around.

"I walked the fashion district for a few days and took the usual assortment of photos," Sutter said. "Dutch is very visual. I do a lot of panoramas—picture, picture, picture, then tape them together. I went to the New York Public Library and ran the clips for Mob stuff, but it turned out they had a lot less to do with the industry now than they had even ten years ago. Then I got the call from Dutch: 'It's getting to be too much like work. We're doing the Spanish-American War.' Meaning that in one day I'm going from reading fashion-retailing guides and talking to better-dress guys in the Graybar Building to the Span-Am War and bandits and insurgents and runaway slaves and race riots, and thinking, Hey, this is all right."

I asked Sutter if I might come and see him and maybe visit some of the places he had been to with Leonard and meet some of the people who had figured in his research, and he said sure. I stayed in a Holiday Inn next door to his building. Some highlights: In Palm Beach, we drove down a sand road through trees along the border of the golf course at the Breakers Hotel and looked at the greens Sutter had drawn on a map for Leonard to use in plotting the kidnapping of a wealthy guy in his recent novel "Riding the Rap." We drove up Worth Avenue, where Sutter once made a videotape at a rally of Klansmen and Nazis and bikers because he thought that such an event in such a place contained sufficient irony to make it interesting to Leonard. "Rum Punch" begins, "Sunday morning, Ordell took Louis to the white-power demonstration in downtown Palm Beach." We sat in a courtroom in West Palm Beach presided over by Judge Marvin Mounts, Jr., the outline of whose life suggested to Leonard the title character Judge Bob Gibbs in "Maximum Bob."

Sometimes while driving we listened to the tape of an interview Sutter conducted with a man who had escaped from more prisons in Florida than anyone else. "Out of Sight" revolves mainly around a convict named Jack Foley and an ex-convict named Buddy. As the book opens, Foley is engaged in break-



"Coiled and oiled and ready to go?"

ing out of the Glades Correctional Institution, in Belle Glade, Florida. Leonard modelled the prison break on an escape made from Glades in 1995 by Cuban prisoners, who dug a tunnel under the prison fence. Leonard decided that Foley would lure a prison guard into the prison chapel, jump him for his clothes and hat, then follow the Cubans through the tunnel, and that Buddy would be waiting by arrangement with a car in the prison parking lot. When the Cubans leave the tunnel, they are chased and shot at, and two are killed. Dressed as a guard, Foley walks.

That a con might remain in possession of his nerves during a prison break was suggested to Leonard by listening to the tape. "You're getting ready to escape and you're scared," the guy said. "Your adrenaline's flowing, and you can reach a point where you're too scared to move. You're immobile. When people romance breaking out of prison, man, they don't romance *that.* To move you got to master your terror. How do you do it? The way to control your emotions is to act. You *act* cool, you going to *be* cool. I *walk* to the fence—I don't run and crash and frantically climb that fence. I walk up like my attitude is 'Fuck it, man. Ain't no big thing.' And when I come down the other side, I don't haul ass and run, either. That's *panic.* Soon as I hit the ground, I walk off. Man, I *stroll.* And, when you hit those woods, Hallelujah, God damn, that's a wonderful feeling."

In January of 1981, Leonard needed someone to read newspaper files and he thought of Sutter, who had called him a year and a half earlier. Sutter and a friend had been trying to start a magazine called *Noir* and wanted an interview with Leonard for their first issue. At the time Sutter got Leonard's phone call, he was working on the final assembly line at a car factory—an experience he hopes he may someday make part of a novel—"a Nathanael West on the line," he says. Sutter's own ambitions as a novelist he is content to defer. "I may not yet be successful as a writer, but I am successful as Elmore Leonard's literary researcher," he says. "I'm like someone who leads an archeological dig, then turns the findings over to someone who knows what they mean. Where I get satisfaction is in knowing that these stray bits I collect will be used in making something large and original and valuable."

Except inadvertently, he does not supply Leonard with material for characters. "He makes the bad guys up," Sutter says. The response that Sutter works hard to produce in Leonard is delight. Sutter values Leonard's allowing him to pursue what he intuitively feels will be interesting, and he doubts whether he could work happily for any other writer—certainly not for one who would simply give him lists of material to retrieve. Devotion, above all, is what Sutter feels for Leonard. "Life being a series of tests of loyalty, some of which I have already failed, I am here for the long run," he says. "If Dutch ever had a reversal of fortune, I would be there." The only disappointment I have heard Sutter express was after I mentioned how pleased I had been by a scene in "Out of Sight." Sutter said, "I envy people who get to read him and have all the thrills. By the time the books are finished, I'm too familiar with the story."

For "Rum Punch," Leonard asked Sutter to find a bail bondsman who would explain how bonds were written. Using a newsletter given to him by Judge Mounts, Sutter found Mike Sandy, a half-Lebanese, half-Sicilian former teacher. Sandy has an office across the street from the West Palm Beach courthouse with a sign on the door that says "Private." I asked him, as Sutter once had, about writing bonds, and that led to a description of the anxieties involved in a bondsman's life.

"Here's what happened to a bondsman in Miami," he said. "For years, one of his clients was a Colombian who brought him cases. We'll say the Colombian's name is Pedro Lopez. Very reliable. Suppose the bond is two hundred and fifty thousand. Lopez brings two hundred and fifty thousand, counts it out, then counts out the twenty-five-thousand-dollar premium for the bondsman. No collateral, no complications, cash business. Arrives with boxes and chests of money, like it was the Captain Kidd days.

"One day, an individual Lopez has paid for doesn't show up in court. Lopez comes into the bondsman's office, says, 'We don't want you to pay this bond,' and picks up his money. A few days later, Pedro Lopez is found floating

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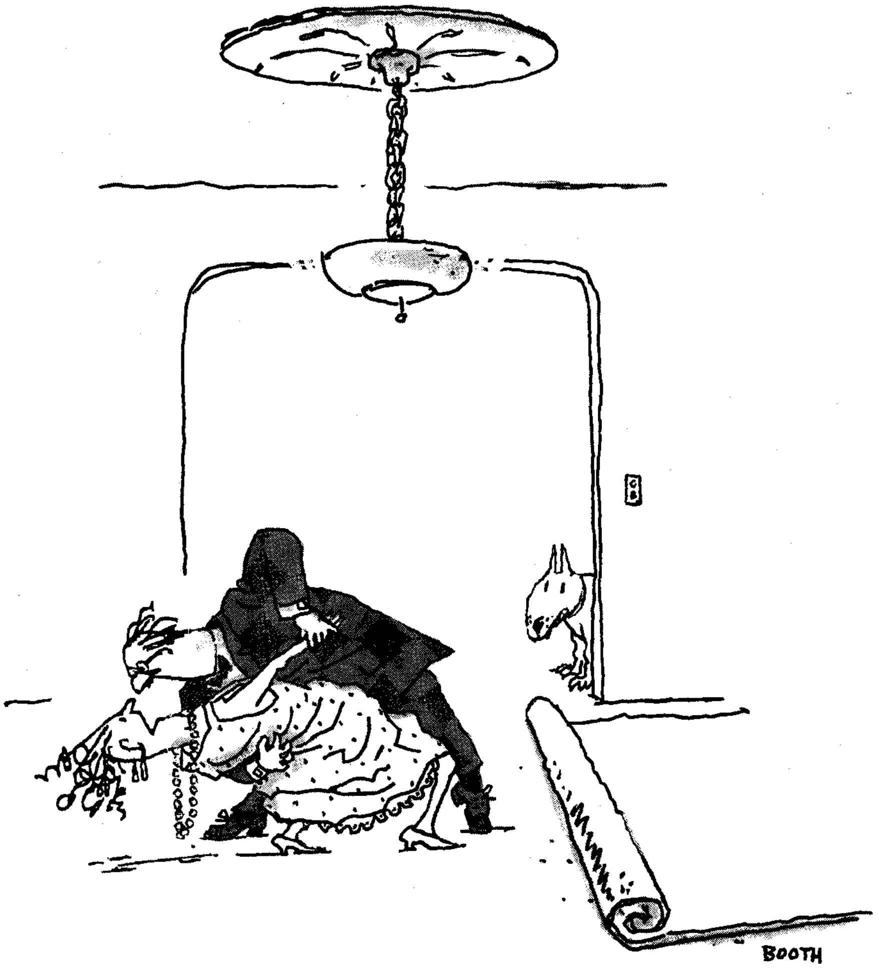


"I heard something snap."

in the bay off Key Biscayne. The bondsman gets a phone call from someone saying, 'Pedro has fallen on a serious accident, please be at such-and-such a bar at eleven tonight.' The bondsman's concerned. He's *innocent*—he's done nothing out of line that he can think of—but these people are Colombians. He shows up at the bar, with his brother. Why his brother? I don't know. The bartender greets him by name. The bondsman's lived all his life in Miami—he's never seen this guy, he's never been to this bar—but the guy knows his name. True story. Bartender points to a table in the corner and tells the bondsman and his brother to wait. Bar's dark.

"Time passes, music plays, maybe some people come and go. Eventually, three Colombians walk in and join the brothers at the table. One man talks, another interprets, and the third says nothing at all. Third guy has a mustache. The one talking tells the bondsman that Mr. Lopez developed a problem the other night, he fell on a power saw. In his apartment. Bondsman nods. He's listening closely. He's sweating a little. He's thinking, Why am I here? 'But before he fell on the power saw,' the man says, 'he told us that you returned only a hundred and fifty thousand of the two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar bond.'

"When the bondsman hears this—which isn't true—he doesn't say, 'He's lying,' he doesn't say, 'There's been some mistake,' he doesn't say, 'I don't know what you're talking about.' He stands up and says, 'An hour. We'll make some calls. My brother will wait here, and I'll be back in an hour with the money.'

"The Colombian says, 'No, no, sit down. We want you to know that after Mr. Lopez fell on the power saw we found the money. That's not why we called you here.' Bondsman sits down. The Colombian says, 'We asked you to meet us so that we could demonstrate the faith we have in you by introducing the man you and Mr. Lopez have been working for.' They'd brought the heavyweight, you see. Show of confidence. The man talking points to the third man at the table, who hasn't said a word and never does: Pablo Escobar. True story."

CHRONOLOGY: Sutter was born in Detroit, in 1951. The hospital was later torn down to make way for a Cadillac plant. He went to Catholic grade school, and in 1969 he went to Oakland University, in Rochester, Michigan, thirty miles north. "My first major was behavioral science, which I still don't know what it is," he says. "Then I fell into film history. I thought of myself as a cine-Marxist—sit around the apartment and talk about the Revolution and watch movies. I wrote about Cuban revolutionary posters and Nazi cinema, and got a degree in history, never thinking about what I would do the day after I graduated."

Before Sutter went to work for Leonard, he held a series of obscure jobs: among other things, he did publicity for the Women's Symphony of Detroit; he was the editor of the *Grapevine Gazette*, the house organ of the Detroit Metropolitan Bar Owners Association ("Sad little stories about bar owners and liquor-commission violations," he says); he and some friends started a magazine called *Artbeat*, which folded after four issues, when it ran out of money; and in November of 1975 he got a job at Norman Levy Associates, an industrial liquidator. "We'd go into a shop, such as a lathe shop," he says, "assign a book value to everything, scrub the machines with kerosene to make them shiny, repaint the lettering, and send in a photographer with an assistant to wave sheets behind the machines to give the picture an opaque background for the auction catalogue."

In August of 1977, Sutter got a job on the assembly line at the Oldsmobile factory in Lansing. "It was exciting in some ways," he says. "I loved the harsh, nervous sound of hundreds of air drills working at once, like gunfire, and the big, ocean-liner-like procession of the line, but it was also my life going down the drain. For a while, I was an extra man—meaning I didn't have a specific task—and they had me unload boxcars of tire rims, or prime the engine and do transmission-fluid top-off, because they were disgusting jobs and you came home smelling of diesel fuel and transmission fluid. Or I wrote the job number with a grease pencil on the sides of tires as they came by, or I was on air cleaner, which I liked especially, because I had a table for my stock where I could set up a novel. I'd get several air cleaners ahead and try to read two pages before a car was in front of me again. Working air cleaner is when I got really interested in hardboiled fiction—Woolrich, Chandler, Cain, pulps, all the tough-guy writers of the thirties. I read Elmore Leonard then—'Fifty-two Pickup' when it came out in paperback, and because it was about Detroit it deeply addressed a feeling I had of being stuck in a permanent backwater. Here was someone writing about streets that had always seemed inconsequential and overlooked by everyone else, and suddenly they weren't. I read everything of his I could find. All his books about Detroit had something in them that elated me, even if it was just the description of a Near East Side bungalow with a Blessed Virgin birdbath in the back yard. In the summer of 1979, I looked up Elmore Leonard in the phone book and called him."

SUTTER said that he was flying to Detroit to meet Leonard to go over material for "Cuba Libre," the book on the Spanish-American War, and he agreed to take me with him. He picked me up at my hotel, and on our way to the airport we stopped at a used-book store called John K. King, so I could look for some old Leonard books and Sutter could see if he could find anything on Cuba. He didn't expect to—he had been to King's a few days before—but he wandered into a back room and came out with two copies of Volume I of a book called "Our Islands and Their People." It was published in 1899 and was the size of an atlas, and it had a lot of photographs of things such as sugar plantations and boats in Havana Harbor. Sutter bought a copy for himself and one for Leonard. While he stood at the counter waiting to pay for them, he said, "If it was between me and another guy for this book, there would be blood."

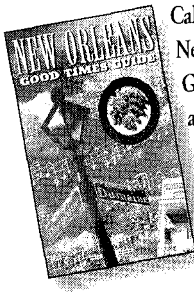
Leonard lives in a suburb north of Detroit. As we drove through the town's leafy streets, Sutter paused in front of a red brick house and said that Leonard had lived in it until eight years ago, and then he turned onto a street of much larger houses and said, "See if you can pick out where he lives now." I pointed to a château-looking place with a big rug of a lawn and awnings on one side, and was surprised when he turned on to its circular driveway.

The door was answered by Leonard—a small-framed man, in a T-shirt and jeans, with gray hair and narrow shoulders, wiry and slightly stooped. We sat in his big living room. I asked how the Spanish-American War book was going, and he replied, "I'm on page nine." He said that the novel begins with a saddle bum shipping horses from Galveston, Texas, who arrives in Havana Harbor two days after the Maine has blown up and sees the buzzards cruising the sailors' corpses and wonders what has happened. "The dialogue is different," Leonard said. "I can't swing with it yet, and I don't know what obscenities they used."

I asked if Sutter's work had ever changed the course of a book, and Leonard said, "Not exactly, but one time I was interested in getting some background on Porfirio Rubirosa, a Dominican playboy, because I had a character like that in 'Split Images,' in 1982, so Gregg got me a magazine that had a piece about Trujillo's daughter, who was married to Porfirio. I was reading that, and here was a picture of a squad of Marines walking down a street in Santo Domingo, and I thought, That's my next book—one of these guys goes back fifteen or sixteen years later to walk his perimeter and meets this girl sniper who shot him. That became 'Cat Chaser.' "

While I was still writing that down in my notebook, Sutter laid "Our Islands and Their People" on a coffee table and said, "Look what I got." Leonard leaned forward in his chair and rested his elbows on his knees and said, "Oh, my God! Oh! Look at this!" He turned each page slowly and sometimes shook his head. Sutter sat beside him, smiling slightly. It was clear that he drew pleasure from Leonard's proximity. When Leonard had examined about half of the book's pages, he leaned back and said, "This book, I can't believe it. A *picture* book of the period." He looked at Sutter and said, "This is all I need—I don't know how you found it—I can get everything I need out of this."

Sutter slumped and let out his breath. "Don't say that," he said. "That's the last thing I want to hear." ♦



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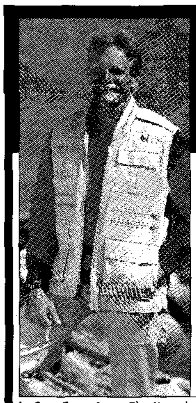

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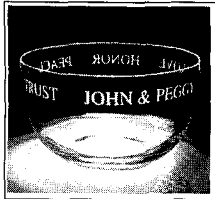

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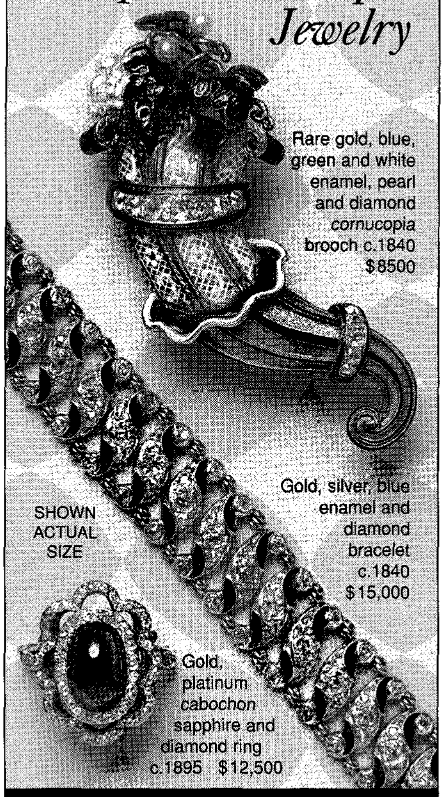

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ANNALS OF LAW

THE MAN WITH TIMOTHY McVEIGH

How will Michael Tigar, the self-styled Clarence Darrow, defend the fringe rightist Terry Nichols?

BY JEFFREY TOOBIN

IN the pretrial hearings in the Oklahoma City bombing case, Timothy McVeigh is generally the first defendant escorted from the lockup of the federal district courthouse in Denver to his seat at the defense table. McVeigh is twenty-eight years old, but, thanks to a blondish brush-top crewcut and an ever-present smirk, he could easily pass for nineteen. As McVeigh enters Judge Richard Matsch's courtroom, he strains immediately to scan the spectator benches (which are sometimes full, sometimes not) for familiar faces. Only about a dozen of the Oklahomans who either lived through the explosion at the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building on April 19, 1995, or lost relatives to it still attend every hearing in Denver, where the trial is being held. Those survivors stare back at McVeigh with hatred and bafflement.

Terry Nichols, the other defendant, appears a few minutes later, and he rarely lifts his eyes from the floor. He is thirteen years older than McVeigh, his former Army buddy, but has none of McVeigh's electric presence. Bespectacled and partly bald, Nichols sits in the courtroom for hours without speaking, or even changing expression. He is so spectral a figure that it would be hard to notice his arrivals in the courtroom if it weren't for the way his lawyer chooses to herald them.

When Nichols appears in the doorway, his lead attorney, Michael Tigar, snaps to his feet. This curious gesture has the effect of making those not standing—most notably the ten or twelve representatives of the prosecution who are in court on any given day—look almost rude. It's just hokey atmospherics, of course, but it sends a message. Tigar, who is one of the most theatrical defense attorneys in the country, says that he wants only to convey his respect for his client, but clearly he also wants every eye in the courtroom on him.

The first week in October, Tigar will ask Judge Matsch to grant Nichols a severance from McVeigh—that is, a separate trial. Tigar's principal claim is that the government will present such overwhelming evidence of McVeigh's guilt in the bombing that Nichols, against whom the proof is thinner, will be unfairly prejudiced. But his bid for a severance also reveals his strategy to win Nichols's freedom. The severance issue represents Matsch's last major decision before he sets a trial date, probably for early next year.

The Oklahoma City trial will address the largest act of terrorism ever committed on American soil. Both defendants face the death penalty, and if McVeigh and Nichols are convicted they could become the first people executed on federal charges since 1963. The indictment is fifteen pages long, and five of those pages consist entirely of the names of a hundred and sixty victims of the explosion. The prosecutors arranged the names of the victims by age—from "Charles E. Hurlburt, 73" to "Gabreon Bruce, 4 months." (Nineteen of the dead were five years old or younger.) The first week of the trial—when the prosecutors describe the explosion itself—is likely to be harrowing. In as much detail as Judge Matsch will allow, the prosecutors will probably show the jurors footage of the tiny children, some alive and some dead, being carried out of the smoking wreckage, and of rescuers extricating bodies from the tons of twisted steel. The prosecution may call Carl Spengler, a doctor, who can describe how he set up a triage site on the sidewalk to evaluate which of the children removed from the Murrah building's day-care center could be saved. Another possible witness is Daina Bradley, who was pinned under so much wreckage that rescue workers had to amputate her leg in order to set her free. (Bradley survived, but her two children and her mother died in the blast.) There are dozens of similar stories from which prosecutors can choose.

The government's case will unfold like a macabre road movie. The indictment charges that, starting in the fall of 1994, Nichols and McVeigh gradually collected raw materials for a bomb. Prosecutors are likely to present a meticulous reconstruction of how these two men, often using assumed names, bought or stole the ingredients and stashed them in storage lockers in Kansas and Arizona. It is undisputed that they travelled together a good deal during this period, buying and selling small weapons at gun shows in various parts of the country. During these journeys, the prosecution alleges, Nichols and McVeigh gathered more than four thousand pounds of ammonium-nitrate fertilizer, diesel and racing fuel, and other explosives, and later combined them to make a fertilizer bomb.

Tigar: "It's hard to find a case where the government has as great a stake and didn't break the rules." Photograph by Christopher Anderson.

AURORA

To establish a motive, the prosecution is likely to try to paint McVeigh and Nichols as right-wing extremists with political grievances against the government which evolved into murderous rage. Nichols was, at the very least, a troubled young man. He grew up and lived most of his life on a farm on the Lower Peninsula of Michigan. After graduating from high school, in 1973, he quickly dropped out of college and bounced from one low-level job to another. In 1981, he married a woman older than he was, and they had a son, but the marriage failed. Then, on May 24, 1988, at the relatively advanced age of thirty-three, Terry Nichols enlisted in the Army, and was sent to train at Fort Benning, Georgia. Timothy McVeigh and Michael Fortier, another central figure in the Oklahoma case, enlisted on the same day.

At Fort Benning, Nichols and McVeigh found that they shared a passion for extreme-right-wing politics. Nichols is reported to have read survivalist magazines, stored freeze-dried food for use in case of a nuclear war, and put all his savings in silver and gold bullion. McVeigh is said to have had a particular obsession with "The Turner Diaries," a racist and anti-Semitic novel that describes a vicious attack by white Americans on ethnic "undesirables" and also describes the bombing of a federal building with a massive fertilizer bomb. After less than a year, Nichols left the Army, asking for a hardship discharge. McVeigh lasted a little longer, but the two men stayed in touch. Nichols's politics turned ever more extreme.

In the early nineteen-nineties, Nichols began adopting the language of the militia movement: he renounced his American citizenship and declared himself "a nonresident alien." He stamped the words "Discharged Without Prejudice" in red ink on currency, apparently to claim that paper money was not legitimate. In 1992, having been sued in Michigan for failure to pay bills, Nichols shouted in court that the judge had no jurisdiction over him. His personal life did not improve, either. In 1990, he travelled to the Philippines, signed up with a mail-order-bride company, and met Marife Torres, who was then seventeen. They quickly married, and Nichols returned home to make arrangements for her to come to the United States. When Marife did come to Michigan, the following year, she was six months pregnant with another man's child. Still, Nichols accepted the boy, Jason, as his own, even as he continued to stumble from job to job. A private tragedy compounded the couple's difficulties: on the morning of November 22, 1993, Terry and Marife Nichols found that in the night the two-year-old Jason had accidentally suffocated, with his head inside a plastic bag.

The government has charged that McVeigh and Nichols financed their bombing operation, at least in part, by arranging to rob a firearms dealer in Royal, Arkansas, on November 5, 1994. Shortly after that alleged robbery, Nichols travelled to Las Vegas, to which his first wife and their son had moved. The woman, Lana Padilla, has said that Nichols seemed secretive and downcast on this visit. She feared that he was suicidal, or was possibly heading off on some dangerous adventure. He told her that he was leaving her and their son a package with a letter inside, which they should open in the event of his death. The letter, which Padilla opened the day after Nichols left Las Vegas, included a cryptic message for McVeigh. "This letter would be for the purpose of my death," Nichols told McVeigh, and then he provided McVeigh with detailed instructions on how to empty the contents of several of their storage lockers. Nichols informed McVeigh of the pseudonyms he had used to rent the lockers, and he hinted, further, that their activities had not been discovered by the police. "As far as heat—none that I know," Nichols wrote, and he added that in the event of his death McVeigh should "liquidate" the storage lockers. "Your [sic] on your own," Terry Nichols wrote McVeigh. "Go for it!!"

THE first time I spoke with Michael Tigar, over dinner recently in Denver, I asked him why he had taken the case. Though he grew up in Los Angeles and has lived most of his adult life practicing law in Washington, D.C., he has mastered the persona of the Western country lawyer: cowboy boots, outsized silver belt buckle, and home-style indignation. His motto seems to be that of John Wayne—"Talk low, talk slow"—but he often interrupts the ranch-hand act with great curlicues of erudition. He answered my question about the Nichols case with a quote he attributed to Ruskin: "There is no snare set by the fiend for the mind of man more dangerous than the illusion that our enemies are also the enemies of God." Through many hours of conversations with me, Tigar dropped one obscure quotation or another every few minutes—a diversionary tactic, I concluded, for keeping hard questions at bay.

Tigar has long had a reputation as a crusading leftist attorney, and he seems at first a peculiar choice to represent a right-wing extremist who is accused of mass murder, but, in fact, the case marks a strangely appropriate culmination of Tigar's career. He has always served clients holding a wide range of ideological views—from bombers in the Students for a Democratic Society to the accused (and exonerated) Nazi war criminal John Demjanjuk, and from suspected gays in the military to John Connally. The common theme of these contentious cases is Tigar's hostility to the oppressive hand of the state. Like many talented criminal-defense attorneys, he excels at shifting the focus of his trials from the behavior of his clients to the misbehavior of police and prosecutors. He will, of course, try to do the same for Terry Nichols.

When I pressed Tigar to explain why he had chosen to become Nichols's court-appointed attorney, he replied, "It's hard to find a case where the government has as great a stake as this one and didn't break the rules—Sacco and Vanzetti, the Rosenbergs. We saw it with Demjanjuk." In successfully representing Demjanjuk, a former Cleveland automobile worker, who was fighting extradition on charges that he was the so-called Ivan the Terrible of the Treblinka concentration camp, Tigar and his team did find what several judges described as a pattern of misconduct by Justice Department prosecutors. "This is a case where the government decided the rules didn't matter," Tigar said of the Nichols case. "I think it's a disgrace. But that's the pattern."

Is it? Did the F.B.I. and the Justice Department behave like rogues in the Oklahoma City investigation? Thus far, it does not appear that they did. The best complaint that Tigar could muster when he tried to have the court suppress statements Nichols made during a nine-hour F.B.I. interrogation was that the agents had not been candid with Nichols about the extent of their interest in him. But Judge Matsch rejected Tigar's plea, saying that people in custody are not entitled to full disclosure by the authorities.

Tigar has won other arguments before Matsch, however—the most important being a change of venue from Oklahoma to Colorado—and he may well win more. In our conversations, Tigar even hinted at a daring strategy for victory in the jury portion of the trial. It appears that, in a case where there are scores of actual victims, Tigar will attempt to portray his client as a victim, too—a victim of an overzealous investigation and a fanatical co-defendant. Tigar's rhetorical gifts may enable him to succeed with this ploy. Tigar is so skilled, in fact, that his career raises provocative questions about the moral ambiguities of a defense attorney's job.

TIGAR has always had a romantic, even grandiose, view of the law. When he was twelve, he announced that he wanted to be a lawyer. His father, an aircraft worker and a union leader (he died when his son was fifteen), gave him a copy of Irving Stone's book "Clarence Darrow for the Defense," and told him, "This is the kind of lawyer you have to be." The figure of Darrow runs like a leitmotiv throughout Tigar's life. With a fleshy face, bushy eyebrows, hair flopped onto his forehead, and pants hitched well above his waist, Tigar at age fifty-five is even starting to look a little like Darrow.

As a student, Tigar was a prodigy and a showoff. He graduated from Berkeley and went on to its law school, Boalt Hall. There he was the editor-in-chief of the law review and the valedictorian of the class of 1966. Even thirty years later, several fellow-students recalled for me a day when Tigar informed his contracts professor that he thought a decision from Quebec was relevant to the class discussion. The professor asked him to read it, and Tigar proceeded to do so, somewhat haltingly. The professor urged him to move along, and Tigar apologized, adding, "It's just that I'm translating from the French as I go."

While Tigar was still a law student, he was selected for a clerkship with Justice William J. Brennan, Jr., in the Supreme Court term to begin in the fall of 1966, but he never got the job. "When they announced my name as a clerk, some right-wing columnists started writing that Brennan shouldn't hire me," Tigar told me. Because Tigar had led student protests in Berkeley against the House Un-American Activities Committee and had then travelled to a student conference in Helsinki, his hiring became a brief cause célèbre among conservatives. Unnerved by the attention to his clerk, Brennan asked Tigar to provide a written summary of all his political activities. After Tigar said he would do so only if Brennan agreed not to share it with anyone else, Brennan withdrew the clerkship offer. The breach between Tigar and Brennan healed, though, and Tigar keeps inscribed photographs of the Justice in his office.

Tigar faced a choice common to young lawyers of his generation—to do good or do well. Tigar tried to do both. He signed up as an associate at the Washington law firm of the trial lawyer Edward Bennett Williams, who brought Tigar into several of his highest-profile cases—for such clients

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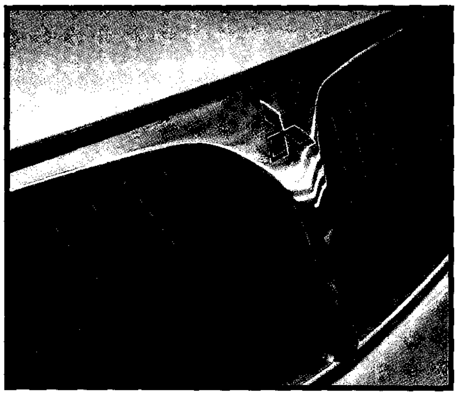

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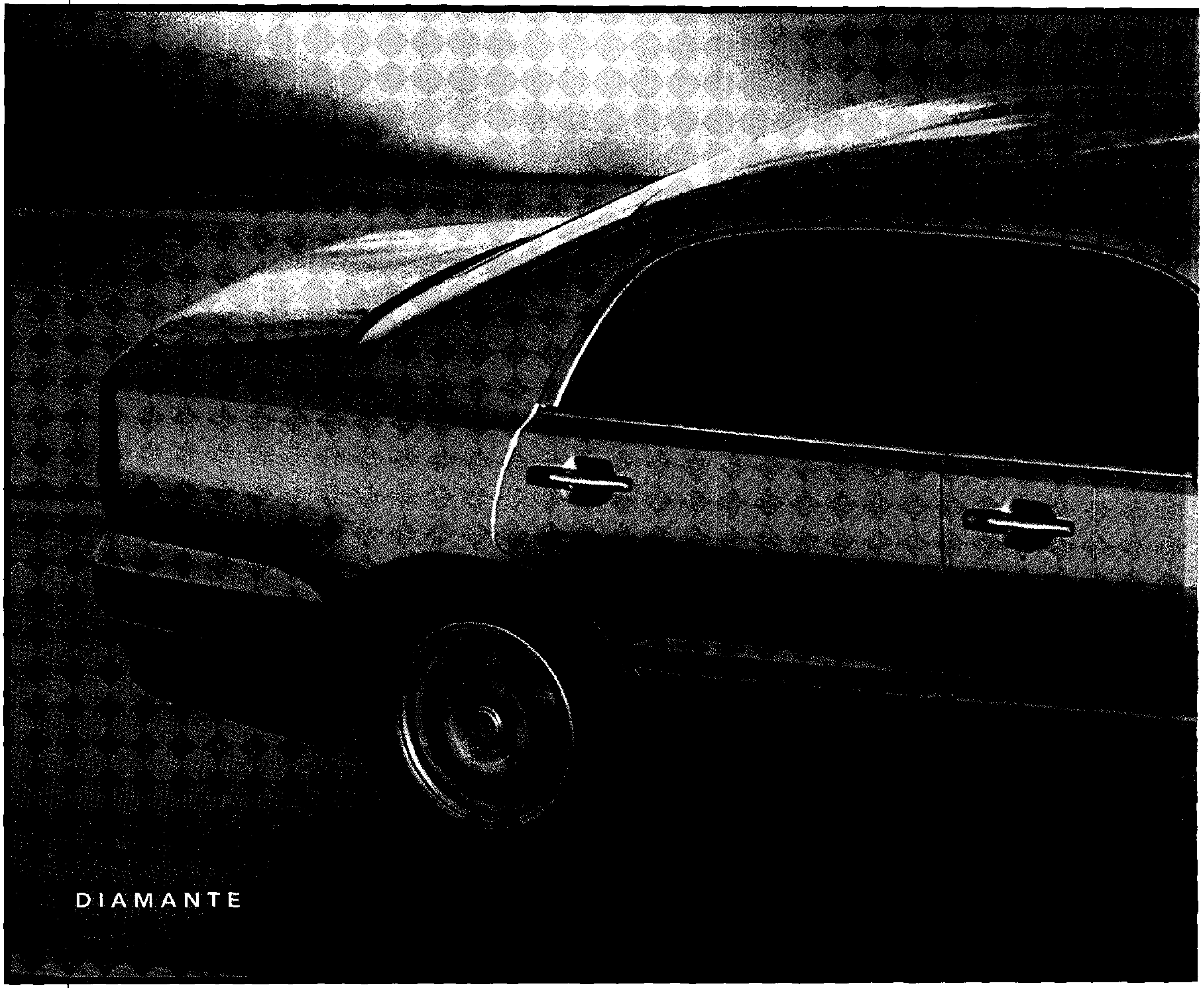

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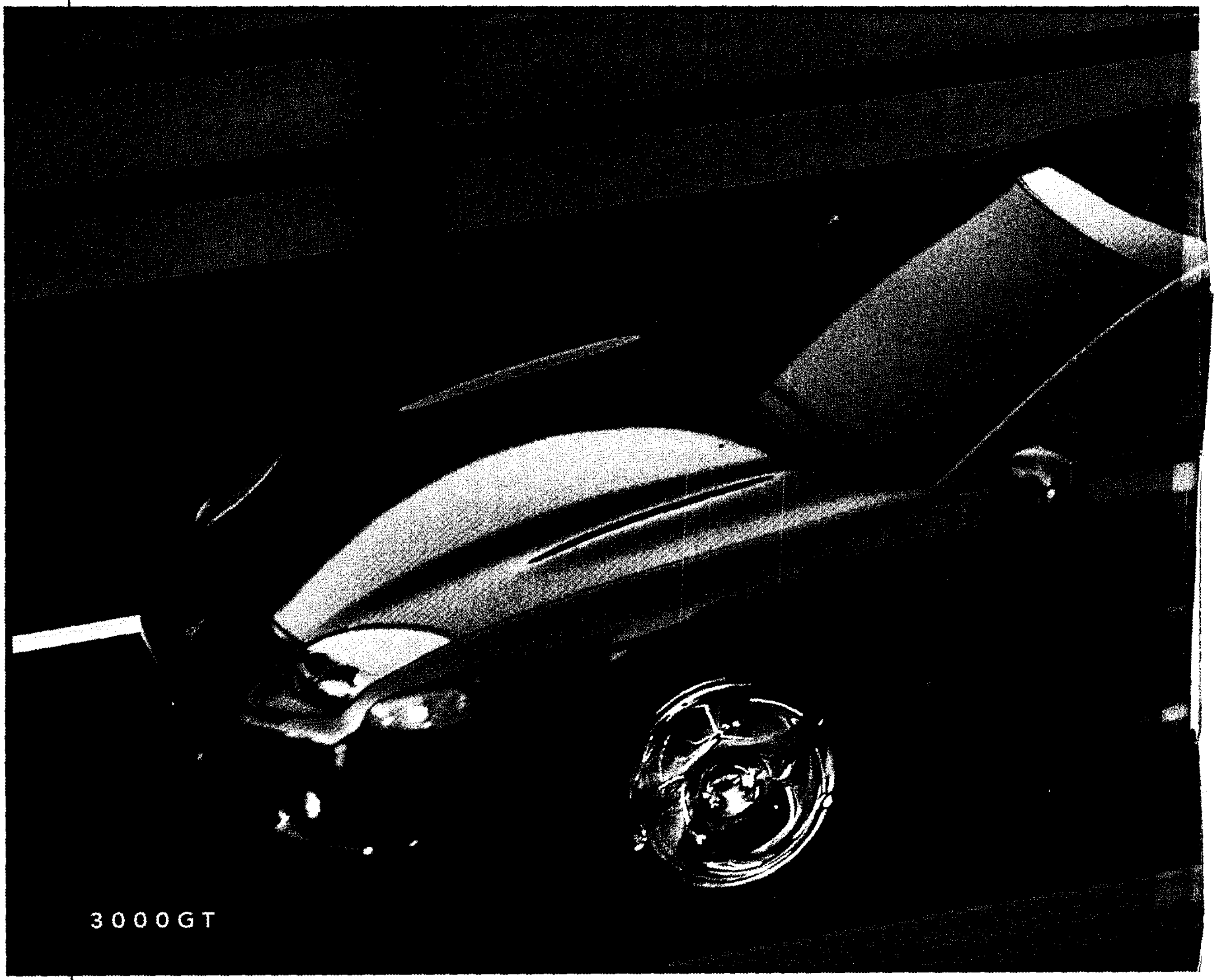

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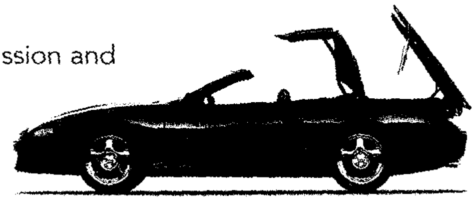

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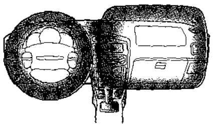

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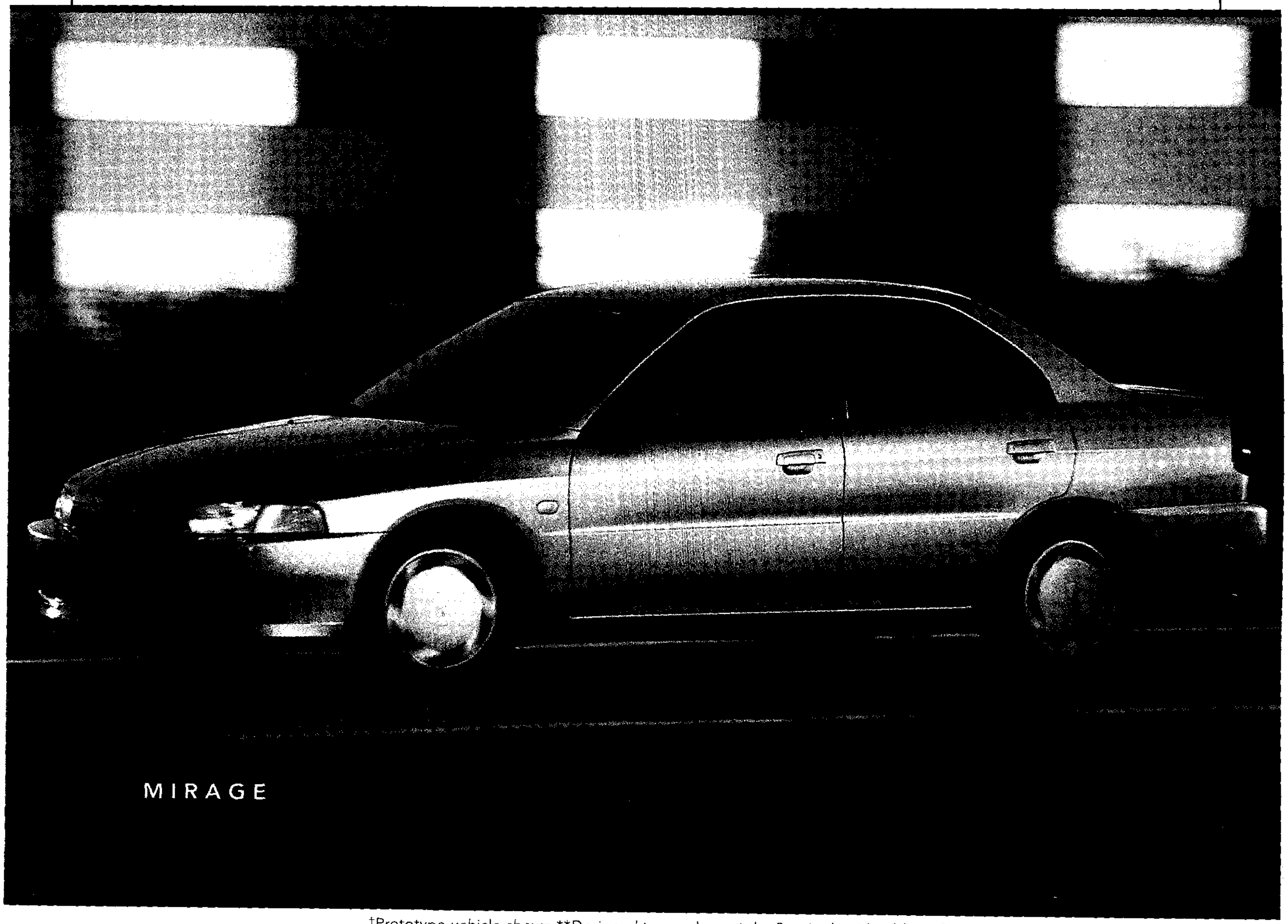

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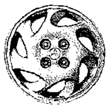

Mirage Coupe LS stays light on its feet with the help of lightweight new alloy wheels.

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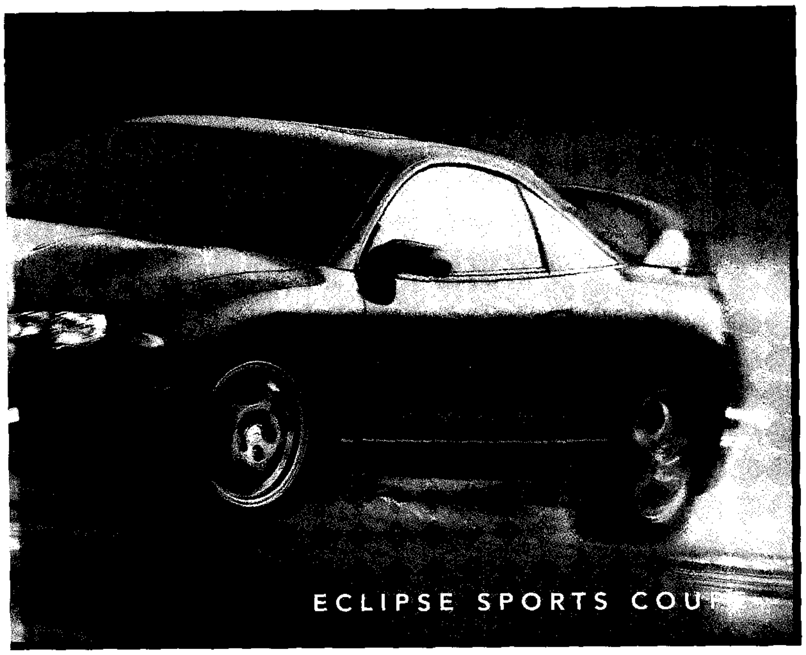
**205 horsepower with automatic transmission. ††Prototype vehicle shown.

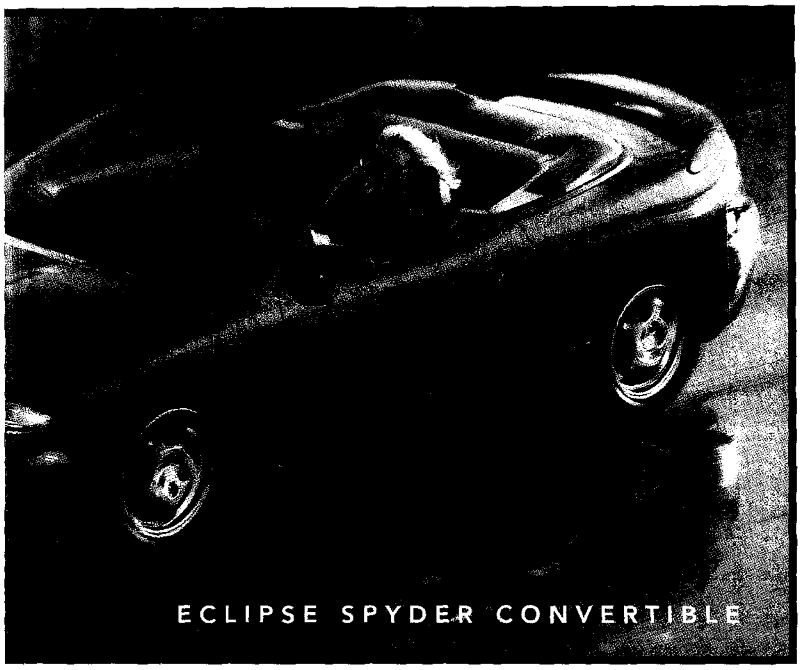
THE NEW MITSUBISHI ECLIPSE SPORTS COUPE.
A WHITE-KNUCKLE THRILL RIDE.



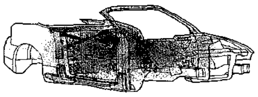
*At full turbocharging boost, Eclipse GS-T and GSX generate 210 horsepower.***

If you want more proof of our devotion to totally entertaining sports cars, the restyled Eclipse should serve as powerful evidence. Wickedly aerodynamic, obsessively sure-footed, and available with both turbocharging and all-wheel drive, five distinct Eclipse Coupe models span the performance spectrum from the bold to the ballistic.

THE NEW MITSUBISHI ECLIPSE SPYDER CONVERTIBLE.
A TAN-KNUCKLE THRILL RIDE.



Sports cars of this caliber require strict engineering discipline and a willingness to be open-minded. Witness the 210-horsepower** Eclipse Spyder GS-T Convertible. With its power top and athletic chassis, the Spyder was built from the ground up as a convertible, rather than from the top down as an afterthought. The Eclipse Spyder shows that Mitsubishi knows how to have fun in the fast lane.



Eclipse Spyder's chassis is specifically strengthened for the unique demands of a convertible.

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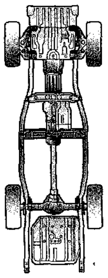
Mitsubishi understands that excitement is where you find it. That's why you'll find Monteros confidently roaming the continent of Africa, the confines of Iceland and the rock of Gibraltar. In fact, in over 170 countries, this rugged sport utility vehicle has become hugely respected for its world-class four-wheel-drive system and refined character. And with its stronger new 3.5-liter V-6 engine, available seven-passenger seating and huge cargo bay, Montero can handle just about anything.



*Montero and Montero Sport use rigid ladder frames to provide extra backbone and strength.**

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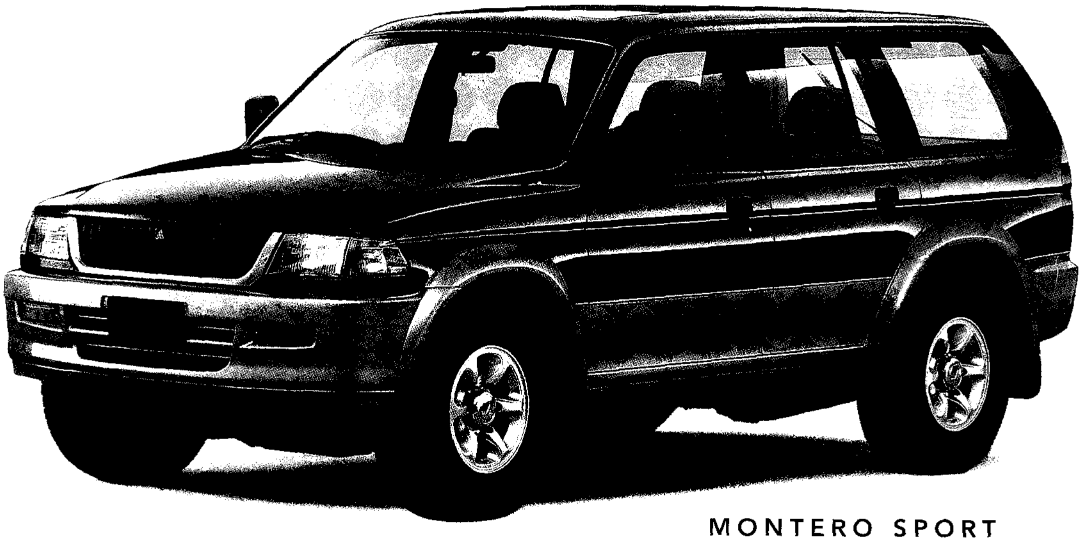
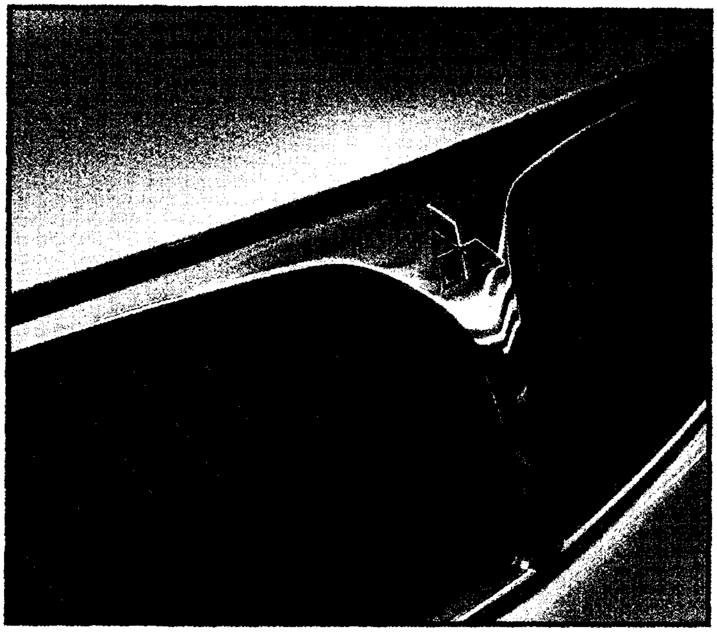


MONTERO SPORT

MITSUBISHI MOTORS

*Montero frame shown. †Prototype vehicle shown.



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MOTORS

as the former Lyndon Johnson aide Bobby Baker, Adam Clayton Powell, and John Connally.

Williams believed in what he called "contest living," and Tigar shared his ferociously competitive approach to legal work. When Connally was about to face Watergate-related criminal charges, Williams and Tigar brought the former Texas governor and Treasury Secretary into a conference room and battered him for days in practice cross-examinations. For Williams, trials were wars. In that spirit, Tigar dubbed the conference room the Situation Room. For all his passion to win, though, he still tried to have things both ways. Connally, after he was acquitted, gave Tigar four pregnant purebred heifers for a Virginia farm that he then owned. Tigar, in turn, donated one of the offspring to a Cuban agricultural collective.

Indeed, Tigar always kept a hand in the movement as well as in Williams's profitable firm. Williams allowed Tigar to maintain what amounted to his own law practice out of the downtown-Washington offices of Williams & Connolly. His efforts even included staying in touch with some of the most wanted fugitives of the period. Tigar's friend Scott Armstrong, a Washington writer on national-security issues, observes dryly, "Mike maintained a relationship with Bernadine Dohrn when she wasn't as easy to find as most people." Williams also let Tigar found and run a publication called the *Selective Service Law Reporter*, which was a repository of legal information for draftees and their counsellors and lawyers. Tigar pushed his privileged status to the limit. "I once used the Williams & Connolly letterhead to file articles of incorporation for S.D.S. in Washington," Tigar told me. "When the partners found out, they voted seven to one to fire me, but, since the one was Williams, I got to keep my job."

While Tigar was at John Connally's Texas ranch in 1975, he received a call to a notorious bombing trial in the same courthouse in Denver where Nichols is being tried. Cameron David Bishop was an S.D.S. leader who was charged with dynamiting four high-voltage transmission towers in Colorado in 1969, and he had spent several years on the lam before he was captured and brought to Denver for trial, where Tigar and his friend Hal Haddon defended him. Before the trial, the government had made plea bargains with two of Bishop's confederates in the bombings. Tigar's considerable trial skills didn't stand much of a chance against that kind of evidence. Bishop was convicted in three of the four bombings, but Tigar's legal acumen saved his client from jail. Bishop had been charged with committing acts of sabotage during a time of "national emergency." Under the narrow legal definition of that term, Tigar found, the only national emergency even hypothetically still in existence in 1969 was, strangely, the Korean War. "We argued on appeal that no rational person could think the Korean War was still going on in 1969," Tigar explained. "The Tenth Circuit agreed, and dismissed the whole case. Cam never did a day in jail." (After the trial, Bishop moved to Dixmont, Maine, where he was elected to the school board.)

Still, Tigar's intellectual ambitions were never satisfied by his legal work. In 1971, when he was thirty, he took a leave to live in France for a couple of years, and during that time he wrote a book called "Law and the Rise of Capitalism." The book chronicles how, over nearly a thousand years of European history, lawyers helped shape the political and economic change from feudalism to capitalism. Tigar concludes the book with a look forward to the role of lawyers in the tumultuous America of the late seventies. "The challengers to bourgeois power have been many, but it is now clear that of the many contenders, Marxian socialism, which set the pattern of world revolution in this century, is the most likely to succeed in replacing it," Tigar wrote. "When Marx described the immanent tendencies of capitalism to irrationality and collapse, the matter was perhaps in doubt. This is no longer the case."

Tigar ends his volume with a call to "a new jurisprudence of insurgency," which would go beyond mere demands that "constitutional principle be honored and constitutional promises kept." Rather, he continued, "lawyers truly committed to social change will follow the example of their predecessors in the bourgeois revolution and take a clearly revolutionary position." What is even more striking about Tigar's book than the dated academic Marxism is his messianic sense of lawyers at the center of a historic fight for social change.

The contradiction between these sentiments and life at a corporate law firm overcame Tigar shortly after he returned from France. In 1977, he quit Williams & Connolly to start his own small law office in Washington; all the lawyers had to devote a third of their time to pro-

eric Teitelbaum

"Goodbye, Roland. If you ever feel like talking, I'll be on Maury Povich in early November."

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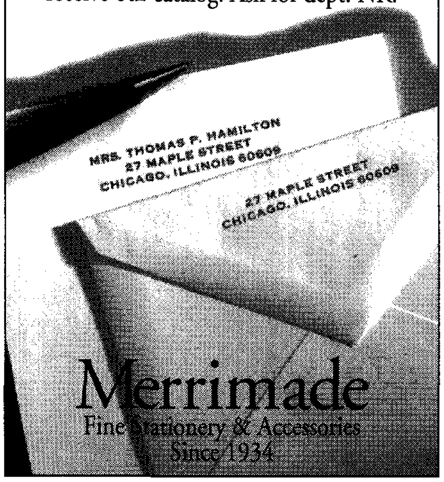

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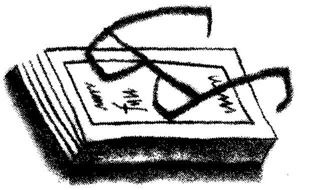
bono efforts. (The firm's pencils were engraved with the words "Reasonable Doubt at a Reasonable Price.") Still restless, Tigar left his firm in 1984 to teach at the University of Texas law school, in Austin, where he remains on the faculty. In subsequent years, he has combined teaching and law practice.

Tigar, who has three children, suffered the scare of his life in Austin in 1989—one that has something of an echo in the Oklahoma City case. On December 16, 1989, Judge Robert S. Vance, of the United States Court of Appeals for the Eleventh Circuit, was killed by a letter bomb near Birmingham, Alabama. Vance's law clerk at the time was Jon Tigar, Michael's only son. In the confusing moments when news of the bombing first emerged, Michael could not find out where it had taken place, or even if his son was alive. "It was awful," recalled Hal Haddon, who was talking to Tigar at the time. "We couldn't get any news." Tigar wound up calling the director of the F.B.I., William Sessions, a Texas acquaintance, to confirm that Jon was not hurt. In 1991, Walter Leroy Moody, Jr., a political extremist and disappointed litigant, was convicted of killing Vance and also a civil-rights leader with letter bombs.

I asked Tigar if he thought that there were any echoes of the Vance case in the Oklahoma City trial.

He chose his words with care. "This case both is and is not an echo of it," he said. "You certainly see in what's been released in the writings of Timothy McVeigh an ideology, a life pattern, that looks pretty clear to some. Terry has no resemblance either to Moody or to the kind of person who would find himself doing something like this. There is in Terry a marked aversion to violence that's central to his character. Terry raised fawns."



TERRY raised *fawns*? It's an almost comically misleading characterization of Nichols's character, but it contains the germ of Tigar's strategy for saving his client from death by lethal injection. Tigar believes that every defense in a criminal case needs a theme—a one- or two-sentence summary that the jury can easily understand. Citing an example, Tigar told me, "The theme in the Demjanjuk case was that the government, with its superior knowledge and superior information, hoodwinked the court." Last month, Tigar took time off from the Nichols case to represent Major Debra Meeks, who faced as much as eight years in military prison and the loss of her pension because she was charged with committing consensual sodomy during a two-year lesbian relationship with a civilian named Pamela Dillard. Even though the prosecution produced explicit love letters from Meeks to Dillard, Tigar won an acquittal, because he was able to portray Dillard—who had acknowledged having fallen in love with Meeks—as a scorned, vengeful woman. He was also able to make a subtle appeal for jury nullification, it seems. "I told them about Cicero's oration in defense of a General Murena," Tigar said. "He said that lawyers were obsessed with technicalities, but that it was soldiers who understood the real meaning of human rights." Thus, the theme for Tigar's defense of Meeks was that the members of the military jury had an obligation to defend Meeks as one of their own.

Tigar told me that his defense of Terry Nichols would begin with "blocking and tackling," and I asked him what that meant.

"If they say he went somewhere, let's see if he really did," he replied. "We'll do that for every meeting. Every time they say Terry did something, let's talk to everyone and see if the stories all line up." This is a typical defense strategy in a case that relies heavily on eyewitness identifications of a defendant. In the context of this case, the strategy shows some promise for Nichols, and even for McVeigh. The prosecution remains haunted by the prospect of "John Doe No. 2," a person (or persons) whom some witnesses have told authorities they saw with McVeigh in the days before the bombing. After many months of investigating these sightings—by distributing artists' sketches of John Doe No. 2, among other things—the prosecutors have acknowledged that the witnesses who claim to have seen this person (or persons) may have simply been mis-

AUTUMN RAIN IN TEL AVIV

A proud, very beautiful woman sold me
a piece of sweet cake
across the counter. Her eyes hard, her back to the sea.
Black clouds on the horizon
forecast storm and lightning
and her body answered them from inside
her sheer dress,
still a summer dress,
like fierce dogs awakening.

That night, among friends in a closed room,
I listened to the heavy rain pelting the window
and the voice of a dead man on tape:
the reel was turning
against the direction of time.

—YEHUDA AMICHAI

(*Translated, from the Hebrew, by Chana Bloch.*)

taken. Perhaps that is so, but the possibility of the second Mr. Doe gives the defense attorneys a convenient bogeyman on which to pin at least some of the responsibility for the bombings.

The evidence against Nichols is too strong, though, for Tigar to think that he can shift responsibility for all of his client's actions to a phantom named John Doe. So his strategy seems to depend heavily on blaming McVeigh. Tigar can concede at trial that there may have been some discussions of a dramatic protest on April 19th, the second anniversary of the storming of the Branch Davidian compound in Waco, Texas, but he can argue that Nichols withdrew from McVeigh's conspiracy. (Even the prosecution concedes that Nichols was not present in Oklahoma City when the bomb exploded.) Support for this idea may come from the government's own witnesses. Last summer, prosecutors reached a plea bargain with Michael Fortier, who was McVeigh and Nichols's Army buddy. Fortier agreed to plead guilty to conspiring to transport stolen firearms (from the Arkansas robbery) and to lesser charges in return for a sentence of twenty-three years. The prosecution has a duty to advise the defense of exculpatory information, though, and the lead prosecutor, Joseph Hartzler, informed Tigar in a letter that Fortier had testified before a grand jury that "McVeigh solicited his assistance in the bombing in early 1995 because Nichols was expressing reluctance." Hartzler also said that Fortier's wife had testified that "McVeigh was upset in early 1995 because Nichols wanted out and did not want to mix the bomb."

Tigar will certainly focus on how differently McVeigh and Nichols behaved in the immediate aftermath of the bombing. McVeigh was arrested on the day of the bombing. Two days later, Nichols, having heard his name mentioned on television as a possible accomplice, voluntarily went to the police station where he met with F.B.I. agents and answered their questions. Before the jury, Tigar will lean heavily on the fact that Nichols, unlike McVeigh, went to the authorities of his own accord. Nichols did make some damaging admissions to the agents, among them that he knew how to make a fertilizer bomb and that he had picked up McVeigh in Oklahoma City, near the federal building, just three days before the bombing. But Nichols also denied to the agents that he'd had any role in the bombing—the story he has maintained to this day.

Tigar will shortly spring the legal component of this defense strategy—his argument, scheduled for October 2nd, that Nichols is entitled to a separate trial from McVeigh. Generally, defendants who are indicted together—as McVeigh and

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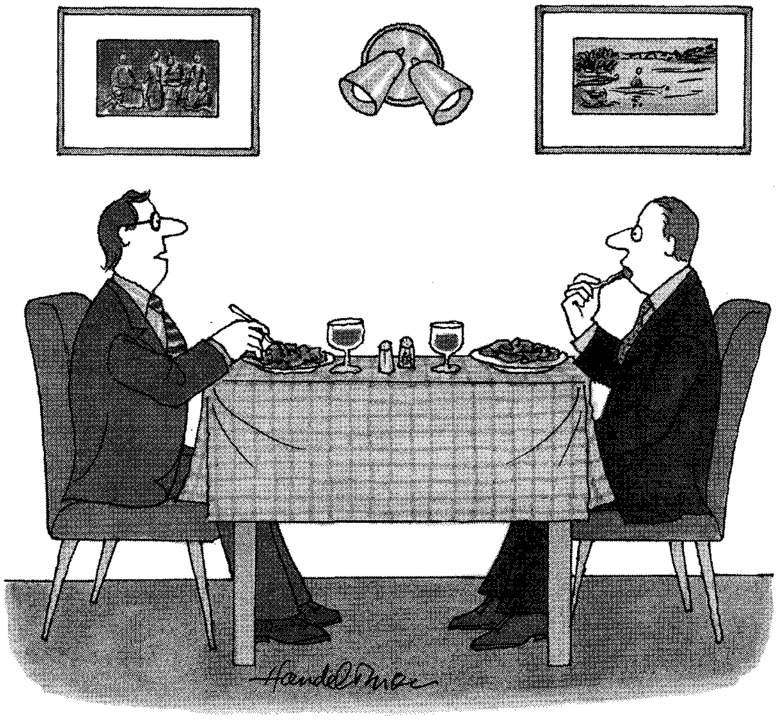


"As a nation, we may be spending our children's money, but at my house it's the other way around."

• •

Nichols were—are tried together. But a number of factors may lead Judge Matsch to separate the two defendants. First, there is the matter of inconsistent defenses: judges often feel that there is an atmosphere of unfairness when defendants seek to pin blame on each other in front of a jury. Second, there are Nichols's statements to the F.B.I. In a complex decision rendered on August 14th, Judge Matsch ruled that the statements were inadmissible hearsay evidence against McVeigh but admissible against Nichols. "Many percipient figures in our case view that ruling as an augury that the judge will grant a severance," Tigar told me.

Finally, Matsch may grant separate trials because the amount of proof against the two defendants is so different. According to the indictment, McVeigh, using a phony name, rented the van in which the bomb was contained. An hour and a half after the bombing, McVeigh was stopped for driving without a license plate at a place that is about seventy miles from Oklahoma City, and on his shirt, authorities have claimed, was residue from the bomb itself. In a death-penalty case, Matsch may see the virtue in separating Nichols from a defendant against whom the evidence, at this point, seems overwhelming. One of the prosecutors in the case recently confided to an acquaintance his admiration of Tigar's skills. "I wish Tigar were representing McVeigh, because nobody in the world could get him off," he said. "Unfortunately, he's got the guy with a defense."

A severance would dramatically change the complexion of the case against Nichols. Prosecutors, when they are forced to choose, invariably proceed first with their strongest case. This would mean trying McVeigh early next year and postponing Nichols's trial possibly until next summer, by which time at least some of the passions surrounding the event may have faded. If McVeigh has been convicted by then, Tigar's efforts to blame him before a second jury would have even more appeal. Or, with McVeigh convicted, Tigar and the prosecutors might settle on a plea bargain for Nichols—perhaps one like Fortier's. In any event, a severance would greatly strengthen Tigar's hand.

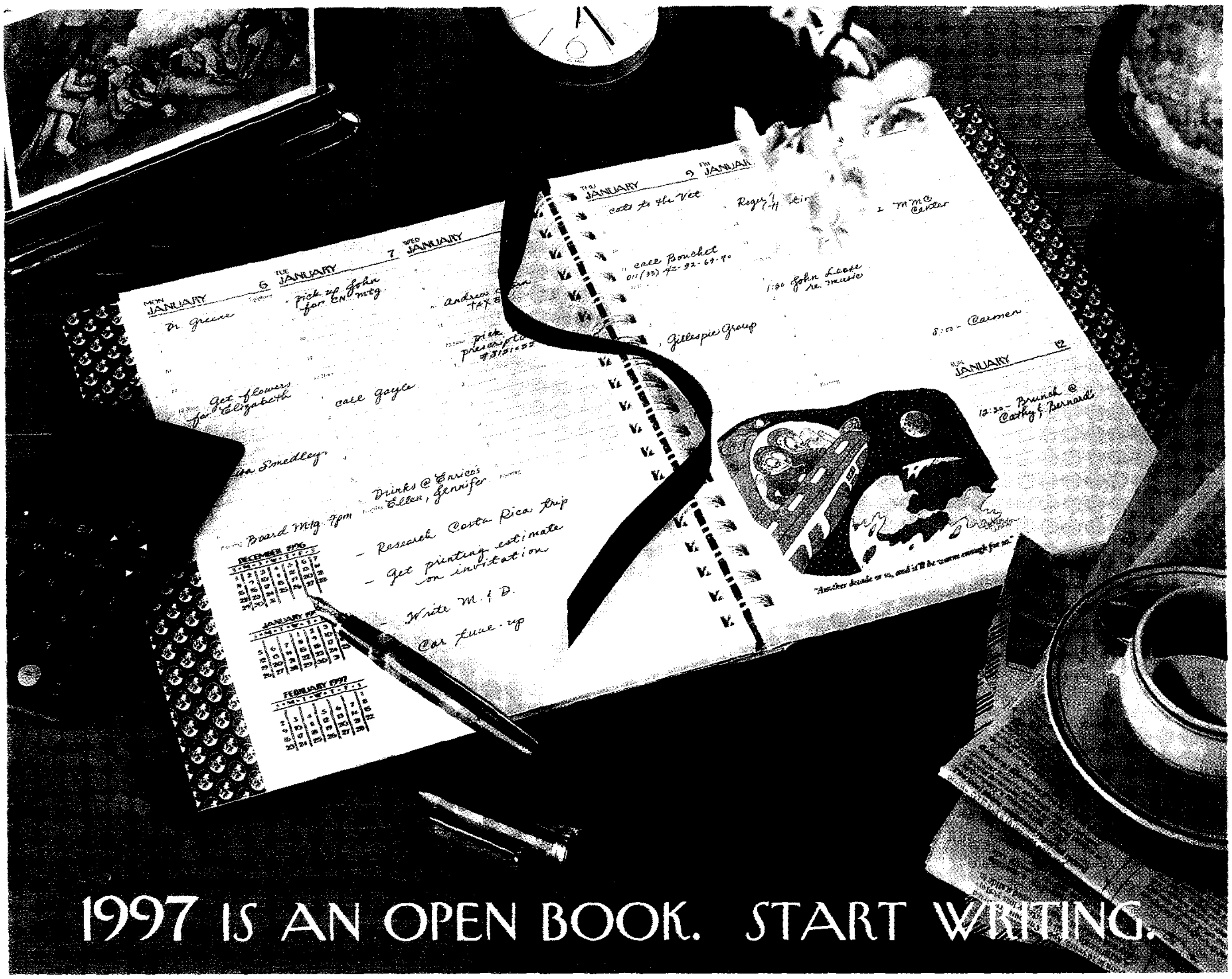
IN recent years, Tigar, like many other former sixties radicals, has virtually ceased to engage in politics. Instead, he writes plays. In his years at Texas, he has become an accomplished amateur playwright, composing dramatizations of celebrated legal cases from the past.

One of Tigar's recent stage works draws on the Haymarket strikes in Chicago in 1886. On May 1st of that year, half a million Americans struck for an eight-hour workday, and Chicago police charged the protesters and killed four of them. At a rally several days later, seven police officers were killed. Eight protesters were indicted in the policemen's deaths, and after a trial that featured fabricated evidence and a rigged jury five of the defendants were sentenced to execution.

Tigar's lifelong hero, Clarence Darrow, worked for many years to secure pardons for the three surviving defendants. Tigar's play centers on an imagined debate between Darrow and Lucy Parsons, the widow of one of the executed men and an anarchist leader herself. Lucy Parsons argues that the system is so rotten and corrupt, so heavily stacked in favor of those in power, that justice is impossible. "When you put law and lawyers at the center of things, you are only getting in the people's way, and doing proxy for the image of the law the state wants us to have," she says. "The law is a mask that the state puts on when it wants to commit some indecency upon the oppressed."

In an indignant reply to Parsons, Darrow says of his efforts on behalf of individual defendants, "If I believed that, I would still be a lawyer for the railroad, and not making do with the fees the union can pay. Lucy, the law is a fence built around the people and their rights."

I asked Tigar whether the contest in the play resembled the one between his old self and his new one—between the man who wanted to save the world through Karl Marx and the one who hopes only to save Terry Nichols from execution. Not really, Tigar said, for, even today, he has sympathy for both Parsons's and Darrow's views. Indeed, one can see their influences in Tigar's plan for the defense of Terry Nichols. Yet in the end, given the stark and tragic circumstances of the bombing case, Tigar's rote denunciations of the state's police powers may well be less compelling than the reality of a hundred and sixty-eight dead Oklahomans. ♦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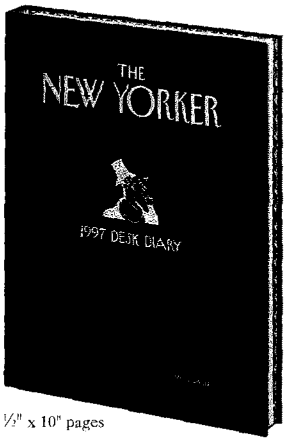
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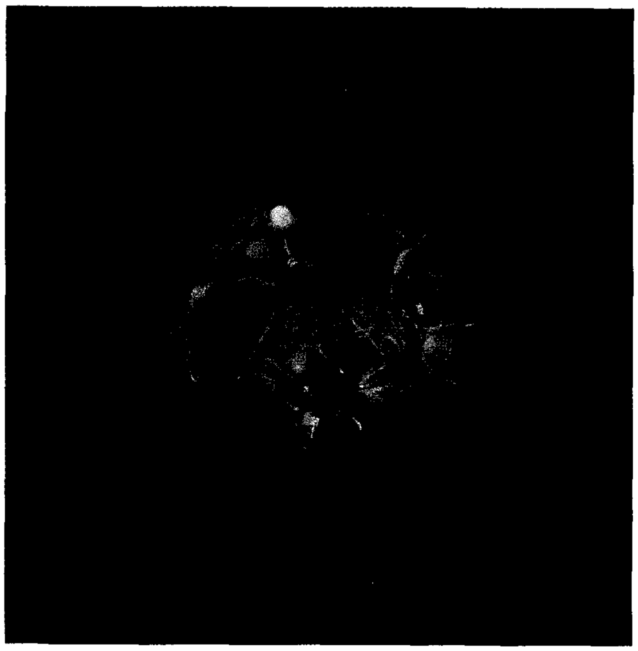
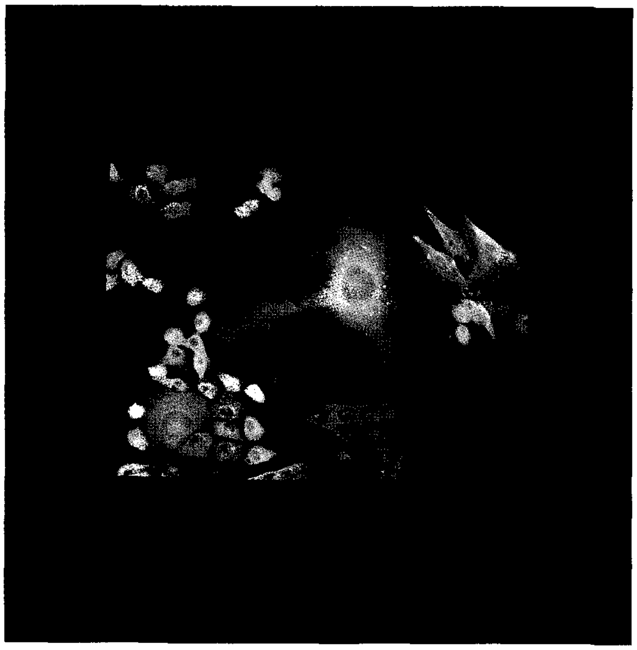




ALL PHOTOGRAPHS SPL/PHOTO RESEARCHERS INC.; LEFT: NANCY KEDERSHA; RIGHT: NANCY KEDERSHA

A REPORTER AT LARGE

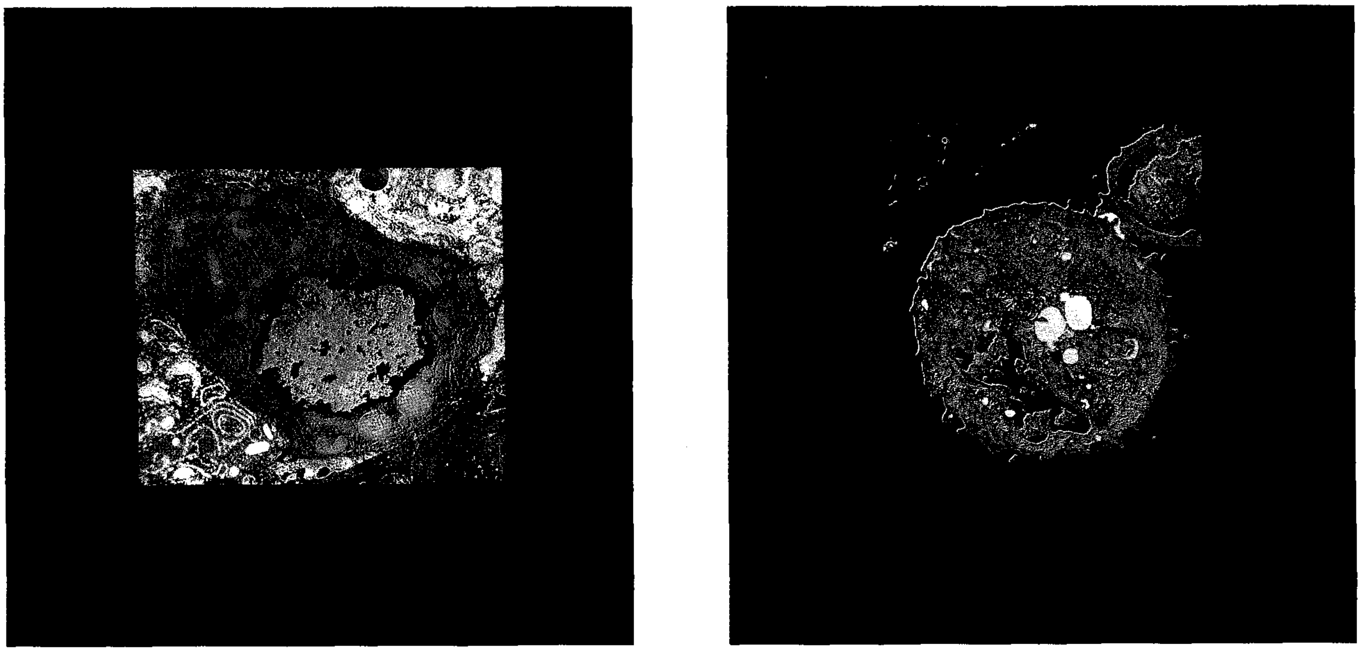
THE NEW AGE OF MAN

Scientists were once content just to try to rid us of fatal diseases. Now, some of them are actually trying to extend the human life cycle. But will we be living longer, or dying longer?

BY MALCOLM GLADWELL

MICHAEL R. ROSE began his quest to solve the problem of human aging in 1976, with two hundred garden-variety, fertilized female fruit flies. He was then a graduate student in genetics at the University of Sussex, testing a new idea known as the evolutionary theory of aging, and he started out by putting his flies in milk bottles with nutrients in the bottom. In the uncertain world of the fruit fly drosophila, where predators and natural hazards abound, the kinds of flies which survive are those which reproduce the fastest, and these were no exception. They were, in Rose's words, "trailer-park flies": quick to reach sexual maturity, capable of laying a thousand eggs in their five-week period of fertility, and for a few hours, just after they reach maturation, possessed of almost dizzying sexual prowess. Left to their own devices, they would have continued to reproduce at the same breakneck pace. But Rose wasn't interested in the normal rules of fruit-fly life. He wanted to reward not the flies that reproduced the fastest but the ones that lived the longest; and so, once his female flies came of age, he would wash away their eggs and larvae every other day, destroying all the progeny of his most precocious flies. The only eggs he saved were those laid near the very end of the fruit flies' five-week fertility cycle—in other words, those eggs born to the parent flies who were healthy and sexually active latest in life. Then, with these eggs in hand, he repeated the process. He bred those specially selected fruit flies, and kept only those offspring produced at the very end of the fruit-fly fertility period, once more rewarding the hardiest and longest-lived flies. He stayed in the lab sometimes for twenty-one hours at a stretch, and when he went home he would see flies in his sleep. He bred generation after generation, eventually conducting his experiment on a scale that no other fruit-fly researcher had ever attempted, and each time he measured the life span of a new round he found that his drosophila offspring lived a little longer than their forebears.

After getting his Ph.D. from Sussex, in 1979, Rose moved to the University of Wisconsin, and then, two years later, to Dalhousie University, in Canada, shipping his flies with him each time by express mail. In 1987, he and his flies moved again, this time to the University of California at Irvine, and there he expanded his research to more and more strains of flies, painstakingly monitoring how his selected flies differed from normal flies and, in the process, learning perhaps as much as anyone has ever known about what it means to extend life dramatically. Today, Rose's operations occupy about forty-five hundred square feet of laboratory space on the Irvine campus. He has more than fifty people working for him. He has a hundred and seventy separate populations of drosophila, comprising somewhere between half a million and a million flies, and on long benches in his laboratory dozens of plas-



tic fly cages are stacked up five and six high. In the past twenty years, he has bred five hundred successive generations of flies, and in doing so he has doubled the fruit fly's maximum life span from about sixty days to about a hundred and twenty days—and counting. He has created a race of fruit-fly Methuselahs.

Rose is a dark-haired man of forty-one, handsome in a boyish way, with slow, deliberate movements. When he describes his flies, he does not wave his hands or raise his voice excitedly. He speaks in a steady, affectless monotone, and projects an air of complete self-confidence. Among his peers, Rose is considered a brilliantly innovative scientist, who has almost single-handedly brought the evolutionary theory of aging from an abstract notion to one of the more exciting topics in science. When Rose started using evolutionary techniques to extend the life of drosophila, no one else was trying it. Now that he has proved that the method works, the field is growing, and Rose isn't shy about stating—and defending—his accomplishments. He is, in his own words, "brash, blunt, and in-your-face." He says things like "In all my work, there is an eight- to ten-year time lag before my colleagues start to realize what it is all about," and he is unsparing in his scorn for some of his fellow-researchers on aging. The son of a Canadian Army officer, he estimates that by the time he was twelve he had lived in twenty different places, and he still has the air of the "new boy" about him—the defensive aloofness of one who has never had the opportunity to make friends and so has decided he doesn't need them. "I'm known for being clear partly because I'm not diplomatic," he says, contrasting himself with many of his peers, who, in his words, communicate with "a great deal of Peter Lorre shuffling of the feet." As Caleb Finch, who studies aging at the University of Southern California, has put it, "If someone says something stupid, he'll hit them between the eyes with it."

Before I met Rose, I spent an afternoon in the laboratory of Cynthia Kenyon, a young professor of biology at the University of California at San Francisco, who is doing aging research with the microscopic worms known as soil nematodes. Kenyon says she works with nematodes in part because they have an aesthetic appeal for her. "The first time I saw them, I was a graduate student at M.I.T., and another graduate student showed me what they looked like," she said. "They're transparent, and I watched them eat. I watched the food move into the intestines, and all the cells and the nuclei, and it was really beautiful."

When I asked Rose whether he finds his flies beautiful, he looked at me sharply and said, "Am I one of those people obsessed with flies? No." The difference between Rose and Kenyon is not that Kenyon cares about her work and Rose does not. It is that, like many biologists, Kenyon brings to research a trace of romanticism. This is the reason many researchers can spend a lifetime behind a laboratory bench: they are able to imagine a certain dignity and meaning in the narrow, microscopic worlds they study. In the event that Kenyon's nematode research didn't yield any useful insight into how human beings age, I don't think she would consider her work a failure. She has, in some sense, made a beautiful organism more beautiful. Rose, on the other hand, seems to view his work without any sentiment. Everything he does seems contingent on a much more ambitious—even audacious—conviction: that what he has learned about extending life with drosophila can be applied to extending life in human beings.

Rose wants his experiments to be repeated in mice, which are close enough to human beings genetically to make them a useful model. He hopes researchers will take those long-lived mice and analyze them, in an attempt to identify all the ways in which they differ genetically from normal mice. They may, for example, make much more or much less use of certain hormones or proteins. Certain genes may be more active in long-lived mice than in normal mice, or vice versa. Living organisms are like pianos,

Top: A new school of research has focussed on aging at the most fundamental, cellular level.
But the biggest payoff may come by actually inducing aging—in cancer tissue.

LEFT: MOREDUN ANIMAL HEALTH LTD.; RIGHT: ALFRED PASIEKA

each of which has a different melody played out on its genetic keys. Rose believes that if researchers can find out what tune is being played by long-lived mice, they can come up with a method of playing an equivalent tune in human beings.

"We're talking about thousands of mice," says Rose, who is a consultant for a company preparing to perform these experiments. "Once we have those mice, we can get the basic knowledge we need in order to tweak mammals to make them live longer. We'll run them through a variety of tests to see what's being up-regulated or down-regulated, then find some way to mimic that in humans. That can be done through several interventions, from supplying substances in a pill to I.V. infusion."

Rose is not by nature a dreamer, and as he spoke, in his patient, matter-of-fact manner, a Coke untouched in front of him, he made it clear that none of what he proposed would be simple or quick. He's not talking about one pill but many, he said, and not something you would take once but something you would probably take day in and day out for years: "It's going to be like the deployment of electricity. It's going to take a long time because it's going to be a big, complicated technology. You'll have a big, elaborate industry, like General Electric, which will involve companies that turn out many products for a considerable amount of money, so that people are going to have to spend a very significant fraction of their disposable income every year on products that will keep them young and robust."

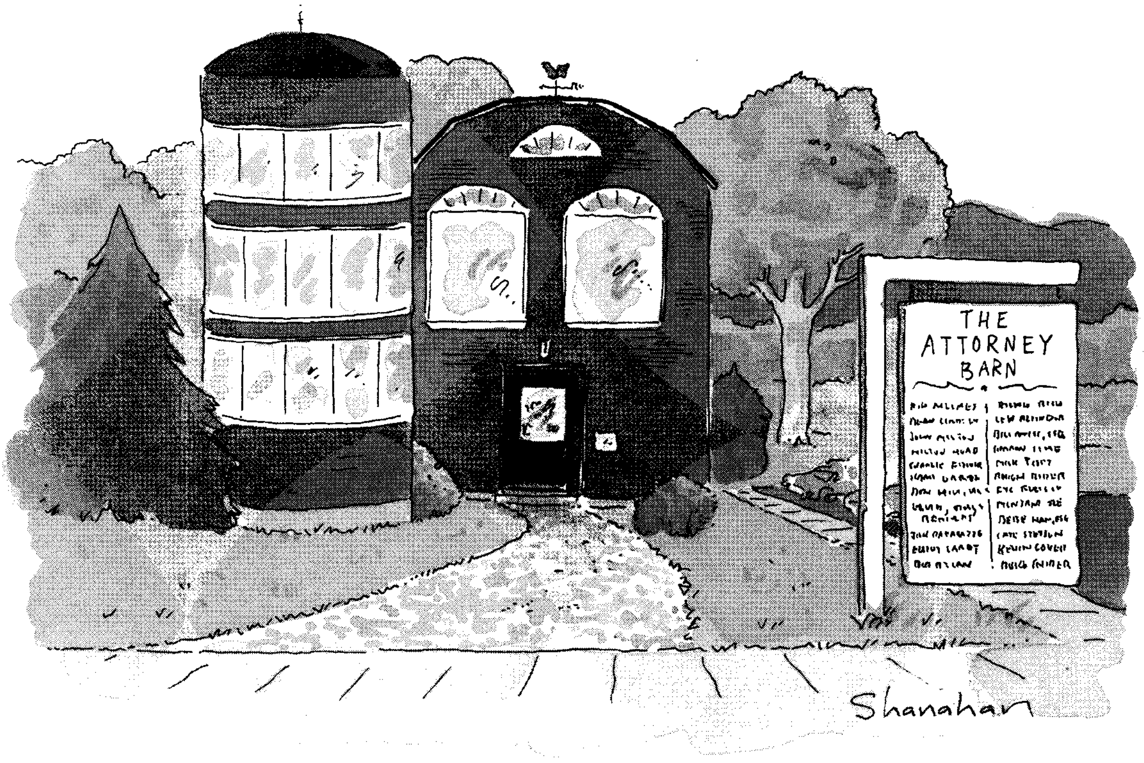
But Rose makes it clear that he expects those efforts to result in fundamental increases in life span. At one point when we were talking, he walked into the hallway outside his office, where a research paper posted on the wall showed, in a bar graph, how long Rose's Methuselah flies were now living. "Look here," he said, pointing to the graph. "This would correspond to a human life span of two hundred years."

Ten or fifteen years ago, scientists didn't talk like this. The traditional scientific approach to the problem of aging has been to accept our biological limits and try to rearrange the lives and the care of the elderly to make old age more manageable. Our efforts have been largely palliative—to put elevators in buildings, to make public spaces accessible to wheelchairs, to devise better treatments for cataracts, to perform coronary-bypass operations to cut down on chest pain, and even, in the case of one of the more imaginative projects sponsored by the Centers for Disease Control, to try to make fluid-filled pads for elderly hips and thus protect against the fractures that are such a common form of disability in the old. The motto of the Gerontological Society of America has been "Add life to years, not years to life," which is a statement not just of intention but of apparent fact. For a long time, no one thought you *could* add years to life. Mice were thought to live about two years, dogs about fifteen years, and human beings at most a hundred years—all according to some immutable genetic clock—and any scientists who made spectacular claims of reversing the aging process were treated with skepticism.

Even the idea of treating aging with hormones like testosterone, melatonin, and DHEA—currently being celebrated as the fountain of youth in one breathless magazine article after another—does not represent a dramatic departure from this way of thinking. Hormone-replacement therapy is meant to give the aging body a tuneup, to delay or lessen certain problems associated with old age. Yet even that modest goal comes with certain caveats. DHEA, for example, changes the color of rodent livers from pink to brown; when sixteen rats were fed DHEA for a year and a half, in a recent study at Northwestern University, fourteen developed liver cancer. Nor is melatonin likely to be any better. Writing in the journal *Cell* late last year, Steven Reppert and David Weaver, of Harvard Medical School's Laboratory of Developmental Chronobiology, pointed out that the animal experiments that triggered the melatonin craze were conducted on strains of mice with a genetic defect that made it impossible for them to produce melatonin of their own. When the experiments were done in mice that, like human beings, make the hormone naturally, the authors noted dryly, "The treatment actually shortened survival by inducing reproductive tract tumors."

The new field of aging is quite different. It is not a tuneup so much as an engine overhaul. There is Rose, with his Methuselah flies, and behind him, in just the past decade, there has arisen a whole field of scientists using evolutionary and genetic techniques to create entirely new long-lived strains of lower organisms. Earlier this year, two researchers at Montreal's McGill University published a paper in the journal *Science* showing how they genetically altered worms to live almost seven times as long as is normal. Kenyon showed me one of her mutant worms moving across a microscope slide as gracefully and vigorously at eight weeks as a normal worm moves at two weeks. Over the past five years, too, an entirely separate field has arisen that analyzes aging at the cellular level and looks to treat and possibly cure many of the conditions and diseases of old age by focussing on the mysterious role played by the strips of DNA that cap the ends of our chromosomes. There are now serious researchers—not just science-fiction writers or crackpots—who think that we are close to curing cancer and other diseases of old age, and there are some who are convinced that the day is not far off when science may be able to extend the human life span by twenty or fifty, or even a hundred, years. To this new crop of researchers on aging—those who look at the extension of life at a cellular or evolutionary level—growing old now seems less an immutable fact of human existence than a chronic disease that can be delayed and treated and manipulated as if it were diabetes or high cholesterol. This is what is so extraordinary about looking at Rose's flies and seeing them buzz about energetically in their plastic cages weeks after normal flies would be dead. It's not that they are imposing and impressive and bear the marks of some dramatic scientific intervention. Quite the opposite: they look just like normal flies and act like normal flies. Rose's flies, by their very ordinariness, make longer life seem eminently possible.

But such research also raises all kinds of hard questions, some of which may not be obvious at first. So far, extended



life has proven to be a healthier life, because better health in itself prolongs life. Such is the case, certainly, with most of the medical advances of the twentieth century which have so dramatically improved life expectancy. Because of modern obstetrics, many fewer die in childbirth, and that, along with the development of antibiotics and the effective eradication of infectious diseases like tuberculosis, smallpox, and cholera, means that people who used to die at twenty-five or thirty have been given an extra few decades of healthy adulthood. More recently, the push to exercise more and eat healthier foods seems to have had a similar effect, because people who take care of themselves suffer fewer problems in old age. Epidemiologists call the idea that improvements in health will shrink illness and disability the "compression of morbidity" hypothesis, and it is what we all want. In fact, it is what we immediately assume will happen when scientists talk about prolonging life.

There is another possibility, however: that advances in medicine will lead people to live longer but without commensurate improvements in health. In other words, science may succeed in pushing the average life expectancy from seventy-five years to ninety-five, but the diseases that used to leave us sick and disabled at eighty-two or eighty-three may still hit at eighty-two or eighty-three—the result being that we would live in a nursing home for the last twelve years of our lives instead of the last two years. Epidemiologists call this possibility the "expansion of morbidity," and it has commanded more and more attention in recent years. Today, many kinds of medical improvements that we have devised are, after all, no longer aimed at saving people from dying at twenty-five or thirty of tuberculosis or smallpox, and so enabling them to enjoy another forty or fifty years of healthy life. Those diseases have been cured. Most attempts to improve longevity today focus on the diseases that primarily afflict the old—cancer, heart disease, stroke, arthritis—which means it is now much more likely that saving people from one disease may only result in their getting sicker and sicker with another.

Jonathan Swift's Gulliver, on the third of his famous voyages, learns of a strange group of immortals known as the Struldbruggs. The news fills Gulliver with "inexpressible Delight," for he imagines lives rich with wisdom and experience. He automatically assumes, as most of us do, that longer life means better life. When he meets the Struldbruggs, however, Gulliver realizes his error. What he is faced with instead is the expansion of morbidity:

> At Ninety they lose their Teeth and Hair; they have at that Age no Distinction of Taste, but eat and drink whatever they can get, without Relish or Appetite. The Diseases they were subject to, still continue without Encreasing or diminishing. In talking they forget the common Appellation of Things, and the Names of Persons, even of those who are their nearest Friends and Relations. For the same Reason they never can amuse themselves with reading, because their Memory will not serve to carry them from the Beginning of a Sentence to the End; and by this Defect they are deprived of the only Entertainment whereof they might otherwise be capable.

This is the difficult question raised by the new optimism about fighting aging. If we are now on the verge of adding new years to human life, what kind of years will we be adding? Will we be compressing morbidity, or are we about to turn ourselves into a race of Struldbruggs?

On a gray day in late June, twenty-three children from around the world gathered for a picnic lunch at a campground in South Dakota. The youngest was two and a half and the oldest fifteen, and they all ate hot dogs and wore baseball caps and ran around excitedly on the grass. It looked at first like a standard summer picnic, but then, on second glance, what had looked like running was actually a kind of determined hobbling, and in almost every instance the heads covered by those baseball caps were completely bald.

The twenty-three children at the picnic had, in almost every case, neither eyebrows nor eyelashes. Their eyes and ears stood out, because their heads seemed to have shrunk. Few of the children were much more than three feet tall or could have weighed more than about forty pounds. Their skin was thin and crinkly, like old newsprint, and when one of the little boys took off his cap I could see the

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MANKOFF

P.R. HELL

veins bulging out from his scalp. Most seemed to have hip problems and stiff joints—this is what gave them their wide-legged, shuffling gait—and many had heart problems so serious that they were taking four or five different drugs every day, in combinations usually reserved for the most enfeebled of seventy- and eighty-year-olds. These were children who think and feel and talk like other young children, but they had the frail and wizened appearance of the very old. In fact, depending on your definition of what old is, they really were old. One of the strange things about the genetic mutation they share is that if you took a sample of their cells and put it under a microscope side by side with cells from an eighty-year-old, you wouldn't be able to tell the difference.

The children at the picnic were what are known as progerics—or, more technically, victims of Hutchinson-Gilford syndrome, a rare, probably genetic disease that causes the interval between childhood and old age to shrink from the normal fifty or sixty years to just over a decade. There are fewer than thirty children with progeria around the world, and every summer a Philadelphia-based charity—the Sunshine Foundation—invites all of them, free of charge, to a weeklong reunion somewhere in the United States. Last year, the reunion was near Lake Wales, Florida, and this year it was just down the road from Mt. Rushmore, on the western edge of South Dakota, where the flat prairie of the east turns into rolling meadows and rocky peaks. The main attraction of the picnic was two local motorcycle clubs, whose members began driving the children around the campground on the backs of their Harley-Davidsons—wizened eleven- and twelve-year-olds clinging happily to beefy, leather-clad bikers. Later, a cake was brought out to celebrate the birthday of one of the children, a fifteen-year-old girl from Mexico. But, since most progerics die of a heart attack or a stroke by their late teens, birthdays at progeria gatherings are rather like birthdays in nursing homes—less about the anticipation of the upcoming year than a moment of thanks for the year that has passed. The cake didn't have any candles on it.

How can teen-agers be as old as octogenarians? This question has bedevilled scientists ever since progeria was first identified, in the nineteenth century. Over the past few years, however, at least a partial answer may have been found, and it goes a long way toward explaining why some researchers are now so optimistic about attacking the diseases of aging and extending human life.

Consider the skin of progerics—the most obvious and most puzzling manifestation of their disease. Children's skin is normally thick and smooth and resilient, and when by the age of sixty or seventy the skin becomes crinkly and thin we attribute the change to a lifetime of sun damage, injury, and general wear and tear. This is the way we think about aging in general—that after you walk enough miles, and your heart pumps enough blood, and your brain performs enough work, your body starts to break down, just as a car does when the odometer reaches seventy-five thousand or a hundred thousand miles. But this analogy seems less apt if at the age of eleven or twelve progerics already have skin every bit as thin and papery as that of eighty-year-old adults. What the progeric children suggest is that, whatever processes make our skin sag—or, for that matter, make our joints go bad or our arteries harden—they run independently of the chronological clocks we use to count the passing years. The progeric children suggest that aging has its own mechanism, and here something known as telomere theory offers an elegant and fascinating explanation.

Among the cells that make up human skin are the fibroblasts, which float in a sea of collagen, the substance that makes skin thick and resilient. Each fibroblast is a tiny repair kit, which works to keep skin healthy. If you suffer sun damage or a cut, your fibroblasts will make a substance called collagenase, which breaks down the damaged collagen and clears it away. If necessary, your fibroblasts will divide, to replace the damaged cells, and then they will pump out new collagen, so that what is known as the matrix can return to normal. This is a remarkably efficient operation. But it comes with one limitation. Inside a fibroblast, on the end of each of its chromosomes, there is a telomere, which researchers propose is a sort of timing device. Every time a fibroblast divides and the chromosomes inside the cell split up in order to form two new cells, the telomere gets a little shorter. The telomeres of a ten-year-old, for example, are, on average, longer than those of a twenty-year-old, which, in turn, are longer than those of a forty-year-old. After a fibroblast has divided about fifty times—which will take the average person into middle age—the telomere is shortened to a "critical length," and the timer goes off. A cell with a critically shortened telomere cannot divide any further, and so the whole repair operation that is used to keep skin thick and healthy is thrown out of whack. It's not that skin cells die; rather, it's as if they had become senile.

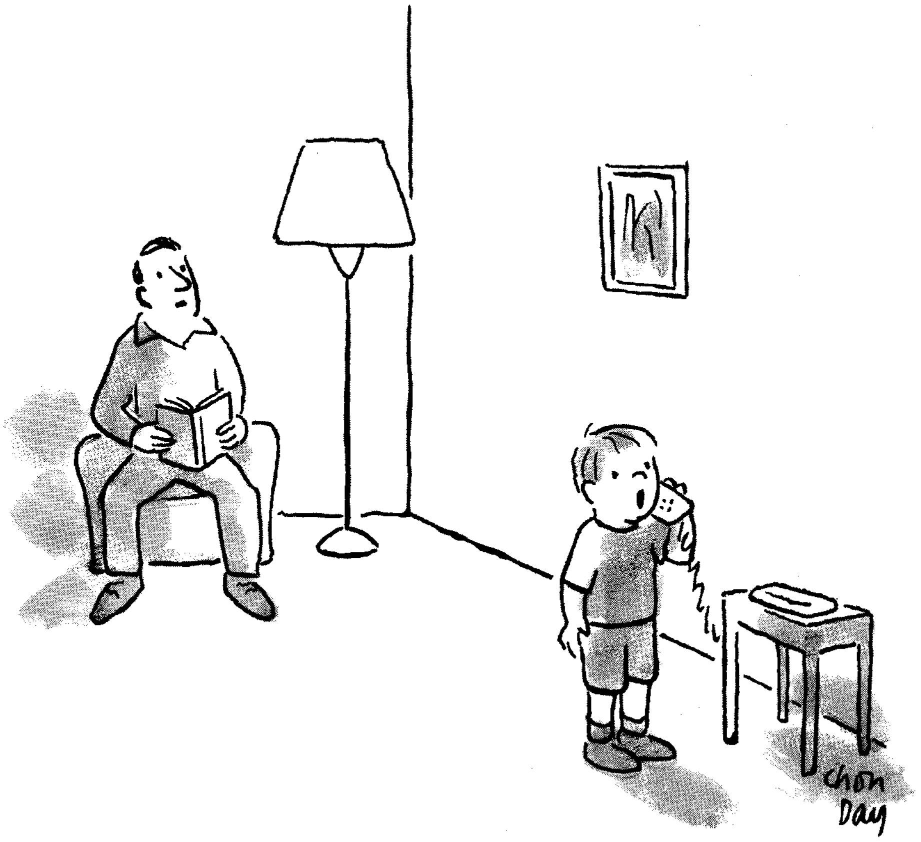
"The cell seems to undergo a kind of derangement," says Judith Campisi, an expert on aging at the Berkeley National Labs, in California. Instead of using collagenase selectively, to clear away damage, and spending most of their time pumping out collagen, the senescent cells start to pump out a large amount of collagenase, which eats away at the healthy collagen, and almost stop pumping out collagen altogether. Campisi has done experiments in which she has pinpointed senescent cells with a blue stain and then taken comparative photographs of young and old skin under a microscope. The pictures are striking. In the first case, there are healthy fibroblasts encased in rich, red-stained collagen. In the second, the slide is spotted with blue senescent cells, and in the matrix around them the collagen has been reduced to a thin, wavy swirl.

How long your skin stays healthy, in other words, depends in part on how long fibroblasts stay in their healthy, dividing state—or, as scientists now speculate, on how long your telomeres are. That could be why a fifty-year-old person who has spent every summer in the sun looks a lot older than one who has spent every summer in the shade: the fibroblasts of the sun worshipper have had to divide many more times to repair damage from ultraviolet rays. In this sense, the length of your telomeres may be a better indicator of how "old" you are than is the number of years you have lived—a point neatly captured by a handmade poster I saw in the office of a telomere researcher I visited. Beneath a photograph of a grinning baby—the child of one of the researchers—someone had written, "Ha! My telomeres are longer than yours." This is also why progerics seem so old: by late childhood they have the telomeres of someone in a nursing home. At an age when other children still have thick, smooth skin, progerics' fibroblasts have already started to stop producing collagen. Progerics get heart disease, on this theory, because the cells that line their arteries start running out of telomeres and the arterial walls start to harden. Their movements get creaky because the cartilage that lines their joints begins to break down.

"My Danny died in March," Bill Purcell, a friendly, white-haired Englishman I talked to at the picnic, told me, speaking of his son. "He was adopted. He came to us when he was eleven. About six months later, he had a massive stroke that left his left side paralyzed. We thought we were going to lose him. He was like a rag doll. He came back, although he was never as active after that. Three years ago, he lost the sight in one eye due to hypertension. He handled it well. That was in October. Then, in August of 1994, another eye went and that left him totally blind. His world was black. He was very frail. His features had caved in, and his movements were slow and painful. He had all the problems associated with a very, very old man." Purcell added, "Danny died of old age. He was twenty-two."

At this point, the idea that telomeres regulate the aging of cells is only a theory. Although there is plenty of highly suggestive evidence in its favor, it hasn't been definitively proved. If—or once—it is, however, it is not hard to see how revolutionary it will be.

The original wear-and-tear idea of aging was essentially defeatist: it suggested that aging was inevitable, because it seemed so clearly linked to the passage of time. But telomeres suggest quite the opposite. In fact, telomeres make it much easier to believe people like Michael Rose when they say that by tinkering with the body's machinery we can substantially prolong life, for if there are genetic changes capable of shortening telomeres in progerics, then shouldn't



"That's tough, Eddie, but I told you she was trouble."

there also be changes capable of making them longer in the rest of us?

Two of the principal architects of telomere theory are Carol Greider, a molecular biologist at the Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory, on Long Island, and Calvin Harley, who is chief scientific officer at the Geron Corporation, a California-based biotechnology firm primarily devoted to applications of telomere theory. When Greider was in graduate school at Berkeley, in the early eighties, she did groundbreaking work with telomeres, but it did not occur to her at the time that they might play a role in cell senescence. Harley, then at McMaster University, in Canada, was interested in cell senescence but wasn't yet a telomere expert. Their fields were so distinct that ordinarily the two might never have met. But in one of those serendipitous events that often lead to scientific breakthroughs, Greider began dating a biologist who shared lab space with Harley at McMaster. "I would go and chat with Cal when I was visiting," she recalls. "It was basically just a pleasant, scientific interaction." They kicked around the idea that their fields might somehow be related. By the end of the decade, they were collaborating—sending research materials back and forth through the mail. In 1990 and again in 1992, they jointly published landmark papers laying out the idea of telomeres as cellular clocks—papers that spawned what is today one of the hottest fields in molecular biology.

"I like to think of Cal and myself as like that old television commercial for Reese's peanut-butter cups, where the chocolate and the peanut butter run into each other," Greider told me. She didn't specify who was which ingredient, but she didn't really have to. When I met her, she was eight months pregnant but was still charging around her laboratory, a petite and dynamic woman with frizzy brown hair and a beautiful smile. She's the chocolate. And Harley—fortyish, trim, and with thinning hair, soft-spoken and precise—is the peanut butter.

Harley, a Canadian, studied science at the University of Waterloo, in Ontario—a fact not without sociological significance. Waterloo is a school for science nerds, much like M.I.T., which is to say that, like M.I.T., it attracts and nurtures a certain kind of stubborn and prickly intellectual idiosyncrasy. But it is a Canadian nerd school, and so all those stubborn and prickly idiosyncrasies appear only through the filter of Canadian conformity and self-effacement. Had Albert Einstein taught at Waterloo, he would have had a brush cut and worn Haggar slacks, and that is the impression Harley gives as well, that his bland demeanor is less a matter of character than of presentation.

Harley came to Geron in 1993, and works out of a small office in the firm's cluttered, mazelike headquarters in Menlo Park. Over the past few years, he has been steadily exploring the implications of telomere theory, gathering many of the country's leading telomere experts and setting up collaborations with others—like Greider—who remain in academe. As a result, Geron is at this point exploring projects in an astonishing number of fields.

The telomere hypothesis suggests, for one thing, that AIDS is a disease—at least in part—of cellular aging. According to the theory, the AIDS virus does its damage by taking on and eventually defeating the human immune system. Among other things, it overwhelms the white blood cells known as CD8s, which the body uses to fight H.I.V. Why are CD8s overwhelmed? Well, it turns out that the telomeres of certain CD8 cells in AIDS patients are, in Harley's words, "as short as the telomeres we saw in centenarians." The cells are so busy trying to fight H.I.V., dividing and redividing in order to keep the virus in check, that in a decade or so they run through telomeres that would otherwise last them a normal lifetime. "What we want to do," Harley says, after stressing that this idea is only in the earliest of stages, "is to find some way of increasing the life span of those cells." For example, it might be possible to remove the CD8 cells of someone in the earliest phase of H.I.V. infection, lengthen their telomeres in a test tube, and put them back in, giving the patient a rejuvenated immune system.

The same thing could be done—again, in theory—for heart disease. According to this idea, arteries clog because as the cells that line arterial walls get injured by high blood pressure and cholesterol and smoking, they have to divide and redivide much more than they would normally, and thus run through their telomeres early. Once senescent, the cells that line the arterial walls start to misbe-

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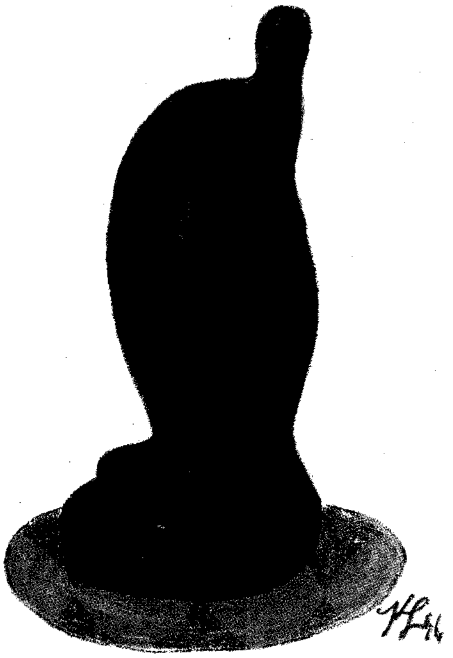
SHOWCASE BY KARL LAGERFELD

TWO WITH A VIEW

THE attention devoted to the just opened Florence Biennale has centered mainly, and almost theoretically, on its theme: the relationship between art and fashion. Within the Biennale's seven main exhibitions, however (which will blanket the city through December 15th), the collision between individual artists and fashion designers may provoke less general and more heated discussion. In the "Art/Fashion" exhibition, for example, the Japanese architect Arata Isozaki has designed pavilions that command a near-Forsterian view of Florence, and one of them, its shape suggesting a camera, features an unusual collaboration between the British sculptor Tony Cragg and the Paris-based Karl Lagerfeld. Cragg, whose best-known work constructs familiar images from postmodern fragments, and whose portion of this show is called "Rational Beings," has created three black sculptures, which Lagerfeld has dressed up with bright-colored carpets, of all things. Lagerfeld's sketch of one of the sculptures appears below; his portrait of Cragg himself, which is taken from the "Art/Fashion" catalogue, is at the right.—BRENDAN LEMON



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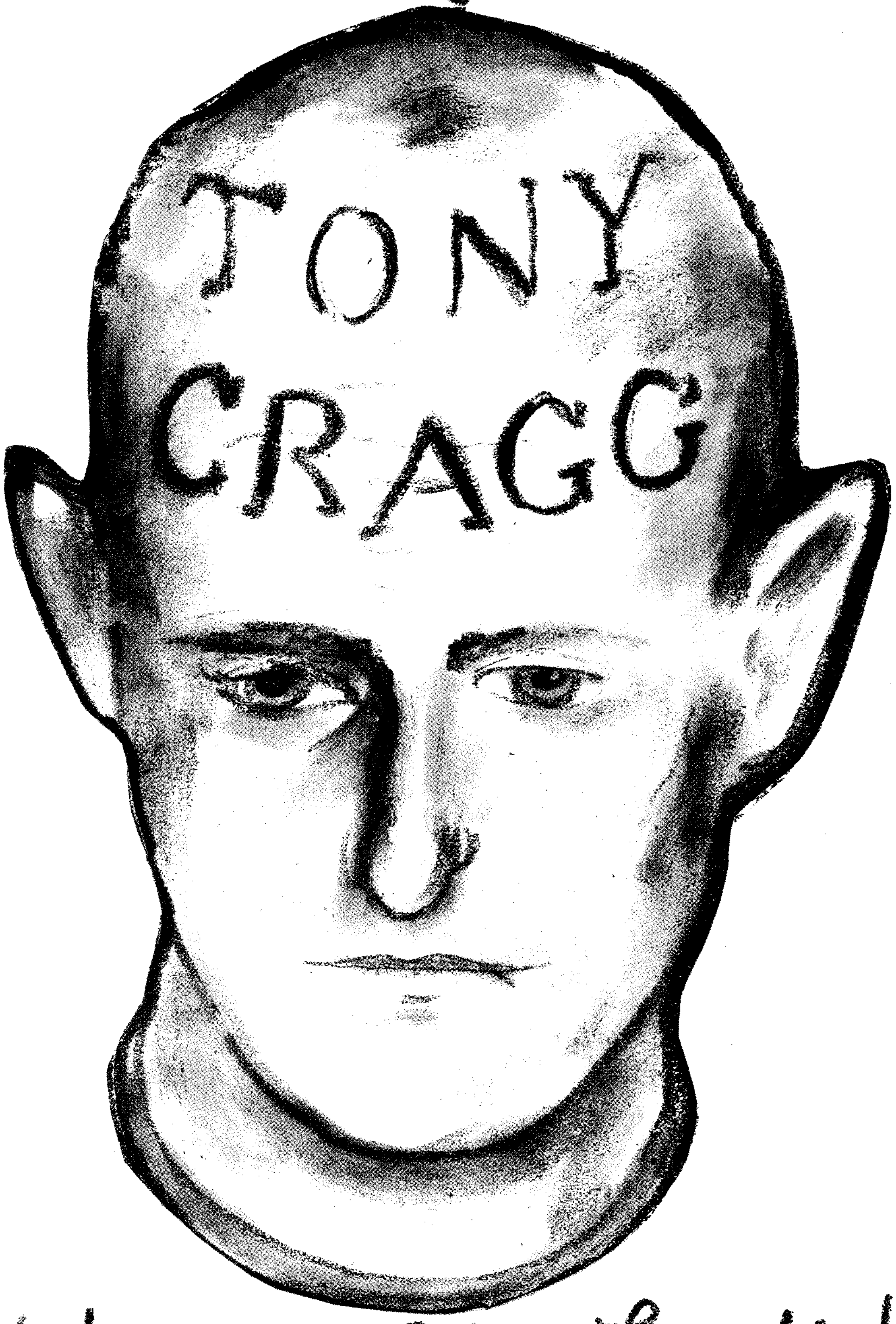

sketches by Karl Lagerfeld
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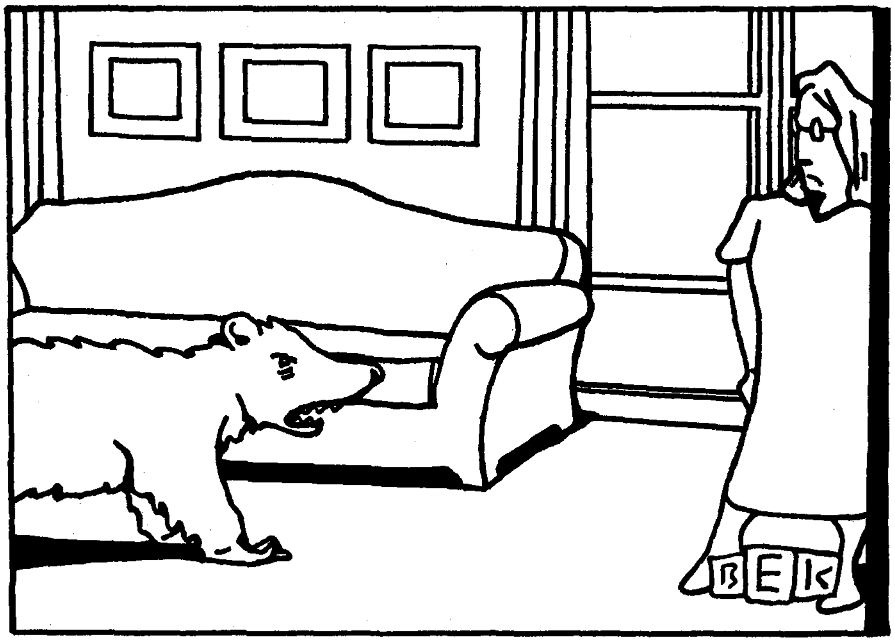
have just as senescent fibroblasts do: they stop producing critical factors that keep blood vessels healthy, and instead hasten the process of hardening, the buildup of cholesterol that foreshadows heart disease. The theoretical solution is the same as for CD8 cells: find some way to lengthen their telomeres, so they can withstand the onslaught of cholesterol and high blood pressure much longer.

Perhaps the most important potential application of telomere theory—and the subject most telomere researchers are concentrating their energies on—is in the treatment of cancer, and it is a concept of such extraordinary elegance that when Greider (who must have explained telomere theory hundreds of times) described it to me it was almost as if she were talking about a painting she had just seen in the Louvre. The idea starts with the most puzzling of the many questions raised by cancer: how is it that a cell escapes its normal growth limits? A cancerous cell, after all, is a cell that will not stop dividing. There are, in fact, cancer cells that have been grown continuously in laboratories for decades, filling petri dish after petri dish. The puzzle is that this kind of immortality would seem to be impossible, since any cell that keeps dividing will eventually run out of telomere. So how do cancer cells get around the telomere problem? The answer is thought to be the presence of an enzyme known as telomerase, which, for reasons that no one quite knows, is present in cancer cells but not in most normal cells. Telomerase has the extraordinary ability to stabilize telomeres, automatically replacing every bit of telomere lost during cell division. Normal cells know how to make the enzyme, but they don't: in a normal cell, the telomerase switch is turned off. One of the ways in which a cell becomes cancerous, however, is that through some random mutation or mistake it finds a way to turn the telomerase switch on, so that the cell has the ability to divide indefinitely without ever tripping the telomere timer.

Greider discovered telomerase in the winter of 1984, when she was working with a single-cell pond-dwelling organism known as tetrahymena. But she didn't grasp its significance until almost eight years later, when she and Harley began finding telomerase in human tumor cells. Then they realized they might have stumbled on a beautiful and straightforward strategy for fighting cancer—to find the telomerase switch in tumor cells and turn it off.

Blocking telomerase is actually much easier than the reverse—trying to lengthen telomeres. Harley says of the suppression of telomerase in normal cells, "You have something that has evolved for a specific function over millions of years—roughly six hundred million years. It's harder to turn that on than to turn it off, just as there are many more ways to make a car stop running than to make it run better." Suppressing telomerase is also, at least in theory, a hugely attractive way of fighting cancer. Right now, standard cancer-fighting techniques don't do a good job of finding and killing cancer cells that have escaped to other parts of the body—those metastatic tumor cells which lodge in the lungs or the liver and usually end up killing the patient. Standard cancer drugs also have the problem of being unable to distinguish between healthy cells and cancerous cells. They attack every dividing cell they meet, and therefore the treatment of cancer is sometimes as dangerous as the disease itself. But if Geron develops—as it hopes to do—a pill that turns off telomerase, it should sidestep that problem. With a few, minor exceptions, tumor cells are the only cells in the body that produce telomerase, and therefore the therapy should be able to zero in, like a guided missile, on cancer cells, wherever they might be, blocking the enzyme that makes them immortal. The idea is that, with a few months, or perhaps a year, of continuous telomerase therapy, cancer tumors would simply divide themselves out of existence.

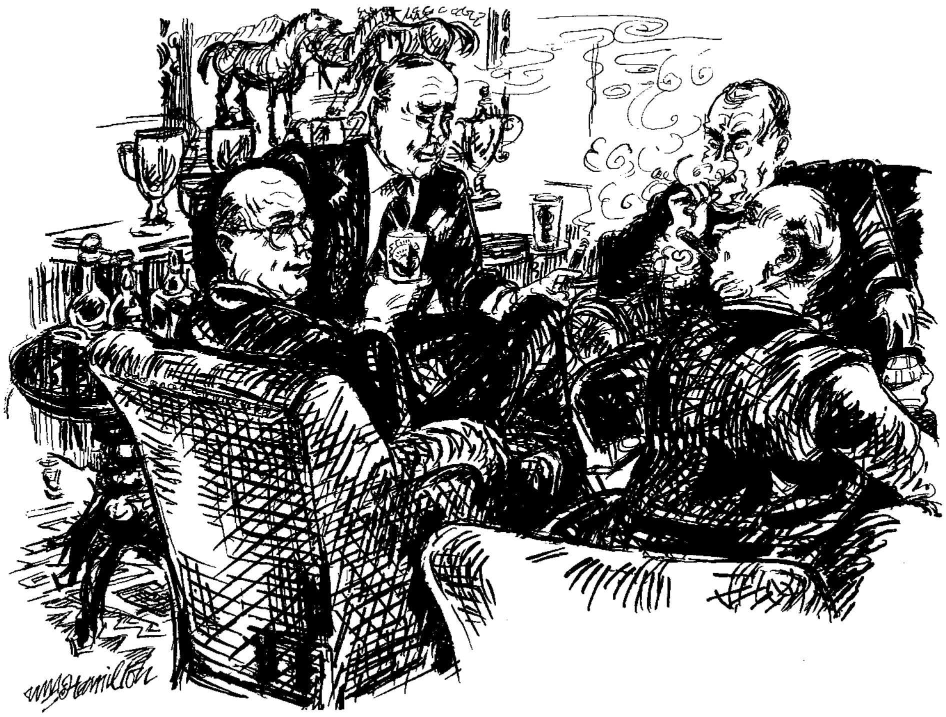


"I sleep half the year—how much more space do you need?"

"Two years ago, at the American Association for Cancer Research, which is the major yearly meeting on cancer, there were two posters"—which advertise research papers—"on this topic," Jerry Shay, a cell biologist at the University of Texas Southwestern Medical Center, in Dallas, told me. "A year ago, there was one symposium and maybe twelve posters. This year, there were two symposiums and about seventy posters. My guess is that next year the numbers will be even higher."

THE theory has one important limitation. Telomere shortening seems to be involved in the aging of a whole range of cells throughout the body, from skin to arteries and to various organs, but telomere shortening is not the only factor that causes cells to age. In the course of a human lifetime, cells are also frequently damaged by the task of breaking down oxygen, and, as we get older, they often fail to correct mistakes in DNA, which means that if you extend telomeres you don't solve every one of a cell's problems. Perhaps more important, there are vast numbers of human cells that don't run through their telomeres in the way that skin cells and the cells of our livers and lungs do. Neurons, the electrical wires of the brain, for example, don't divide at all, don't lose their telomeres, and don't undergo senescence. Neither, for that matter, does heart tissue. For this reason, Harley and Greider make a point of saying that telomere theory is a useful way of attacking certain diseases of aging but is not a solution to the over-all problem of aging. In the future, Geron may be able to treat arteriosclerosis and make our skin beautiful again. But telomere therapy won't be able to prevent us from losing our memory or to stop our hearts from wearing out.

Perhaps the best way to think about this is to imagine what would happen if telomere therapy ends up being the cure for cancer, which is likely to be the first disease that Geron would address. Curing cancer would represent an incalculable contribution to modern society. But would taking out just one disease—even a disease that ranks as the second-leading cause of death in America, behind heart disease—really make that much difference? For one thing, most types of cancer are diagnosed in patients over the age of fifty, since it's usually not until middle age that the body becomes vulnerable to cancerous mutations, and consequently for most people ending cancer isn't going to buy them a great deal more time. On average, eliminating cancer gives the average American only about three extra years of life expectancy. And that's only half of it. Because most people who get cancer are already sick with a number of other diseases, those three extra years of life may leave them even sicker. "If you make some great stride in preventing cancer, well, then we're left with all the illnesses that have not had much attention—varicose veins, migraines, arthritis, sensory impairments, hearing and vision impairments, and a variety of orthopedic impairments," Lois Verbrugge, a social demographer at the University of Michigan and WESTAT, Inc., says. "You will have people creaking around for a lot longer, and all these other diseases are going to ascend. If the fatal diseases move out, then the nonfatal diseases are going to move in." Curing cancer would be an example of the expansion of morbidity, not the compression of morbidity.



"I was a ruthless, driven, unfeeling son of a bitch—and it worked out extremely well."

• •

In a fascinating recent paper, three demographers—Mark Hayward, of Penn State; Eileen Crimmins, of the University of Southern California; and Yasuhiko Saito, of Nihon University, in Japan—showed how changes in cause of death would affect morbidity. The three researchers broke down the life expectancy of men and women at the ages of seventy, eighty, and ninety into two categories: "active" years, which are the years when people can still take care of themselves, and "inactive" years, which are the years when those people need assistance in everyday living or are bedridden. By this measure, the average seventy-year-old American woman can today expect to live until she is almost eighty-five, of which twelve of those remaining fifteen years are active, and three years are inactive. Now, assume that we cure cancer. By the group's estimate, that woman will now live until she's eighty-six. But of those extra fourteen months of life only about half will be active. For the rest of that time, the woman will be battling the problems that she might otherwise have avoided by dying sooner—diabetes, arthritis, Alzheimer's, Parkinson's, and osteoporosis, for instance. I suppose that there are some seventy-year-old women who might still want those extra fourteen months, even if the last half of them were spent in a nursing home. But I think it fair to say that most seventy-year-old women would gladly give up the extra fourteen months if there were some way of shrinking the three years of inactive life they now face to two years or one year or, best of all, zero. In other words, in old age we really don't want to get rid of the diseases that kill us before we've got rid of the diseases that slow us down, that rob us of our independence, that put us at the mercy of someone else.

Another way to look at this matter is from the standpoint of cost. If we were to cure cancer, and give six months of inactive life to the average seventy-year-old woman, that's six months with a nurse or in a home that society is going to have to pay for. The financial implications of this are huge. Joshua Wiener, of the Urban Institute, in Washington, estimates that under assumptions of "low disability"—that is, if changes in medical care and in the health of the elderly have the effect of compressing morbidity—in the four-year period between 2016 and 2020 America will spend a hundred and thirty-four billion dollars (in constant dollars) on long-term care for the elderly. Under assumptions of high disability, however—that is, if we do something like cure cancer and give several months of inactive life to the elderly—that same figure will nearly double, to two hundred and fifteen billion dollars. Even if every seventy-year-old woman wants those extra fourteen months, can society afford to give them to her?

This is not to say, of course, that Greider and Harley and everyone else studying the telomere questions should abandon the effort. Thirty-five per cent of all American cancer patients are under sixty-five, and any remedy for this disease would represent an incalculable medical advance. Nor is it to say that telomere theory doesn't represent a critical contribution to our understanding of why certain cells in our bodies age, and why certain diseases arise as a result. It is simply to say that a partial solution to the aging problem is in some ways worse than no solution at all. We might only be creating a new race of Struldbruggs.

WHAT, then, about Michael Rose's fruit flies? Do they have a Struldbruggian problem? The answer seems at first glance to be no. They don't crawl around the cages in their dotage. They are stronger and fly as much as five times as long as the average fly. Because they are fertile for a much longer time, they have not a thousand offspring, like normal flies, but up to two thousand. They can weather hardship and deprivation and other conditions that would make other flies drop dead. "We have created flies that can survive for ten days under conditions of starvation," Rose told me. "A normal fly dies after a day or two." As we were talking in Rose's sprawling laboratory, we walked by a giant refrigerator where Rose's Methuselah flies meet their maker, marked, in the sarcastic manner of graduate students, "Fruit Fly Heaven." In the fly world, Rose's drosophila are the blessed.

They are not, however, superior to normal flies in every way. Trailer-park flies may live only fifty days, but they are very good at producing lots of offspring very quickly under adverse circumstances. That trait is critical in the wild. In fact, for all the alleged superiority of Rose's Methuselah flies—which he calls "welfare-state flies"—they could never compete with trailer-park flies outside the friendly confines of their plastic cages. In the period of peak fruit-fly fertility—the few giddy hours after puberty that Rose calls "prom night"—trailer-park flies are something like six times as fecund as welfare-state flies. They reproduce so quickly that in the real world their offspring would quickly overwhelm the offspring of Rose's Methuselah flies. In other words, you cannot have it all. Many of the same genetic traits that make a trailer-park fly a sexual juggernaut also serve to shorten its life. This is true not only of flies, in fact, but for a wide range of organisms. The surge of hormones that accompanies the mating season of marsupial mice and Pacific salmon also seems to be the reason that those species undergo aging and death soon after reproduction. Some researchers have hypothesized that prostate cancer in human beings is a consequence of genes that are involved with the production of seminal fluid—in other words, with fertility—earlier in life. A study of institutionalized mental patients at the turn of the century found that castrated men lived longer than uncastrated ones. To live longer involves a tradeoff, and

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ORCHARD

Here they stand, a living tree next to a dead one
and a sick tree next to one with sweet fruit,
and none of them knows what happened.
And all of them together, not like human beings
who are separated from one another.

And there is a tree that holds on to the earth with its roots
as if with despairing fingers, so the earth won't sink down,
and beside it a tree pulled down by the same earth,
and both are one height, you can't tell the difference.

And a wild pigeon cries out a wild hope,
and the whirr of quail in their low flight
brings tidings of things I don't want to know.

And there are mounds of stones for remembrance
and hedges of stones for forgetting—
that's how I mark the boundary between the plots of my life,
and that's how the stones will be scattered again over the field.

O bliss of the earth swept out to sea in winter
freed of roots and the dead.
O holy erosion that makes us forget.
The cassia gives off its fragrance, and the fragrance
gives back the cassia. That's how imagination
turns a great wheel in my life,
a wheel that won't stop.

Soon my son will rebel against me
even before I am able to tell him
what to do, what path to take.

But peace returns to my heart.
Not peace as it used to be,
before it left me, years ago. It went away to school,
matured as I did,
and came back looking like me.

—YEHUDA AMICHAI

(*Translated, from the Hebrew, by Chana Bloch.*)

that means that if Rose ever develops his line of anti-aging products it is quite possible that they would require us to make the same kind of sacrifice that Methuselah flies do. "I'll tell you what the tradeoff will be," Rose told me. "No question. Randy teen-agers will be a thing of the past. James Dean, Kurt Cobain. All those people. We'll lose that." He snapped his fingers. "We'll lose the high-testosterone surge of insanity that so much of American culture is based on."

This is a critical point. When most of us think about the meaning of immortality—or, at least, a radical extension of life—we think about endless youth, about being twenty forever. And under those circumstances—being given an opportunity to experience the thrill and vigor and "insanity" of youth over and over again—the idea of immortality is highly seductive. But immortality and youth are not necessarily the same thing, and Rose is talking about endless middle age—about always being fifty and never being twenty, which is a very different prospect. The idea appeals to Rose, because he is a scientist, a man consumed by his own thoughts and intellectual endeavors. The one moment I saw Rose lose his customary detachment and grow passionate was when he spoke of what he felt was "one of the most poignant tragedies of human existence," which is that "you spend all your life learning how to do things, learning what it all means, and then you die." Rose, immersed in the life of the mind, may not object to the idea of trading in his callow twenty-year-old self for a permanent authoritative middle age. But I'm not sure that all of us feel the same way. Isn't the "surge of insanity" of youth part of what makes the rest of life livable? To put it more bluntly, there is a real possibility that for many of us a life undifferentiated by the contrasts of young and old—a life removed from the variety and novelty that physical change brings—might well be boring, which is surely as serious a Struldbruggian problem as physical impairment.

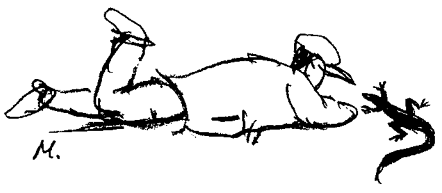
At the end of our discussion of the implications of longer life, Rose told me that the "best thing" he'd read on this question was Robert Heinlein's "Methuselah's Children," a science-fiction novel from the fifties. The book is about a group of human beings who have been selected because of a family history of longevity and induced to marry among themselves, producing, in the course of several hundred years, descendants capable of living two and three times the normal human life span. It is the human equivalent of Rose's work with fruit flies, and that may be why it appeals to him so much. "It deals with the social questions," Rose told me. But "Methuselah's Children" deals with the social questions raised by longevity in a way that could seem satisfactory only to people who were not actually interested in the social questions to begin with. Heinlein's approach to the questions raised by radically extending life is simply to have his very old people act exactly like normal people, with the one exception that they say things like "I haven't thought of that in centuries" instead of "I haven't thought of that in years." Here is the book's sole moment of philosophical reflection, a conversation between its hundred-and-eighty-three-year-old heroine, Mary Sperling, and its two-hundred-and-thirteen-year-old hero, Lazarus Long:

> There was silence. At last she said, "Lazarus, I don't want to die. But what is the purpose of our long lives? We don't seem to grow wiser as we grow older. Are we simply hanging on after our time has passed? Loitering in the kindergarten when we should be moving on? Must we die and be born again?"
>
> "I don't know," said Lazarus, "and I don't have any way to find out . . . and I'm damned if I see any sense in my worrying about it. Or you either. I propose to hang onto this life as long as I can and learn as much as I can. Maybe wisdom and understanding are reserved for a later existence and maybe they aren't for us at all, ever. Either way, I'm satisfied to be living and enjoying it. Mary my sweet, carpe that old diem!—it's the only game in town."

"Carpe that old diem"?

When Jonathan Swift wrote "Gulliver's Travels," in the early eighteenth century, a series of apparent scientific and medical breakthroughs had created a new optimism about the prospects of extending life. The Venetian architect Luigi Cornaro's work on how to live long, "Discourses on the Temperate Life," was reprinted in fifty editions in England through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The English philosopher Francis Bacon laid out, to great acclaim, his theories for improving longevity, calling it medicine's "most noble" objective. The pioneering British doctor William Harvey autopsied a poor farmer named Thomas Parr in 1635 and announced that he was a hundred and fifty-two years and nine months old at death—a finding (later discredited) that lent Parr such celebrity that he was buried in Westminster Abbey, close to where Charles Darwin was later buried. This was the attitude that Swift was satirizing when he had Gulliver, upon first hearing of the Struldbruggs, rhapsodize over the possibility of immortality. Swift's concern was not just that people seemed to want to live forever; it was that they still desired to live longer, even in the face of evidence that longer life only brought increased infirmity. What Swift recognized was that this desire was basically irrational: that men were so afraid of death that they constructed an "unreasonable" fantasy of what living longer would mean—unreasonable because it supposed a "perpetuity of Youth, Health and Vigour" when the real question was "not whether a Man would chuse to be always in the Prime of Youth, attended with Prosperity and Health, but how he would pass a perpetual Life under all the usual Disadvantages which old Age brings along with it."

There are ways around the problem that Swift outlined, of course. Telomere therapy combined with medical interventions that address some of the other mechanisms of aging might be a good start toward extending life without extending disability. In the case of the evolutionary approach, Rose says that people who wanted to take his pill regime later in life might still be able to achieve an appreciable—if much less dramatic—increase in life span without giving up their youth. But this is all very speculative and all very far off. For the moment, the battle against aging is characterized by an unrestrained enthusiasm that sounds an awful lot like Gulliver when he first heard about the Struldbruggs. Then he actually met the Struldbruggs, the living exemplars of what longer life really was, and his fantasies about defeating death were laid to rest. He looked immortality in the eye and turned away: "They were the most mortifying sight I had ever beheld." ♦



PROFILE

THE LEMON-DROP KID

What made the American musical unique?
A lyricist like Yip Harburg, who wrote both "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" and "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"

BY JOHN LAHR

On March 5, 1981, near the intersection of Sunset Boulevard and Veteran Avenue, in Brentwood, a car drifted slowly across the lane into oncoming traffic. The body of the songwriter E. Y. Harburg, also known as Yip, was found lying across the front seat of the wayward vehicle; his chest had caved in from a heart attack. Harburg was eighty-four. At the time, there were rumors that the car he'd collided with was the former limousine of Richard Nixon, which would have been a piquant irony, given that Harburg was blacklisted in Hollywood in the fifties because of his politics and always took delight in tweaking the nation's follies, including what he called Pentagoonery. This year marks Harburg's centenary, and although his songs are still very much a part of our musical atmosphere (his ASCAP royalties average about five hundred thousand dollars a year), Harburg himself is a forgotten man. He belongs in the pantheon of great theatrical lyricists—Ira Gershwin, Cole Porter, Oscar Hammerstein, Lorenz Hart, and, latterly, Stephen Sondheim (whose favorite lyric lines are "Ever since that day / When the world was an onion," from Harburg's "The Eagle and Me")—but he has become the invisible man of the American musical. Though he collaborated with Harold Arlen on the classic score for "The Wizard of Oz," you won't find his name on "The Wizard of Oz in Concert" or on the three-disk set of "The Ultimate Oz." Unlike his Broadway colleagues, Harburg does not have a coffee-table compendium devoted to his lyrics—a reversal of fortune that puts Harburg himself with the other demoted "big-wheel controversials" he laughed at in "Jamaica" (1957):

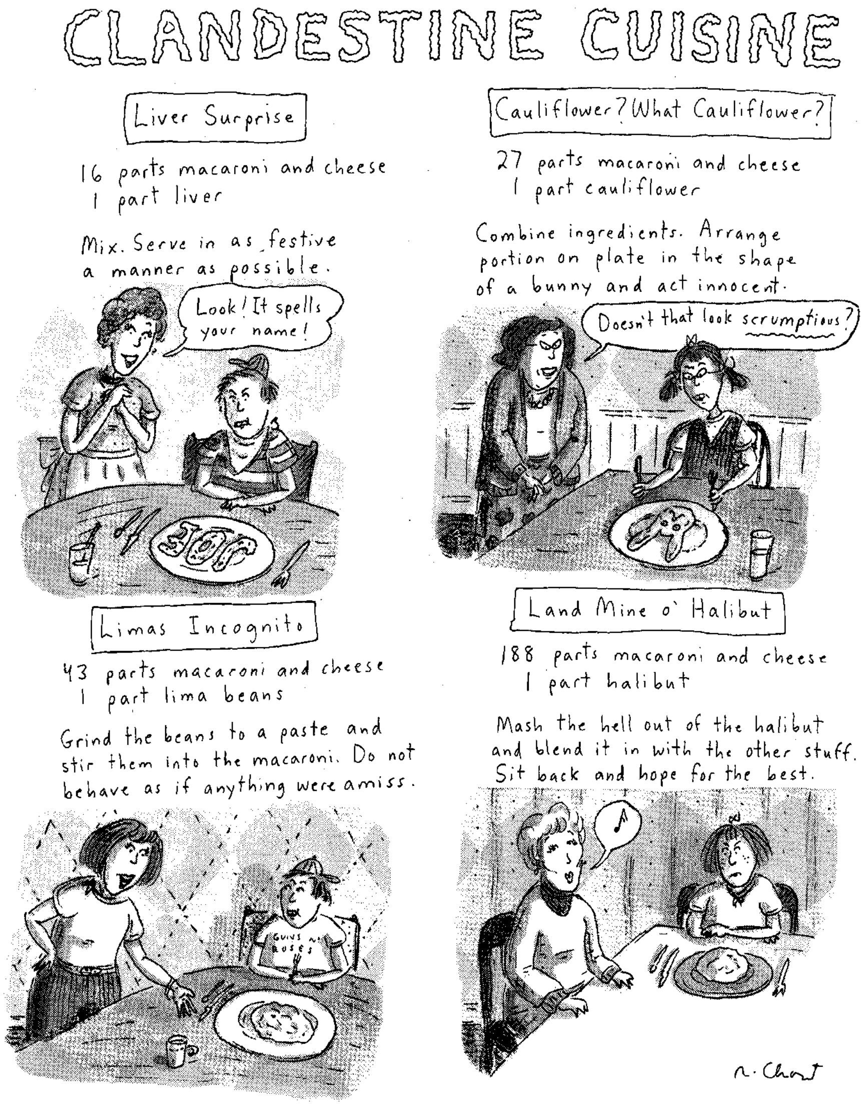
> Napoleon's a pastry
> Bismarck is a herring
> Alexander's a crème de cacao mixed
> with rum
> And Herbie Hoover is a vacu-um.

But before the wa-wa pedal, before the Fender Stratocaster, Harburg—who will finally get his due this November, when the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts mounts an exhibit devoted to his life and work—was writing songs that moved Americans and gave words to their inarticulate longings and fears. He called himself variously "a wheeler-dealer in stardust," "a rainbow hustler," and "a re-evolutionist"; Arlen, with whom he wrote a hundred and eleven songs, and who died in 1986, called him the Lemon-Drop Kid. "Yipper is not a blues thinker," Arlen once told me. "He likes things to be joyous and/or poetic." Harburg liked to take issue with his times, and he did this by making unacceptable ideas irresistible. "Words make you think thoughts. Music makes you feel a feeling. But a song makes you feel a thought," he often said. "Barriers fall. Hostilities melt, and a new idea can find a soft spot under a hard hat."

Every lyricist has his own thematic obsessions, and Harburg, whom I interviewed at length in the mid-seventies, regularly discoursed on the views of the other lyricists in his league. "Cole Porter saw the world as an élite party," he said. "Hammerstein had a little more humanity. He felt for people. He *was* as corny as Kansas in August. Berlin saw the world as a hit song. Ira Gershwin saw the world as a smart song. His thematic attack is always 'Oh, sweet and lovely lady, be good. Oh, lady be good to me!' He wants mothering: 'Someone to watch over me.' Larry Hart saw songs as a means of stopping the pretty girls from rejecting him. His songs always yearn for a 'hand to hold my hand': 'When the music swells, I'm touching your hand; It tells that you're standing near.' The height of ecstasy is to have

COURTESY OF ED JABLONSKI

On the yellow-brick road, clockwise from left: Bert Lahr, Ray Bolger, M-G-M's L.K. Sidney, Yip Harburg, the composer Meredith Willson, the music publisher Harry Link, Harold Arlen, and Judy Garland rehearsing a radio show in 1939.


CLANDESTINE CUISINE
Liver Surprise
16 parts macaroni and cheese
1 part liver
Mix. Serve in as festive a manner as possible.
Look! It spells your name!
Cauliflower? What Cauliflower?
27 parts macaroni and cheese
1 part cauliflower
Combine ingredients. Arrange portion on plate in the shape of a bunny and act innocent.
Doesn't that look scrumptious?
Limas Incognito
43 parts macaroni and cheese
1 part lima beans
Grind the beans to a paste and stir them into the macaroni. Do not behave as if anything were amiss.
GUYS N' ROSES
Land Mine o' Halibut
188 parts macaroni and cheese
1 part halibut
Mash the hell out of the halibut and blend it in with the other stuff. Sit back and hope for the best.
♪
R. Chast

somebody hold his hand. And me? 'It's only a paper moon, Sailing over a cardboard sea, But it wouldn't be make-believe, If you believed in me.' And somewhere over the rainbow we'll be all right."

The theme of freedom—sexual, social, intellectual—runs through Harburg's œuvre and forms a kind of emotional signature to his work. He wrote one of the first antiwar musicals ("Hooray for What?," 1937); the first all-black Hollywood musical for general audiences ("Cabin in the Sky," 1943); the first musical about feminism ("Bloomer Girl," 1944); the first stage song about the emerging civil-rights movement ("The Eagle and Me," 1944); and, with his masterpiece, "Finian's Rainbow" (1947), he was the first to mount a fully integrated Broadway musical. Many of Harburg's songs defined their times ("Last Night When We Were Young," "April in Paris," "Let's Take a Walk Around the Block"); and two of them—"Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" and "Somewhere Over the Rainbow"—became not only the anthems of their eras but global statements. Even at the end of his life, Harburg was updating his old standards to reflect the new civilization that had inherited them. In 1974, he revised "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" and published it in the *Times* as "Anthem for a New Depression":

> Once we had a Roosevelt,
> Praise the Lord,—
> Life had meaning and hope,
> Now we're stuck with Nixon,
> Agnew—Ford,
> Brother, can you spare a rope?

Harburg suggested to Irving Berlin that he, too, rewrite his standard "God Bless America," to comment on the havoc of Vietnam, and retitle it "God Help America." "Yip's thoughts drift over to Moscow, but his heart is deeply planted in Fort Knox," said Berlin, who wrote the parody ("God bless America / Land I enjoy / No discussions with the Russians / Till they stop sending arms to Hanoi"), but, like many other Broadway high-rollers, did not share Harburg's politics. J. J. Shubert, who, with his brother, Lee, produced Harburg's 1932 Broadway revue, "Americana," declared that "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" was "too sorbid [sic]." Bert Lahr (my father), who made a comic classic of Harburg's "Song of the Woodman," told him he was "too foivent." And Arlen passed on writing the music for "Finian's Rainbow" because of Yip's penchant for what Arlen called "propaganda." Hammerstein, however, was gradually persuaded by Harburg's convictions. "At first, he felt the stage was a place only to amuse people," Harburg told me. "When he heard Harold and I were working on an antiwar show called 'Hooray for What?' he told Arlen, 'For God's sake, tell Yipper to leave the pulpit alone.' But after Hammerstein saw 'Finian's Rainbow' he sent me three telegrams—one in the morning, one in the afternoon, one at night. They all said, 'Will You Marry Me?' Two years later, he wrote the antiracist anthem 'You've Got to Be Taught.' "

The musical is—and always has been—America's most persuasive political theatre. It incarnated America's sense of blessing—a buoyant universe where "Something's coming, something good, / If I can wait." Harburg, in his puckish fashion, wanted the musical to be both payday and May Day. He understood better than all his songwriting cohorts the essentially political nature of song.

HARBURG sauntered through life with a distinctive youthful twinkle; with his quiff of white hair and his toothy grin he was—even in old age—catnip to women. But darker tensions nevertheless showed through. He was a bundle of twitches: his eyebrows, fingers, and what he called his "restless legs" seemed to contradict the composure of his lyrics. These judderings lifted from Harburg's body when he sang. "Song is a lyricist's autobiography," Harburg said, and the manic playfulness of his songs made light of a life that was hard. The son of Russian-immigrant parents, he came into the world in 1896, as Isidor Hochberg (in 1923, when he got married, he changed his name to Edgar Yip Harburg), and lived to see his brilliant older brother, Max, a scientist, die of cancer at twenty-eight, and his younger brother, Harry, die of a stroke at twenty-nine. As early as 1932, in "That's Life," Harburg was joking about these devastations:

You go along in the red
Just when you're getting ahead
Bingo! You're dead.
That's life.

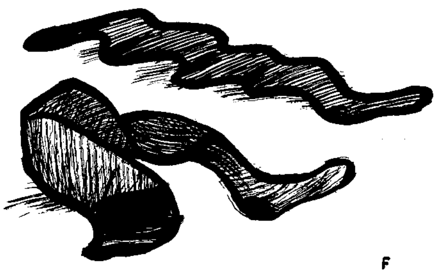
Over the years, Harburg's viewpoint became more Olympian, but his cautionary message remained the same: "Life is short, short, brother! / Ain't it de truth? / . . . You gotta rock that rainbow / While you still got your youth."

During Harburg's youth, on the noisy, cramped Lower East Side, he rarely heard music. A German band played occasionally in the alleys between the tenement walkups, and an organ-grinder cranked out snatches of Italian opera for pennies thrown from apartment windows. "Half the time, we were in the dark to save money," Harburg said of life in the family's three-room tenement apartment at Eleventh Street and Avenue C. He gravitated toward the airy southern exposure of the Tompkins Square Library, where he became an avid reader, and the limelight of the Yiddish theatre on the Bowery, where he and his father escaped on Saturdays after synagogue. He told many vivacious tales of Lower East Side street life—the bustle of Hester Street, roasting stolen potatoes on midnight bonfires—but his prevailing adult memory was of sour, suffocating drudgery. Indeed, Harburg and Irving Berlin were the only giants among the Broadway songwriters who actually grew up poor. The rest were middle-class kids whose sense of the Good Life was part of their lyrical optimism. Harburg's high spirits as a songwriter were a kind of reassurance, manufactured to reverse the gravity of what weighed him down. "I never liked to see my father come home from the sweatshop with gnarled fingers. I never liked seeing my mother's panic about where the rent was coming from," said Harburg, whose own day as a teen-ager began at 3 A.M. with a four-mile hike around lower Manhattan to turn off the street lamps and ended, at dusk, with another circuit to turn them on.

Harburg saw his sense of humor as "a survival trait handed down from father to son." Louis Hochberg, who enjoyed funny songs and Yiddish poetry, encouraged the boy's clowning. Most evenings, Harburg sat with his father at the kitchen table as he read from Sholem Aleichem, in Yiddish, over glasses of tea. Louis also read the *Forward*, the *Yidishes Tageblat*, and the Communist *Morning Freiheit*, and looked forward to the seemingly impossible day when the sweatshops would close. So Harburg's lessons in socialism and in consolation began at home. "My parents seemed so helpless in America," he said. "I was disturbed that they didn't speak English. I wanted to make them feel good, because they were so out of place and insecure."

Harburg began getting laughs when he was eleven; he wrote a parody of "I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl Who Married Dear Old Dad" for the bleacherites of the Tompkins Square championship baseball team. But it was in 1910, when he found his seat in English class at Townsend Harris High School, a C.C.N.Y. school with a rigorous curriculum designed for gifted poor children, that Yip, unbeknownst to himself, was finding his future. The rumpled, shy "quick blusher" seated alphabetically next to him was Ira Gershvin (whose family name was later changed to Gershwin by Ira's brother, George). Yip and Ira became fast friends when one day Yip pulled out his cherished copy of "The Bab Ballads," W. S. Gilbert's light verse. "Ira took a look at the book and said, 'Do you know that a lot of this is set to music?' " Harburg later wrote. "I was incredulous. 'There's music to it?' " Ira invited Yip to his family's first-floor apartment in a brownstone at Second Avenue and Fifth Street, which Yip considered "swank." Ira had an allowance and could afford to buy magazines like *Smart Set* and *Vanity Fair*. He also had records and a Victrola. "That first afternoon he played 'H.M.S. Pinafore' for me. There were all the lines I knew by heart, put to music! I was dumfounded, staggered," Harburg wrote. "Gilbert and Sullivan tied Ira to me for life."

Yip never entertained Ira at his house, but he was a frequent visitor to the Gershwins' large, well-heated apartment. Yip also knew Ira's younger brother, George, from the neighborhood. "He was considered a failure, a roustabout, a no-goodnik," Harburg said. "He was a kid who liked to go dancing, wear spats and a bowler hat long before he was grown up." Harburg was present when the Gershwins' first piano was hauled into the family home—a status symbol acquired by Mrs. Gershwin for Ira, who was the good student. "Ira was not only stunned, he was mad," Harburg recalled. "But he could never lash out at anybody. He just muttered under his breath, 'My mother. There she goes again. Always telling me what to do. I don't want a piano!' " Harburg went on, "I remember the piano being moved in through the window. Mrs. Gershwin was very fearful that it not be scratched on the way in. George came running up when he saw the piano. He didn't know it was coming, and he sat down and played a song. He played Irving Berlin's 'You've Got Your Mother's Big Blue Eyes'—a big hit at the time. Ira, Mrs. Gershwin, everybody said, 'George, where did you learn to play?' Two hands, with chords. He saved the day. Ira was off the hook." George told the amazed onlookers that he'd learned to play at the nearby piano store. "He ran errands, and for each errand he was allowed to make three cents. At that time, people didn't have telephones—only stores had them, and the shopkeeper would call a kid from the street and say, 'Wanna make three cents? Go up and call Mrs. Birnbaum to the phone.' George would run, and instead of taking the three cents he'd say, 'Let me play the piano for ten minutes.' He sat down there and figured out the chords and the tune of whatever were the popular songs of the day. The rest is history."



Harburg's first full-fledged song—an attempt at a hayseed comedy turn for vaudeville at the outbreak of the First World War—was written with George Gershwin, who was then just setting his sights on show music:

When my son Sy heard the Sheriff's proclamashun
That war wuz on with the gol dinged Dutch
He enlisted in the Navy to proteck the Yankee nation
And to show them furreners they ain't damn much.

But Harburg's association with Ira Gershwin over the years is what fed the sophistication of his light verse. At Townsend Harris, the two boys co-edited a column in imitation of Franklin Pierce Adams's "The Conning Tower," where they eventually published their own efforts. When they moved on to C.C.N.Y., signing themselves "Yip" and "Gersh," they collaborated on a column called “Gargoyle Gargles” for the college paper, but Ira dropped out after sophomore year, whereupon Yip edited another column and called it “The Silver Lining: A Chronicle of Our Own Wit and Other People’s Folly.” One of the follies that he soon had to contend with was President Wilson’s preparedness campaign. “What should I fight for? I don’t own anything. Let the millionaires fight,” he wrote in “Arguments for and Against Preparedness” in 1916; a year later, he sailed for Argentina, saving his skin and acquiring “a global outlook.” He learned Spanish, and ended up in Uruguay working for Swift & Company, where, after developing a special can for bully beef, he became a well-paid company big shot. He returned three years later and set up an electrical-appliance business in Brooklyn with a friend. He got the firm off to a profitable start by inventing an ironing board that opened with a flick of the hand and a dryer for baby clothes which could be attached to a radiator. Over the next seven years, the company grew until it was worth a quarter of a million dollars, by which time Harburg was married and the father of two; but he was not happy in the marriage (it lasted two years) or in business, which gave him migraine headaches. He spent most of his workday in the back of the office writing poetry.

Harburg’s salvation was the crash, which liquidated his profits and left him with fifty thousand dollars in debts. “All I had left was my pencil,” he wrote. He got in touch with Ira Gershwin, who had been putting words to his brother’s music since 1924. “Ira, I think I’d like to be a songwriter from here on,” Harburg recalled telling him. “Ira said, ‘You should have done it a long time ago.’ ” Ira gave Yip five hundred dollars to get started, and told him, “Get your rhyming dictionary and go to work.” In 1929, there were more than two hundred shows on Broadway, many of them musicals and revues. It was a seller’s market. “When I lost my possessions, I found my creativity,” Harburg said. “I gave up the dream of business and went into the business of dreams.”

“I STILL would say it takes four or five years collaborating with knowledgeable composers to become a well-rounded lyricist,” Ira Gershwin wrote in his excellent “Lyrics on Several Occasions.” Many versifiers, including Dorothy Parker and F.P.A., were never able to make the transition from light verse to hit song; Harburg made it in three hardworking seasons. His first collaborator was Jay Gorney, who was then in charge of music for Paramount Pictures in Astoria. Harburg wrote thirty songs with him. Gorney provided him with a sense of construction and with connections, and Gorney’s then wife Edelaine, a diminutive, sparky woman, provided him with inspiration. “He relied on me, because I recognized his talent when he wasn’t sure of it,” Edelaine told me, recalling nights when she’d fall asleep on the sofa while the early songs were being pieced together. “I was a good little thesaurus.” Harburg eventually seduced his muse; in 1943, Edelaine Gorney became Edelaine Harburg.

Harburg and Gorney broke through with “Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?,” which was originally a torch song. “We didn’t want to write another ‘I love that man’ or ‘broken love’ kind of song,” Gorney told me. He recalled walking with Harburg down Central Park West, reviewing their possibilities for “Americana”: “A young man in a straw hat, with the rim pulled down so it was hard to see his eyes, shyly approached us. He said, ‘Buddy, can you spare a dime?’ Well, we had the idea. It was perfect. It wasn’t about a woman who’d lost her man but about a man who’d lost his job.” Harburg rushed back to his room at the Level Club to write it. “I wanted to see the breadline onstage,” he told me. “I was writing the song very fast. I couldn’t stop crying as I was writing. About halfway through it, I couldn’t go on.” He added, “In a lot of songs I write, I cry. I write with what they call in Yiddish *gederim*—it means the very vitals of your being. I feel everything.” The predicament of the song called out of Harburg ancient family sorrows, and the song added a new idiom to the American language. It was cartooned, lampooned, and plagiarized. Lucky Strike cigarettes asked, “Brother, Can You Spare a Light?” Radio networks tried to ban it for being “sympathetic to the unemployed.” But the song, and Harburg, were unstoppable. Bing Crosby recorded it, and the record made history. Even the Shuberts finally came around. “I’m glad to see you,” Lee Shubert said, greeting Gorney a decade later. “Do you have another song like ‘Mister, Can You Spare Me Ten Cents?’ ”

“He would dig, dig, dig—always with that special sense of humor,” said the late Johnny Mercer, whom Harburg had hired to work on comedy material for “Americana.” “I used to say to friends, ‘Wanna go over and see Yip do eight rounds with a song?’ ” Mercer added, “Yip really taught me how to write. I told him that. He said, ‘I taught you how to *sweat*.’ He’d get me in that room and he wouldn’t let me go. I would sit there with a rhyming dictionary, and we would pun and write away. If we had to write four verses, we’d write eight.” Mercer repaid the favor by introducing Harburg to Arlen in the early thirties. During the 1932-33 season, *Billboard* announced that William Shakespeare was the most prolific playwright, Harold Arlen wrote the most music, and E. Y. Harburg turned out the most lyrics. The Broadway revue was still flourishing, and this gave him access to a group of great performers—Bea Lillie, Bob Hope, Bert Lahr, Fanny Brice, Jack Benny, Imogene Coca, Eddie Cantor, Willie Howard, Ruth Etting, and Jack Pearl among them—who schooled him in the vernacular. In smart revues like “Walk a Little Faster,” “Life Begins at 8:40,” and “The Show Is On,” Harburg brought a new intelligence to the comedy song. Sometimes, though, the Old Guard balked at his sophistication. “You’re making it tough for me, boys!” the comedian Bobby Clark barked at Harburg and the composer Vernon Duke over the “tricky lyrics” to “That’s Life.” But soon applause made believers of them all. No lyricist, except perhaps Stephen Sondheim, has been as funny in song as Harburg. In “Life Begins at 8:40,” Harburg and Ira Gershwin joined Arlen in taking potshots at the ménage à trois in Noël Coward’s “Design for Living” (“Duets are made by the bourgeoisie-oh / But only God can make a trio”) and at erotic literature in “Quartet Erotica,” where Rabelais, Maupassant, Boccaccio, and Balzac sing, “A volume like ‘Ulysses’ / Makes us look like four big sissies!”

In 1934, when Broadway produced only sixteen new musicals, Harburg and Arlen joined the theatrical migration West. “Dear Relaxin’ Daddy,” Harburg wrote to his famously lethargic friend Ira Gershwin, “we have gone Hollywood with twenty-one guns.” He went on, “We have bathrooms with barbecues, copper fire-places, pine-wood music rooms, tangerine trees, everything in fact but the Gershwins. . . . Harold falls into the lap of these luxuries with greater ease, due probably to the fact that he hasn't been preaching communism as I have." But Harburg soon got into the swing of things. "From San Pedro to Fresno," he wrote in "Californ-i-ay," "No maiden there says 'No.' " There are home movies of Harburg playing tennis and doing the hula by his pool; he even became a health-food fanatic and was once caught by his stepson, Rod Gorney, pouring orange juice on a favorite peach tree.

Nothing seemed to die in Hollywood's exotic climate except the creative spirit. "We had a tough time starting," Arlen said. "But we ended with a good batting average." Harburg found words for an Arlen melody that George Gershwin disliked, and turned it into what Arlen called "one of the most beautiful lyrics of my time"—"Last Night When We Were Young." On the other hand, Harburg disliked Arlen's melody for "Over the Rainbow." "Harold played it like a symphony. I didn't get the hang of it," Harburg said. His first reaction was "That's for Nelson Eddy, not a little girl in Kansas." He dismissed it as "a piano exercise," but when he called in Ira Gershwin (who had since come West, too) and asked his opinion, Ira liked the melody, and the song soon earned Harburg his only Academy Award. Dreaming and destiny were forever linked in the nation's collective unconscious by the Harburg lines "And the dreams that you dare to dream / Really do come true." There was no reference to a rainbow—a word that is now nearly as central to American popular song as "I" is to Romantic poetry—in L. Frank Baum's fable "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz": Harburg put it in. To Harburg, the rainbow, as a visual bridge between Earth and the galaxy, was a symbolic link "between man and the heaven of his imagination." He said, "I've laid great store in man's imaginative ability, on man's ability to be bigger than death, bigger than life in his imagination. Man's imagination is what takes him out of his misery."

By 1943, Harburg had grown disenchanted with being what he called "a metro-gnome for Metro-Goldwyn Nightmayer" and trying to please the movie audience. He returned to Broadway, and there, in a series of original musicals of which he was co-author, he set the lyric to work dissecting injustice and economic paradox in the Land of Plenty. His first post-Hollywood hit was "Bloomer Girl," which dealt with women's rights and the Underground Railroad; it consolidated the advances in musical form and content that "Oklahoma!" had made the previous year (and used the same choreographer and ingénue) but was also a brazen assertion of Harburg's playful Realpolitik:

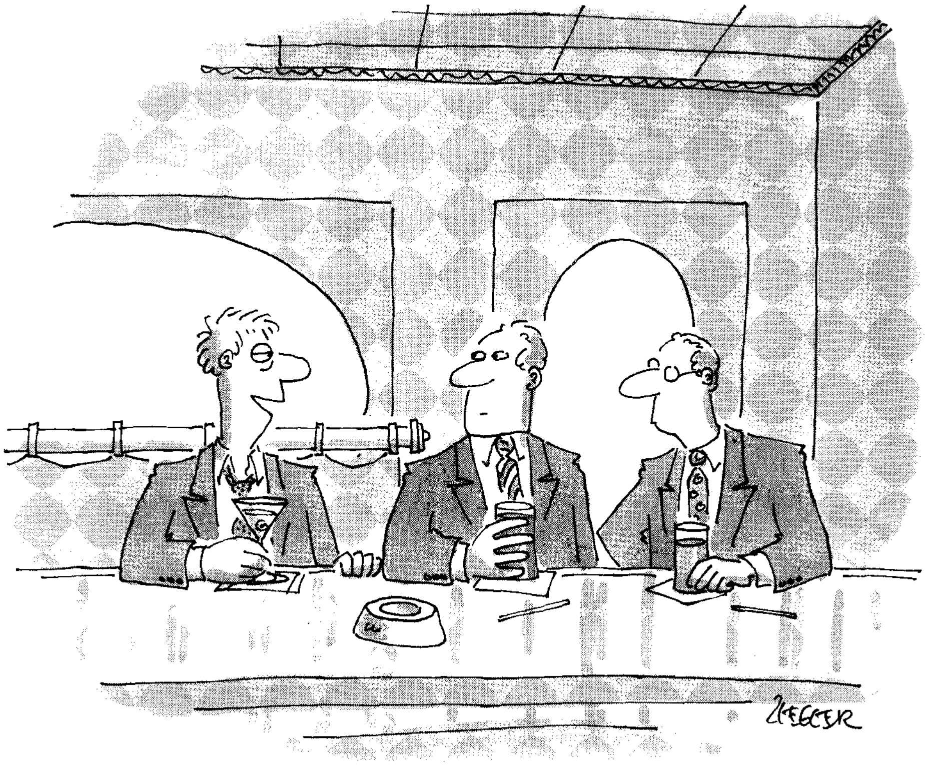
> Freedom needs a sweet song
> Sweet song's gotta be
> Freedom gits a sweet song
> And back of that song is little old me.

Harburg was fond of quoting the philosopher John Dewey's observation that if you could control the songs of a nation you didn't need to care about its laws. In the age of radio, catchphrases soon became credos. Advertisers understood this, and so did Harburg. He tried to make liberalism prevail not by reason but by rhyme—his own kind of "subliminal advertising." He saw "The Wizard of Oz," for example, as a metaphor for the New Deal. The lyrics, he said, were "rhymed chronicles" of the dicta of F.D.R.'s "sunny leadership." The Scarecrow's expression of longing for knowledge—"I would not be just a nuffin' / My head all full of stuffin' "—was his translation of "Let us have freedom from want. Time for learning and for the arts." F.D.R.'s Good Neighbor Policy was translated into the Tin Man's desire for a heart; and the Cowardly Lion embodied F.D.R.'s "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself." Harburg, who was a founding member of the Hollywood Democratic Committee, wrote songs for F.D.R.'s 1944 Election Eve broadcast, and also contributed songs to the war effort—"The Son of a Gun Who Picks on Uncle Sam" and "And Russia Is Her Name." (The latter came back to haunt him when the movie "Song of Russia" was cited by Robert Taylor during the HUAC investigation of the film industry as Communistic, despite the fact that at the time the lyrics for it were composed Russia was America's ally.)

The subliminal impact of Harburg's songs came from their ingenious construction. He was meticulous about syllabic emphasis, and this made a song's logic irresistible:

> When a rich man doesn't want to work,
> He's a bon vivant.
> Yes, he's a bon vivant.
> But when a poor man doesn't want
> to work,
> He's a loafer, he's a lounger, he's a
> lazy good for nothin'—
> He's a jerk.

Harburg also had an extravagant gift for internal rhyme. For example, "Happi-



"I, too, used to drink the amber-colored fluids, gentlemen, but now, owing to health considerations, I drink only the crystal-clear fluids."

ness Is (Just) a Thing Called Joe" begins, "It seem like happi*ness* is *jes'* a thing called Joe / He's got a sm*ile* that makes the *li*lac want to grow." Even the name Glocca Morra, for that lost Irish paradise of Finian and his daughter, Sharon, was invented by Harburg for the famous ballad "How Are Things in Glocca Morra?" with an eye to its subconscious appeal. "I took the words from the German. *Glück*—'luck.' *Morgen*—'tomorrow.' Lucky tomorrow," Harburg explained. "It sounds good to you. You like the word 'Glocca Morra' because, whether you know it or not, you connect it with good luck."

Song answered Harburg's sense of omnipotence, which was easier to take in music than in person. "The same old tailspin as before—can't sleep, has palpitations, etc., etc., and is generally a mess," Edelaine wrote to a friend about Yip's agitation while doing a play. According to Fred Saidy, who was the co-author of "Finian's Rainbow," "Flahooly," and "Jamaica," Harburg was a whirlwind of enthusiasm as a writer. "He flits. He bounces. The one thing Yip needs is the freedom to spout without inhibition," Saidy recalled. But Harburg's creative process didn't translate well into the rehearsal process. He took over the direction of the highly successful "Bloomer Girl," and he infuriated his collaborators. "The worst!" said Agnes de Mille, who had to cut eight minutes of her Civil War ballet. "He was the worst! A: Yip does not know how to direct. B: He knows less about getting along with people in rehearsal hall than anyone I've ever seen." The composer Burton Lane waited three months before agreeing to work with Harburg on "Finian's Rainbow." "On lyrics, Yip will take criticism and change if he respects your judgment," Lane said. "But make a criticism of a line of dialogue and, because he's insecure in that area, he'll take your head off. If I had agreed to the project immediately, I'd never have got the changes I thought were necessary in the script." Lane, who produced a classic score, was introduced by Harburg at auditions as "my pianist." Lane said, "Yip always resented the reviews the music got." Harburg felt he'd hummed the tunes into Lane's ear; he even tried to ban Lane from the cast recording of their smash hit. Lane, who didn't talk to Harburg for two years after that, never collaborated with him again. As for "Jamaica," Harburg and Saidy were banned from the theatre after their ambitions for the story, which was originally written for Harry Belafonte, were frustrated: the show became a cabaret star turn for Lena Horne. "Take heart," Harburg wrote to the actor Ossie Davis on "Jamaica" 's opening night, which Harburg himself boycotted. "The ink in the pen of the poet is warmer and more plentiful than the blood in the veins of them as lives off us."

But Harburg did only two more Broadway shows: "The Happiest Girl in the World," which ran ninety-seven performances in 1961, and "Darling of the Day," which closed after thirty-three performances in 1968. After that, he and Broadway were quits. "I would sum up my own situation as being hopeless and helpless," he wrote in *The Dramatists Guild Quarterly*. Any journalist who went to talk to Harburg or any friend who lingered too long by the piano at one of his songfests got an earful about the new singers—"kindergarten Kierkegaards," he called them—who had more or less put his kind of song out of business. Harburg tried to study the new songs and even to write them. When I knew him, a book of Bob Dylan's collected lyrics was on his coffee table, along with the works of the Gershwins and Burton Lane. Harburg was even known to buy a teen-age friend fifty dollars' worth of rock records each time he visited, in order to argue with him about that music and to fathom what the younger generation heard in it. What Harburg heard was the death rattle of the culture. "They communicate only emotional intensity. They're crude. It upsets me," he said. "You're living in a savage world, and when you listen to the shrieks and savage cries in the songs you know it." He added, "Songs now are a reflection of fright. It's the fright of no hope, no stability. When we began writing songs, we felt life was good. The world was beautiful, and we were enjoying it. Death was at the end of the adventure, but we didn't worry about that. These kids are worried. They're on their deathbeds, and they're teen-agers!"

Until the end of his life, Harburg continued to write and sing his buoyant songs. "I like the mischievous feeling of getting on top of something I fear," he said. "If it gives me courage, it'll give others courage." Harburg knew he was a forgotten man, but his words ("And the dreams that you dare to dream . . .") are part of this century's ozone, part of the litany of our lives. He once said, "The song is a magical thing. Its power is its invisibility. A book, a play, a painting must be sought. The song seeks you. It is ubiquitous and sinewy. It pursues you every minute. It's your shadow. You're sitting in a dentist's chair. There it is. Or in the elevator. Or the supermarket. Or a car. You may catch the song from somebody else. Its ideas may infect you. It is a very haunting thing." He could have been speaking about himself. He was everywhere and nowhere, which is the fate of the sprite. Harburg, who set his wit against all injustice, gallantly tried to laugh even this one away:

Mozart died a pauper,
Heine lived in dread,
Foster died in Bellevue,
Homer begged for bread.
Genius pays off handsomely—
After you are dead. ♦

RAY IN LOVE

Man Ray met Juliet Browner on a blind date in Hollywood in 1940. He had spent the previous two decades in Paris, photographing the beau monde and helping to energize the Surrealist movement. She was an aspiring dancer, an artist's model, and a former girlfriend of Willem de Kooning. Twenty years younger than he was, she bewitched him with her "faun-like features and slanted eyes," and she became his muse, his model, and, eventually, his wife—they were married in a joint ceremony with Dorothea Tanning and Max Ernst, in 1946. Man Ray's portrait of Juliet is one of the highlights of a large, two-gallery retrospective that's just opened in Santa Monica (at the Track 16 and Robert Berman galleries); its emphasis is on the years he spent in California, from 1940 to 1951. Although his painting was never as original as his photography, Man Ray did manage now and then to do something that would, as he once said, "amuse, bewilder, annoy, or inspire reflection."

"Juliet" (1940)

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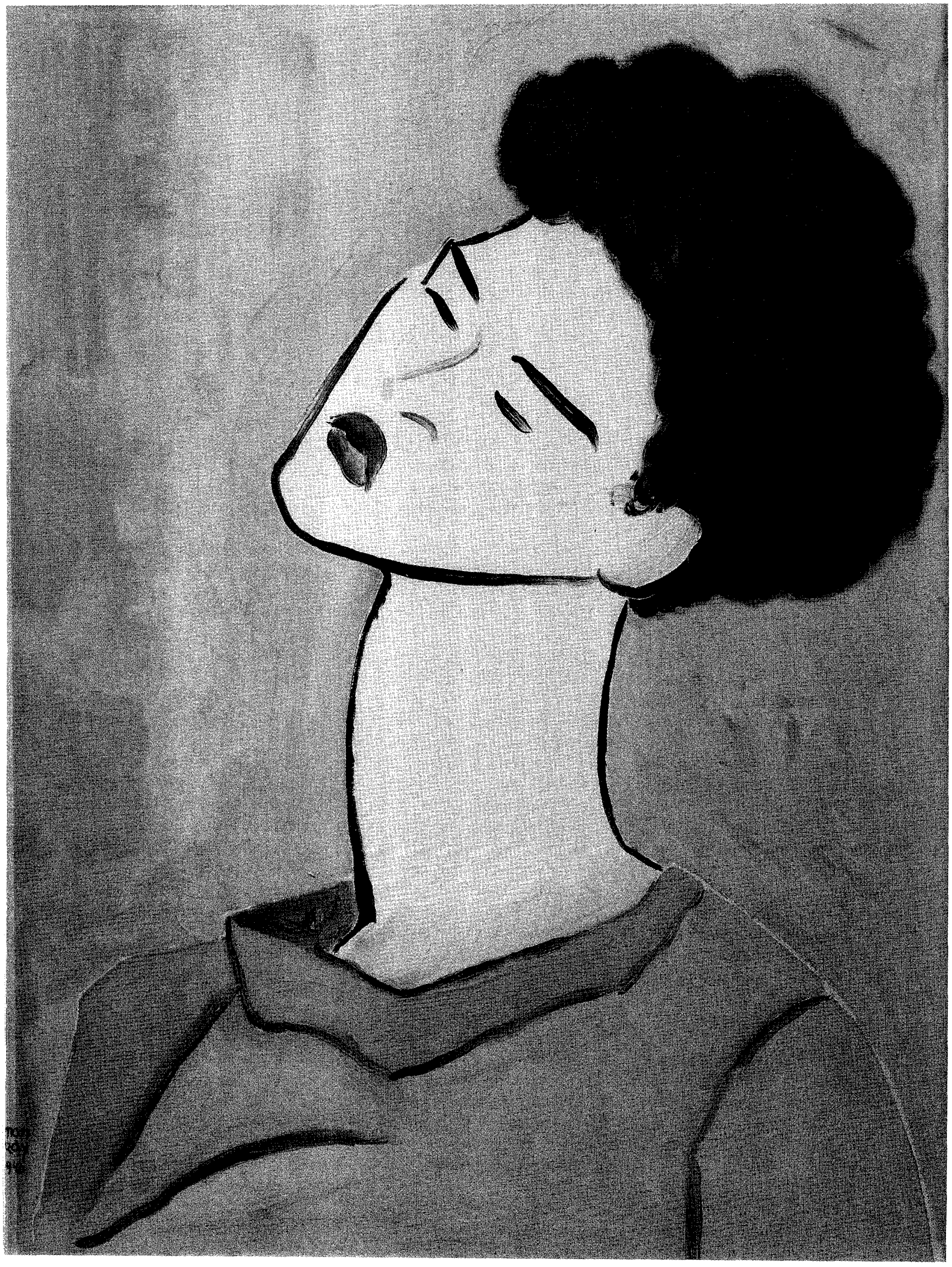
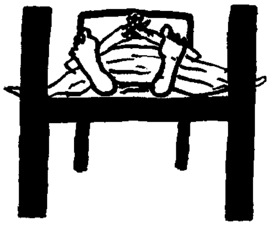


FICTION

MA, A MEMOIR

BY LYNN FREED



HE'D got away. Only as far as the hospital, but still she'd been left behind. Once, she would have got into her Fiat and revved and revved and gone off in a puff of blue smoke to find him, to catch him out in the arms of another woman, perhaps. Sixty years of marriage had only heated the furious war between them.

Every day, she waited impatiently for me to take her to the hospital.

"I have a bone to pick with you," she said when I arrived.

"What bone?" I asked.

"I've forgotten."

He didn't want to see her. When she came shuffling in, he pretended to be asleep.

"Say hello, Dad," I whispered.

"Hello," he said. He was very weak, a dark, gaunt, beautiful old man, not ready to die.

She settled into the armchair and sat there quite still, staring out through her milky eyes at nothing.

"See, Ma," I said. "Dad says hello."

"Well, why doesn't he *speak up*? I can hear everybody else. Why can't I hear *him*?" She reached over and placed a hand on his arm. "Come home, Harold," she said. "You know you're putting it on."

"Will *you* tell her!" he rasped at me. "Will you tell that bloody woman that I've got cancer?"

"Ma," I said. "Dad's got cancer. Don't be cruel."

"*Me* cruel! *Me* cruel! *You're* the one mentioning—that thing!" She clawed at the arms of the chair and pushed herself forward. "Here! Help me up. And then take me home, please. Right now."

I TOOK her out for a drive in the Fiat the next day, up the coast to our favorite beach hotel for lunch.

"This way, Marmalade," I said, shepherding her down the steps one at a time.

"This way, Strawberry Jam," said the Indian waiter. "This way, Honeybunch."

She laughed, she giggled. "Go on, order crayfish," she suggested. "Why don't you order prawns? You love prawns, don't you?"

Driving back, I described the wild horses on the sea, the people selling beadwork on the beachfront. We were both happy for a moment.

"Hey ho!" she cried. "How old are you?"

"Forty-nine."

"How old am I?"

"Eighty-seven."

"Really? How can I be that much older than you?"

"Because you're my mother, Ma."

"Ha! Ha! That's a good one!"

"BEATS cockfighting," said my father, smiling a bit when I repeated the conversation to him the next day. Every morning and evening, I went alone to see him. I put on the Bruch G Minor and closed his door. The pneumonia was almost gone; he could go home to die if we could arrange it.

"Dad," I said. "Do you want to go home? I can try to deal with Ma."

But he pretended not to hear. A large tear rolled down his cheek as the second movement began. "I'd like some smoked salmon," he whispered.

At home, my mother sat staring at the bookshelf, with a glass of Scotch in her hand. "I did love him so," she said, "and he seemed to love me. But what happened I don't know."

"Ma, he's sick. He's in the hospital."

She blew her nose furiously and wiped her eyes. "Don't you think two people could be happy again?"

"I think they could."

THE next day, when I came to fetch her she was waiting at the front door. "Has he died?" she asked.

"No."

"Well, thank God for that. Wearing a hat?"

"No."

"Then nor shall I."

She was the one who was meant to die first. Once she had overheard him saying to a widow, just engaged to be married, "Couldn't you have waited for me?"

"That husband of mine," she said now. "He was really very good to me."

"Your husband is my father, Ma," I said.

"Rubbish!" she snapped. "He's *my* father."

THE day after she claimed him as her father, he died. When I came to tell her, she was waiting, as usual, to be taken to the hospital. "Ready?" she said. "I've been waiting for hours."

"Ma," I said. "Dad died. He just died." I sat down.

She covered her eyes with a hand and breathed deeply. Finally, she said, "It's unbearable. I cannot bear it. Don't expect me to bear it."

"I don't expect you to bear it, Ma. I can't bear it either."

She looked up as if she'd just met me at a bus stop. "It's full of emptiness, this place," she said.

AFTER the funeral, she sat in my sister's house like a refugee. The family came in one by one, veterans of the cemetery, to offer condolences. A florist delivered an arrangement of flowers. I brought it in to show her. She had always loved flowers. In our old house, she and

FILIP PAGOWSKI

Pillay, the gardener, had conspired together every week on which beds to plant with what, where to deploy the bulbs and seedlings he stole from the Botanic Gardens.

"Look, Ma," I said. "You got some lovely flowers."

"Really? How nice."

"Here, I'll read you the card. 'Dear Anne, We were so sad to hear of the loss of your darling Harold. We are all thinking of you with love at this time. Meg, John, and Nigel.' "

She stared out at nowhere. "Gentiles," she said.

A FEW days later, I stole her away from shivah and took her to the Botanic Gardens for tea. "How long have I known you?" she asked.

"A long time."

"That's what it feels like."

She began to weep. "I don't know why I'm crying," she said. She groped in her bag for a tissue and then blew her nose loudly.

"I know why."

"My father died," she said.

"Perhaps it's time to count your blessings, Ma."

She looked up sharply. "That's a lot of rubbish and you know it!"

"It'll be lonely without Dad to fight with."

"And to love," she said. "Same thing."

"Ma, I'm worried. You're behaving magnificently, and it doesn't suit you."

She beamed. She reached out for a scone. I put it into her hand. "Now, why don't I have a daughter like you?" she asked. ♦

These shy birds can be disturbed by people who let their dogs run loose, drive off-road vehicles or fly kites.—*Ranger Rick, the children's magazine of the National Wildlife Federation.*

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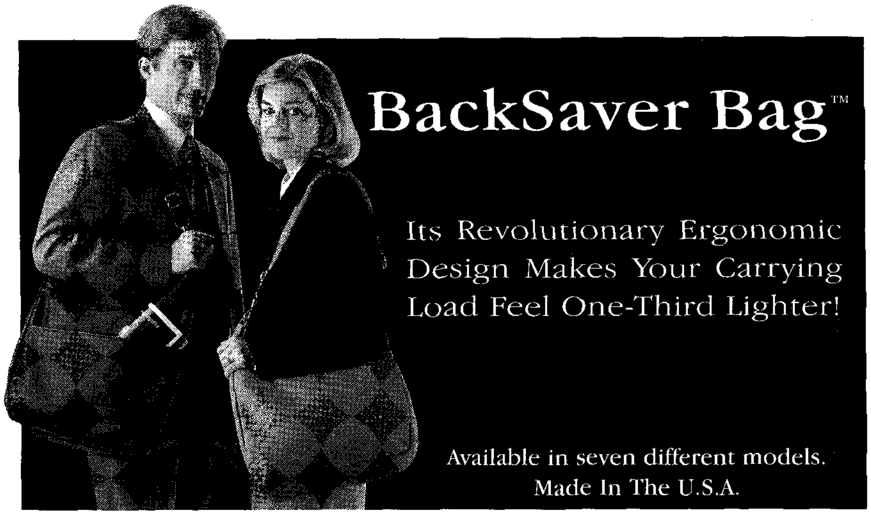

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BOOKS

THE TAK OF THE TOWN

Stephen King reinvents the bad cop.

BY ROGER ANGELL

ZOOMING along in Stephen King's massive new tour bus, "Desperation" (Viking; $27.95), we feel the mild private tingle of a passenger who senses, after the first swoosh of brakes, pillowy turn, and resumed deep-thrum acceleration, that he is in great hands. An affectionate confidence now bestowed upon the driver, we turn our gaze to a landscape at once depressingly familiar and satisfyingly weird, and snuggle down for the long ride, happy to leave the driving and thinking up front.

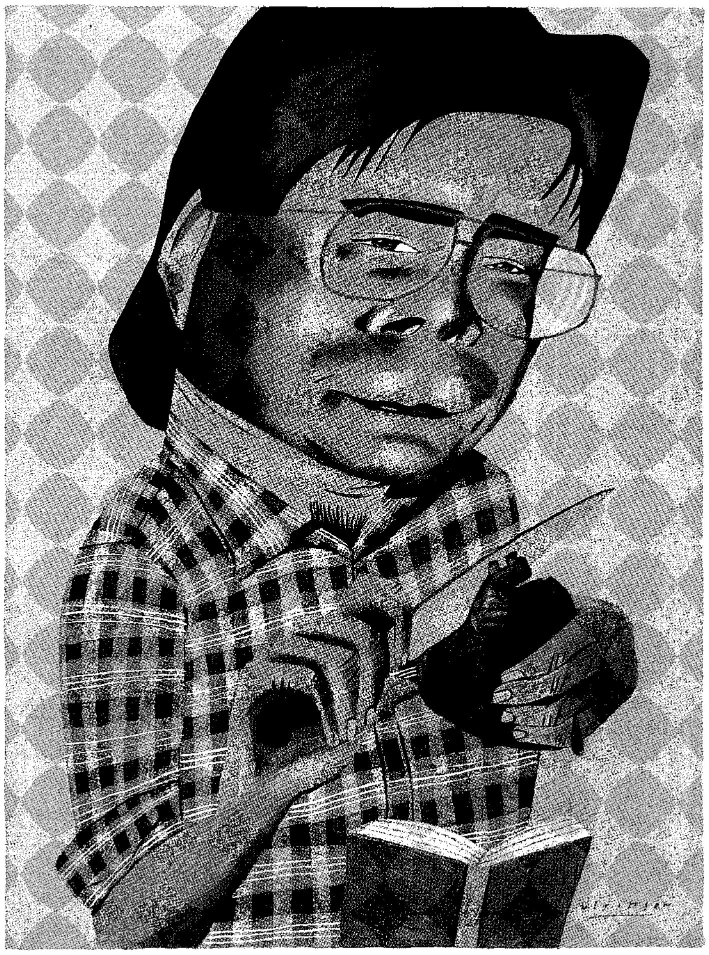
The highway image is inescapable, for most of the book's characters meet their nemesis on the road. Severally speeding to or past the desert hamlet of Desperation, Nevada—whether by Acura or Ryder truck or Harley-Davidson hog—they encounter a cop, Collie Entragian, with a real attitude. Never mind that he arrests the Carver family after blowing out all their tires, or leaves little Kirstie Carver's doll in the dirt by the highway, or fatally flings Kirstie herself down a flight of stairs, or slips an "I'm going to kill you" into the Miranda rights he is reciting to Mary and Peter Jackson, or mumbles "sarx" and "Tak!" and "Tak ah lah!" while driving another offender to jail, or that he can summon up buzzards and scorpions and rattlesnakes and spiders (they can *spell*, just like Charlotte) to help him on his rounds. Never mind that he has already killed (it turns out) just about the entire resident population of Desperation. Collie's got *real* problems. For starters, he's not well. Something is turning him into something else, and not only is he bulging and bloating horribly but he has begun to exsanguinate from every pore. He is a blood-gorgon in trouble:

> "Uck," he said, grimacing, and reached into his mouth like a man who's got a hair on his tongue. Instead of a hair, he pulled out the tongue itself. He looked at it for a moment, lying limply in his fist like a piece of liver, and tossed it aside.

Even for one who has fallen behind in his reading of the towering King œuvre (as we go to press, twenty-six novels, plus six more under the nom de gore of Richard Bachman, plus five story collections, plus nine screenplays, etc.), there is deep aesthetic pleasure in observing the Bangor Master while he is at work from the scarlet and carmine sectors of his palette. One is reminded of a different Down East obsessive, staring seaward from Prout's Neck: Stephen King is the Winslow Homer of blood.

Appearing simultaneously with "Desperation" is another novel by King—or, officially, Richard Bachman—called "The Regulators" (Dutton; $24.95). Bizarrely, many of the same characters appear in both "Desperation" and "The Regulators," although—go figure—in different times and places and periods of their lives. Both of these are dauntingly large canvases, but King never skimps or flags. In "Desperation," he stacks up the bodies—fourteen prior deads hung on hooks in a Quonset hut, sixty-one entombed in an old copper mine, the China Pit—in scenes one inexorably begins to foresee on-screen at the sixplex. He is never clumsy—the back pages of "Desperation" whirr by like a flip book—but sometimes I found myself peeking at my watch between chapters.

If anyone is flagging here, it's me, for I am an unredeemably old-fashioned creep-show customer, preferring low-digit slaughters to massacres and a single menace I can shudder over to some bottomless force of evil. Checking off the later victims on the book's very long roster, I directed my anxious sympathy toward the survivors, in particular to David Carver, our eleven-year-old born-again hero, who must bear the increasingly heavy burden of explaining to his elders that the multiform, carnage-prone Tak is a god or a demon or "maybe nothing at all . . . but a *dangerous* nothing." Having lost his sister Kirstie early on, poor David is left with a near-terminal wuss of a father, and a mother who gains seventy pounds as she becomes "the thing which had been Ellen." God—yes, He's a character here, too—has elected David to fix up the whole bad scene at the mine, in return for an earlier favor, but isn't much help; on the



No one is as deft with the carnage, or has as much fun with it.

MARK ULRIKSEN

other hand, David gets to perform a loaves-and-fishes number over a can of sardines.

CRACKING wise about Stephen King never feels unfair, since he radiates such an exuberant and inviting pleasure in his own work. Our admiration for him should encompass not only his boyish imagination and bottomless industry (he puts out more kilowatts than the Maine Yankee nuclear plant, down in Wiscasset) but the scurfy realism of his native settings. Nothing gets by him. There are cellular phones in "Desperation," but they don't work very well; when they do ring, they go *"Hmeep! Hmeep!"* He name-drops the make of the Carvers' Airstream RV, but also notices its home-added "Four Happy Wanderers" inscription. Kirstie's doll is named Melissa Sweetheart, and David collects baseball cards (one of them is signed by Albert Belle) and reads G.I. Joe and MotoKops and Judge Dredd comics. The mags on the coffee table in a mining-company office include *Guns & Ammo*, *Road & Track*, *Metallurgy Newsletter*, and "a very old *Penthouse* with Tonya Harding on the cover."

No one here is unknowing; no one can stand apart from this America. Collie Entragian, the Tak-possessed cop, says "Exit your vehicle" to a driver, but he is also thrilled ("Hol-ee *shit!*") when he finds that one of his arrestees is the famous novelist John Edward Marinville, a winner of the National Book Award; soon he is advising Johnny about the cover photograph for his next book. Ghouls and their victims share a common language, humming lines from Johnny Cash's "One Piece at a Time" or quoting Tony the Tiger's "Grrreat!" mind-burr out of the old Frosted Flakes commercial. David Carver squeezes through the bars of a jail cell after coating his body with Irish Spring soap, while his mother, now turned into blood sausage, thinks back, snarling, to what she had been only twelve hours before: "Mrs. Suburban Wifemom, on her way to a nice middle-class vacation at Lake Tahoe, where she had probably planned to wear her new resort clothes from Talbots over her new underwear from Victoria's Secret."

All of King's wilder material is built upon this dead-on knowledge of a post-consumer America, which he views without the cushioning of sentiment, or even irony, and because he gets it right we're happy, even eager, to accept his walk-on timber wolves heeding the otherworldly com-

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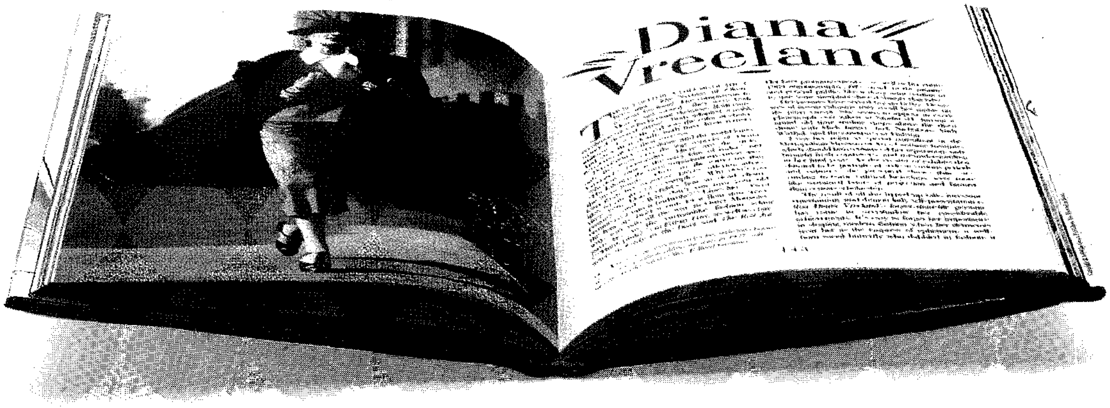

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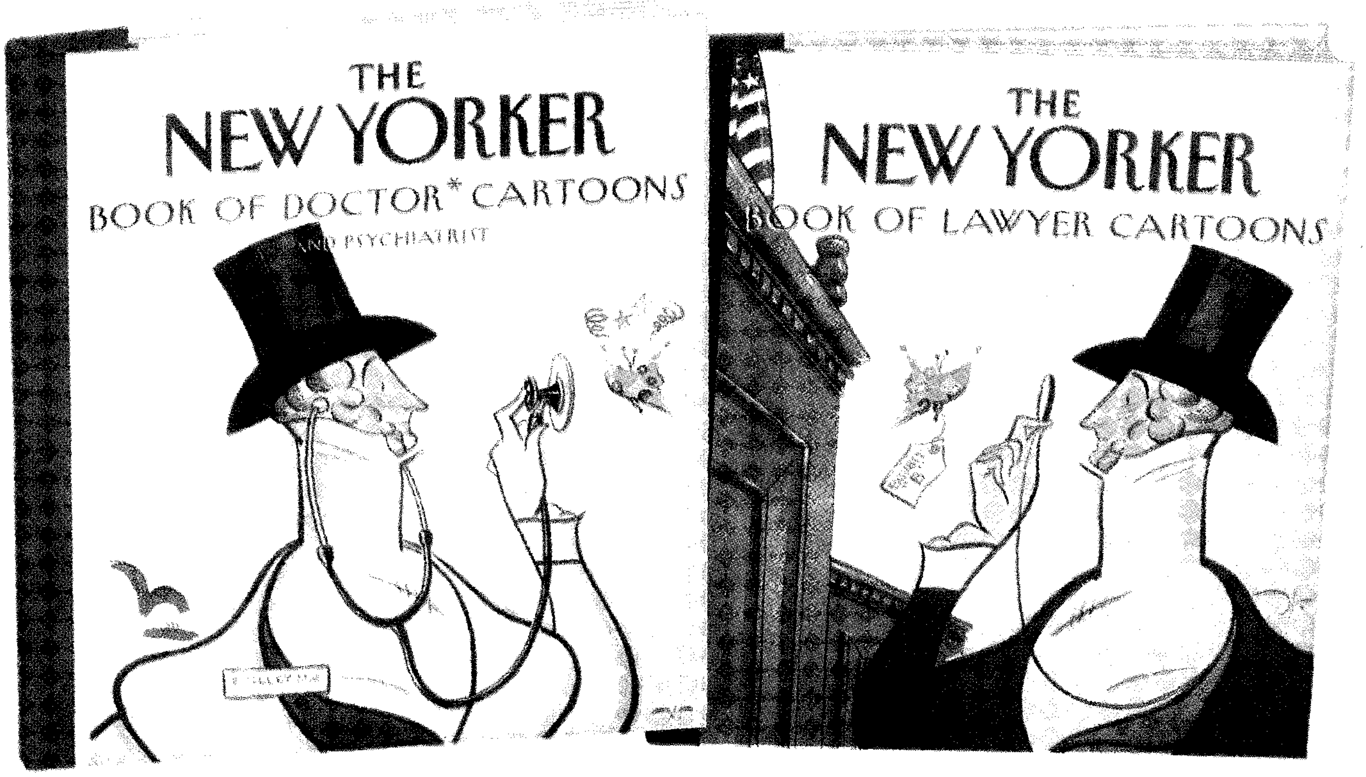

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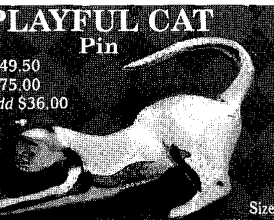

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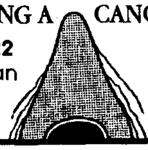
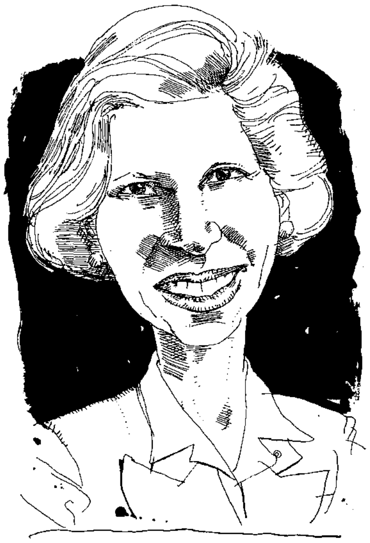


mand *"Mi him, en tow!"* and the rest. His land is our land, right out of *USA Today* and "Hard Copy," where the kids know computers, alcoholism, mass murders, and all the bad words, and share with us readers a grungy cultural DNA born of a million hours of rock lyrics, Jenny Jones and QVC television shows, mall shopping, and the local late-night news. For King, none of this is evil, even in the depersonalizing Wal-Martian sense; it's just *there.* This America is the old King place, his haunted house, and we hurry up the steps in response to his cheerful invitation, eager to find how he has made the boring landmark so fresh and scary once again. ◆

IRAQ'S UNCROWNED QUEEN

The Englishwoman who helped create an Arab nation.

BY SELINA HASTINGS



Janet Wallach

JOE CIARDIELLO

THE title of Janet Wallach's biography of Gertrude Bell, "Desert Queen" (Doubleday; $27.50), suggests a female version of Rudolph Valentino as the Sheik, all moonlight and sand dunes, flowing robes and kohl-rimmed eyes. Nothing could be further from the truth. Gertrude Bell, a British archeologist, Arabist, explorer, and spy, was tough, bossy, and clever. In temperament she irresistibly recalls another woman pioneer in a man's world, Margaret Thatcher. Like Thatcher, Gertrude Bell lived and breathed politics, was fascinated by power, had little sense of humor, and was considered by her detractors insensitive, arrogant, and rude. Girlishly susceptible to handsome charmers of the opposite sex, she was unsympathetic to the feminist cause and bored by the company of women. She was, however, without fear and utterly dedicated to her cause.

Born in 1868, the elder child of a prosperous ironmaster in the North of England, Gertrude was fortunate in her father, who, atypically for a Victorian papa, encouraged her precocity and allowed her to go to Oxford, where she distinguished herself as the first woman to be awarded a first-class degree in Modern History. In London, after two years at university, Gertrude chafed at the rigid social restrictions imposed upon well-brought-up young ladies, and made her impatience all too clear to the pink-cheeked youths relegated to pushing her around the dance floor at parties. "She was twenty years old, a snob, a bluestocking, a woman with an 'attitude'; her haughtiness and self-importance hardly appealed to eligible young men," Wallach writes, "and those who dared to court her were soon dismissed." Realizing that she was unlikely to find a husband at home, her family decided to send her abroad—to Bucharest, to stay with an uncle, Frank Lascelles, who was then Britain's Minister to Romania.

It was during a visit with the Lascelleses to Constantinople, and later to Teheran, that Gertrude discovered a passion for the East. Persia, she wrote home ecstatically, was "Paradise." A component of that paradise was the handsome young Henry Cadogan, a secretary at the British Embassy, with whom Gertrude fell in love, and to whom she became unofficially engaged. Her father, however, would have none of it, insisting that an impoverished junior diplomat was an inadequate prospect, and he whistled his daughter home. Returned to England, Gertrude prepared to wait for her parent to relent, but within months a telegram arrived from Teheran with the news that Cadogan was dead of pneumonia.

At this point, Gertrude Bell, heartbroken, abandoned any attempt to settle down and conform. For the next five years, she travelled extensively, mountaineering in France and Switzerland and exploring the Near East. In November of 1899, she set off for Jerusalem, where she proposed to learn

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Arabic, and it was here that her real love affair with the Arab world began. Relentlessly inquisitive, and courageous to a fault, she rode through the most inhospitable desert regions—to Petra, Palmyra, Damascus—often dressed as a Bedouin tribesman. Indifferent to convention, she succeeded in making friends with the Ottoman Turks on one side and with the evasive Druze on the other, her genuine fascination with the land and its history providing her, as a foreigner, with a freedom of access which would normally have been denied. With a little band of servants, she stayed in remote villages, pitched camp in hostile territory, and was entertained in the tents of tribal leaders with bitter coffee and mutton roasted over camel-dung fires.

Soon Gertrude Bell was returning home only with reluctance. "One doesn't keep away from the East when one has got into it this far," she wrote to her father. By her mid-thirties, she had become accepted by the Arabs as a friend and (the greatest compliment of all) an honorary man; her articles had appeared in learned journals that attracted respectful attention; her book, "The Desert and the Sown," was judged to be among the dozen best books on Eastern travel, and favorably compared with Charles Doughty's seminal "Arabia Deserta." In 1909, she made her first expedition eastward from Syria into Iraq, studying Hittite ruins and Roman and Byzantine churches, talking to tribesmen, and making notes for her study of the people and the archeology of Mesopotamia—a striking figure in the blistering heat, as she sat sketching among the ancient stones dressed in a white cotton shirt, a long skirt and a petticoat, black stockings, a sun helmet, and heavy lace-up shoes.

At the outbreak of war in 1914, Gertrude Bell, with her detailed knowledge and experience, was in a prime position to be of use to a British government that was eager to mobilize an Arab revolt against Turkish rule. In spite of some official hesitation over selecting a woman for such a crucial and dangerous role, she was recruited to work as a government informer, based first in the Arab Bureau in Cairo and then in Basra, where she had the distinction of being the only female political officer in the British forces. In 1916, she was sent on a confidential mission to Delhi in an attempt to improve relations between India and Egypt, and the following year she was appointed to the key intelligence post of Oriental Secretary in Baghdad.

After the war, Bell played a central part both in the setting up of an Arab government in Iraq and in the election of the Emir Faisal to the throne. The Arabs regarded her with enormous respect, and, having been a longtime supporter of Faisal, she was made much of by the new ruler. She was seated at his right hand at official receptions, and was referred to by the British and the Arabs alike as "the uncrowned queen of Iraq."

Naturally, such eminence attracted enemies. Although she always had supporters, Bell had been disliked by most of her male associates at the Arab Bureau: they resented not only her influence but her lack of tact and, in particular, her haughty indifference to their naturally superior status as men. T. E. Lawrence, whom Gertrude regarded as a friend, told two of Faisal's advisers behind her back, "Miss Bell has a poor mind. You should not attach any importance to what she says," while the distinguished diplomat and travel writer Mark Sykes, whom she had known in Jerusalem, referred to her as a "silly chattering windbag of conceited, gushing, flat-chested, man-woman, globe-trotting, rump-wagging, blethering *ass!*"

At odds with her colleagues, Gertrude Bell was no more fortunate with the men she loved. Some twenty years after Henry Cadogan's death, Gertrude conceived a passion for Richard Doughty-Wylie, a major in the Royal Welch Fusiliers, whom she met in 1907 while he was British official-in-residence at the consu-

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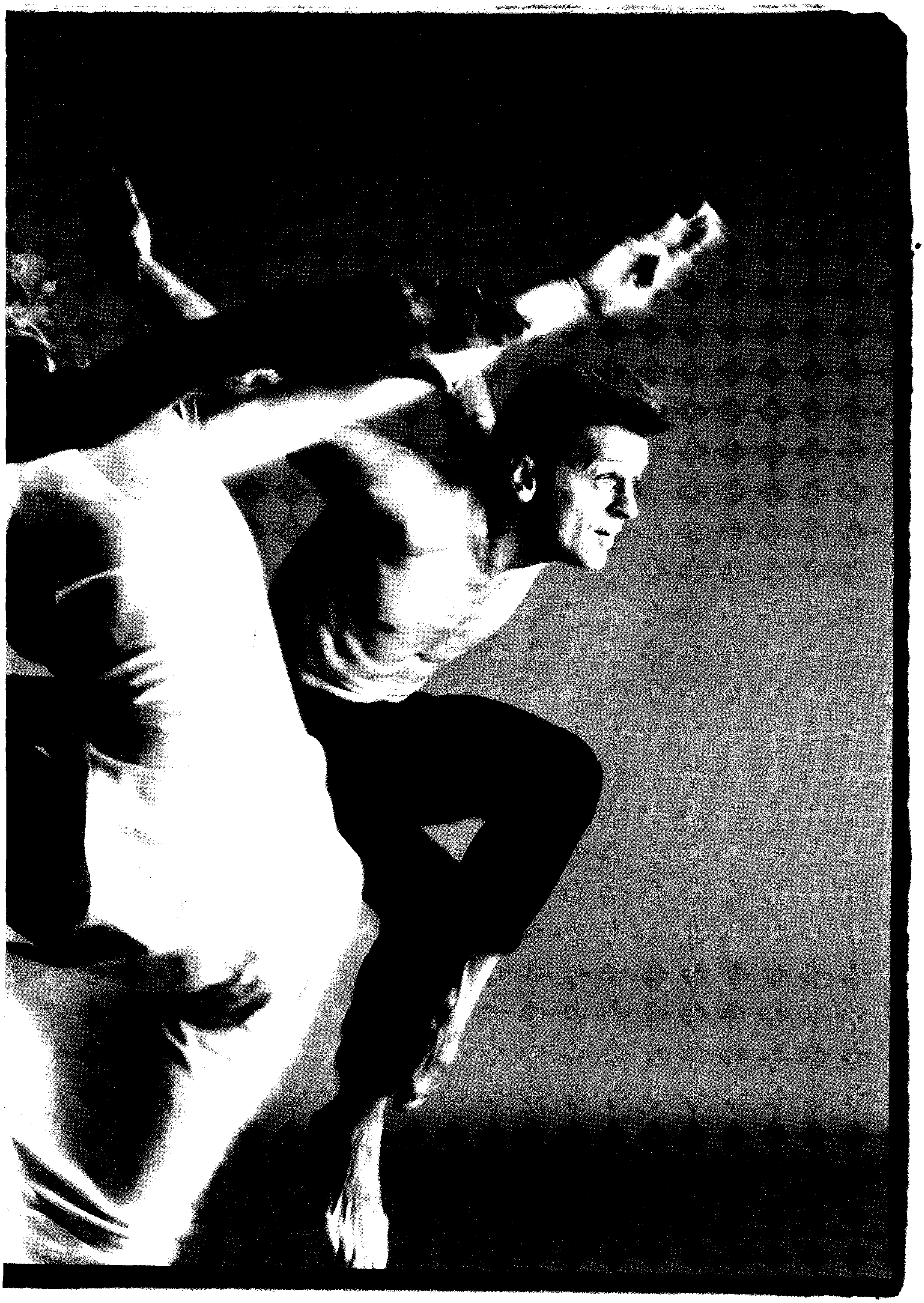
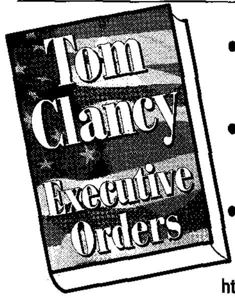
Winging into view at BAM on October 1st comes the twenty-fifth (can it be?) season of the Trisha Brown Company, a celebration of the unbounded, exquisitely relaxed choreographic imagination that is unmistakably hers. Each of the dances will bear her signature while appearing also to offer a pure glimpse of the undiscoverable. The season includes reconstructed pieces (Brown describes the process as "learning elusiveness") and new ones, and the music runs from Bach and Webern to the Grateful Dead, Laurie Anderson, and even Robert Rauschenberg. Here are Ms. Brown and Mikhail Baryshnikov, dancing to Rauschenberg in the duet "You Can See Us." Yes, we can.

Photograph by Chris Callis





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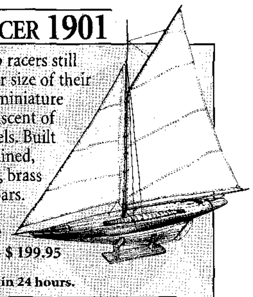

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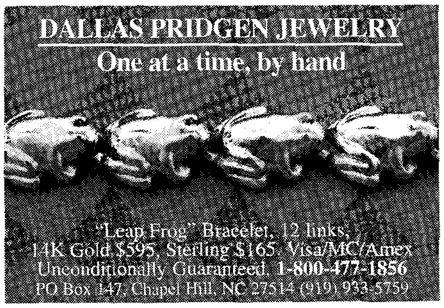

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late in Konya, Turkey. Dick Doughty-Wylie was virile, funny, and good-looking, with an appetite for adventure as great as her own. He was also married. For several years, he and Gertrude conducted a tense and highly charged relationship, mainly epistolary and always frustrating, with Gertrude high-mindedly backing off whenever there was a chance of consummation. During the long months that they inevitably spent apart, Gertrude missed him painfully. In the middle of the war, they unexpectedly had a chance for four days together in London, but, yet again, when the moment came nothing was allowed to happen—an opportunity missed which Gertrude agonized over in letters, and which never occurred again, as Doughty-Wylie was killed at Gallipoli.

It took years for Gertrude to recover from his death, but in her fifties, thin, gray-haired, and prematurely aged, she fell in love once more—this time with Ken Cornwallis, a tall, blue-eyed former intelligence officer employed as a personal adviser to King Faisal. Cornwallis was divorced and Gertrude longed to marry him, repeatedly proposing and repeatedly being turned down. "The truth is," she wrote to her sister, "that I care for Ken as much as ever and for no one else in the world so much. . . . Now I'm bent on showing him what he really knows, that he can't do without me." But Ken was not to be caught.

For the first time in her life, Gertrude was aware of being lonely. With the regime in Iraq established, she had no further political role to play and was no longer of importance. True, she had a house in Baghdad; there was work for her at the archeological museum, which she herself had founded; and there was still translating to be done and reports to be written. But this was not enough to fill her time. There were fewer visitors, she was unwell, and she began to suffer from depression. To a former assistant she wrote, "I am not enjoying life at all. One has the sharp sense of being near the end of things. . . . It is a very lonely business living here now."

On July 11, 1926, three days before her fifty-eighth birthday, and after spending a pleasant afternoon with friends, she went early to bed with an extra dose of sleeping pills, and never awoke.

JANET WALLACH'S account of the life of this brave, clever, difficult woman is in some ways excellent, in other ways rather bad. As the co-author of three previous books on the Middle East, Wallach deals superbly with Arab politics and history, unfolding clearly the extraordinary complications that surrounded the corrupt and enfeebled Ottoman Empire, the relations between the Turks and the Arabs and between the Arabs and the British, the infighting, and the delicate diplomatic balances. She is good, too, at establishing a sense of place, whether London, Cairo, Jerusalem, or Baghdad. However, she is less certain of the approach that is demanded of a biographer.

While she has been fortunate in having had at her disposal a vast number of letters and diaries written by Gertrude Bell, which she often quotes to good effect, Wallach has not had the confidence to stand back from this material and make it her own. Thus there are pages and pages—describing journeys across the desert, dinner parties, conversations, clothes—that are all too obviously crude paraphrases of Bell's own words. This failure of objectivity leads to a mountain of unnecessary information, so that time and again her story sinks under detail like the ruins of Babylon into the sands. For Wallach as for many contemporary biographers, no fact once found must be left out. We really do not need to know that at the house of Lord and Lady Arthur Russell, in Mayfair, where as a young woman Gertrude occasionally paid a call, the drawing-room windows were washed once a week; nor is it necessary to be told that at the Damascus Palace Hotel, where Gertrude stayed in 1913, "full pension, but not wine, was included in the ten-franc daily room rate."

Far worse, however, is what overtakes Wallach when she deals with her heroine's love affairs. Here we find ourselves back with Rudolph Valentino and "The Sheik." Take this passage, recounting a visit of Dick Doughty-Wylie to Gertrude in England:

> She took refuge in his arms. As they embraced, her smouldering dreams of the last year burst into flame. His lips pressed against hers, and she melted against his soldier's muscular body. He told her she was life itself, a fire that burned with passion. He needed her. He hungered for her. She listened in ecstasy, and more than anything, she wanted to give herself to him.

The effect is as though one were reading two books simultaneously: one a highly intelligent history of the Middle East, the other a Harlequin romance. The two styles sit uneasily with each other, and Wallach should have chosen between them. As it is, she has done neither herself nor her subject justice. ♦

BRIEFLY NOTED

An Experiment in Love, by Hilary Mantel (Holt; $23). Two girls from a factory town in northern England are admitted to an upper-class Catholic school but not to upper-class society. They hate each other; when they both end up at London University, one of them, the narrator, starves, while the other fattens. The story takes its energy from the barbed badinage that only in England could pass for friendship, and from deeper forms of deprivation and cruelty. In the end, you just wish that this brutal, bracing novel were longer.

The Year of the Flood, by Eduardo Mendoza; translated from the Spanish by Nick Caistor (Harvill/HarperCollins; $16). In this novella, Mendoza disabuses us of two commonly held misconceptions about nuns: that they are immune to the temptations of the flesh once they don the habit, and that this same habit renders them unalluring. In nineteen-fifties Catalonia, the Mother Superior of a provincial order approaches a landowner for help in founding a nursing home and soon realizes that the dizziness she feels in his presence has nothing to do with her health. Her transgression, when it comes, ruins neither her nor the unpredictability of the narrative.

Searching for Memory, by Daniel L. Schacter (Basic; $27). Remembering how to ride a bicycle is different from remembering the date of the Magna Carta. This splendidly lucid book explains why, and describes how new technologies permit scientists to determine what brain centers control which memories. It also approaches subjects that have been sensationalized—hypnosis, multiple personality, and "recovered" memories of sexual abuse—calmly, rationally, and believably.

Mama's Girl, by Veronica Chambers (Riverhead; $22.95). In this troubling testament to grit and mother love, Chambers, a former *Times* editor, sets down in telling detail the harsh balance of power in her black immigrant family. While the story of her own achievement under grim, often violent circumstances is extraordinary, the reader is left feeling particularly grateful for the author's compassion. Her portrait of her Panamanian mother, Cecilia—proud, protective, angry, and in need—is one of the finest and most evenhanded in the genre in recent years.

An Architectural Life: Memoirs & Memories of Charles W. Moore, edited by Kevin P. Keim (Bulfinch/Little, Brown; $50). Architects are routinely such terrible writers that it is especially pleasurable to encounter exceptions. The low-key prose of the late Charles Moore, combining theory and personal reminiscence, is so clear, so enjoyable, and so charmingly persuasive that even his uglier projects seem justified. Tracing his artistic evolution and his teaching career, this amply illustrated, somewhat worshipful collection also includes the testimony of colleagues and friends. More important, it communicates a rich sense of Moore's joy in designing, collaborating, and placemaking, and the consequent magic that made his best creations landmarks of postmodernism.

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PALIMPSEST A Memoir

"As I left Henry Kissinger in the Sistine Chapel gazing thoughtfully at the hell section of *The Last Judgment*, I said to the lady with me, 'Look, he's apartment hunting.'"

GORE VIDAL

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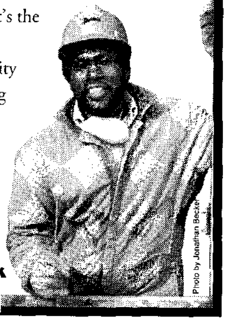
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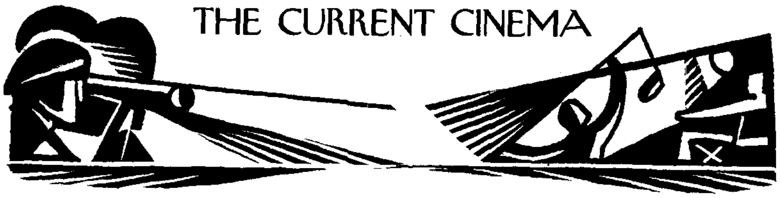

THE CURRENT CINEMA

STILL HAZY AFTER ALL THESE YEARS

"Beyond the Clouds" is a master's elegy for the art film.

BY ANTHONY LANE

Unmistakably Antonioni: errant lovers, misty weather, and a weakness for profundity.

IN the fog of an Italian town, a handsome young man falls in love with a beautiful young woman. He tries to kiss her. When this fails, he tells her, "I'm a drainage-pump technician." Amazingly, this approach, too, is unsuccessful. They spend the night in the same hotel, but in separate rooms. She undresses and waits for him, in vain. In the morning, she is gone. A voice informs us, "They never met again." Two years later, they meet again. By chance, they attend the same movie. Afterward, she brings him up to date. "I've been wondering recently why I have such a need to hear words," she says. He feels differently. "I'm enslaved by your silence," he says. At last they go to bed, where his desire is so perfect that he cannot possibly spoil it by actually making love. He leaves. Whether they ever meet again is unclear. Only one thing is certain: we have been watching a Michelangelo Antonioni film.

"Beyond the Clouds," which plays at the New York Film Festival on September 28th and 29th, could well be Antonioni's final work. I hope that I'm wrong about this, but the man is turning eighty-four next week, and is not in the best of health, and the movie feels like a summation of his abiding concerns. More than a distillation, certainly: it's a long haul, not exactly rambling but taking its time to stroll through a number of separate plots, as if touring the soundstages of a favorite studio, and pausing every so often to enjoy the sights, most of which consist of women's legs. There are four stories in all, beginning with the drainage pumper (Kim Rossi-Stuart) and his beloved (Inès Sastre). The scene then switches from Ferrara to Portofino, where a movie director (John Malkovich) spies a woman (Sophie Marceau) in a shopwindow. When they finally meet, and even before they retire for the statutory coupling, she announces that she murdered her father. The third and most complicated section—the only one, at any rate, in which cause and effect, rather than dream logic, have a say in human conduct—takes place in Paris, where Roberto (Peter Weller)

RICCARDO VECCHIO

has a lengthy affair with Olga (Chiara Caselli), to the chagrin of his wife, Patrizia (Fanny Ardant). When Patrizia eventually walks out, she goes to rent an apartment and finds it occupied by a man (Jean Reno) who looks as beached and betrayed as herself. Guess what happens next. Finally, we get a joke—a playlet that depends on its punch line. Niccolo (Vincent Perez) follows yet another beautiful woman (Irène Jacob) to church, where he falls asleep. When he awakes, she is gone. He runs after her, sweet-talks her, and asks to see her the next day. Whereupon she turns at the door of her apartment and fires off the last word in put-downs: "Tomorrow I enter a convent." And she goes inside, without even bothering to stop and have sex. Extraordinary behavior.

"Beyond the Clouds" is not a misogynist picture, but Antonioni is so thoroughly conditioned by the habits of an Italian lifetime to revere women, and so keen to ascribe a grail-like fascination to their bodies and souls, that it might be easier for all concerned if he did dislike them. The entire film, in fact, is riddled with the shortcomings that have made irreverent moviegoers snort at Antonioni for so long: his own sense of humor, for one thing, lying withered and unused in the corner, not to mention his sententiousness, and the infuriating ease with which he foists his characters into a kind of spiritual gridlock before—or, to be precise, instead of—making any attempt to introduce them. Such loftiness, which was already sky-high when Antonioni made "L'Avventura" and "La Notte," thirty years ago, has hardly succumbed to the gravity of the years; "Beyond the Clouds" is still, as you might guess from its title, way up there. On what ground, then, might one dare to argue that this is, despite everything, a pretty wonderful movie, and that you should find a ticket while you can?

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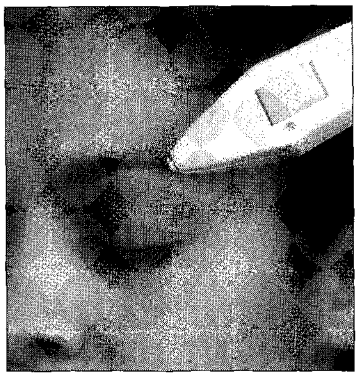
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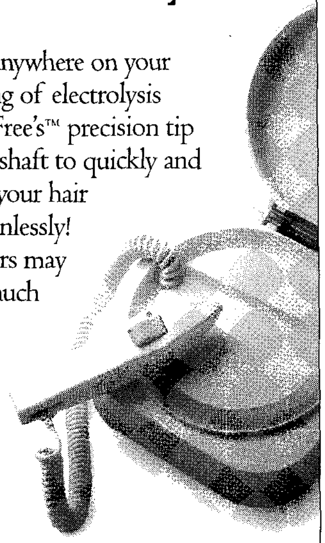

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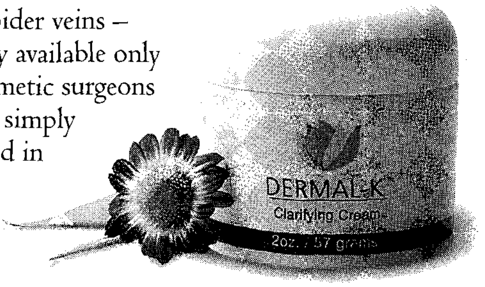

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a filmmaker who could never be mistaken for anyone else. Antonioni's movies beg for parody, but the true parodic instinct is by definition born of homage—it's a half-respectful reply to a style that demands attention. Antonioni brings his own spaces and silences; he shrouds the earth in his own weather—close to the lyrical gloom of Marcel Carné, but with an extra pearl-gray veiling, which, far from clinching lovers together, tends to keep them errant and apart. I recall Woody Allen's expressing admiration for the fog scene in "Identification of a Woman" and a corresponding desire to re-create it for one of his own productions; Woody's eyes should mist over at the sight of the new movie, which appears to deliver its dramatis personae from a netherworld of haze and rain. They could, you sense, be sucked back into it at any time; it's as if every relationship on view here were distantly modelled on that of Orpheus and Eurydice, its urgency matched only by the undying threat of transience. The one trustworthy status is that of solitude—you can break out of it, launch brief raids into the lives of others, and then retreat to lick your wounds. Nothing in "Beyond the Clouds" is more uncluttered, or more evocative, than a shot of John Malkovich at the beach: he sits perfectly still on a swing, while the sand at his feet, whipped by the coastal wind, eddies and breaks like waves.

So much sadness seems to rise and radiate from this scene that, as often happens with Antonioni, you're amazed that he feels the need to enlarge upon it in the surrounding dialogue. Reading back through my notes on the movie, I was battered by the memory of bad lines: "Have you noticed nobody watches sunsets anymore?"; "I think that to be happy we should eliminate our thoughts"; "We always want to live in someone else's imagination." In the unlikely event that any of these remarks turned out to be true, they would still be marked by an indelible dramatic gaucheness; it's almost touching to think that an effortless visual maturity can coexist with such adolescent *tristesse*. Malkovich gets the worst of the deal; in the role of the movie director—Antonioni's representative on earth, so to speak—he is not only caught up in the Portofino chunk of the plot but charged with the Virgilian task of guiding us through the other parts. The film begins with his cinematic musings on an airplane, and he keeps popping up, as if to reassure us, just in case we've forgotten, that it *is* a film. Well, I never. At the end, when Irène Jacob slips into her apartment, leaving her admirer on the stairs, Malkovich is there on the street where she lives.

There is an odd naïveté to this pattern of appearances; Antonioni nudges us to theorize about his work—he condemns us to become film critics, you might say, instead of proper viewers—even though the landscapes of "Beyond the Clouds," both human and geographical, can and should be left to speak passionately for themselves. No one has found such fired-up anger in Fanny Ardant before, or such creepy brooding in the skullish features of Peter Weller; nobody—not even Kieślowski—has looked so carefully at Irène Jacob and realized that her natural expression is a kind of pun, at once flirtatious and sweetly devotional. When he gets down to sex itself, of course, Antonioni is in his element; the closeups of limbs and breasts have a certain chill to them—if we are honest about lovemaking, he suggests, does it really comprise more than the suave or fumbling rearrangement of body parts?—and yet the sheer intentness of the erotic scenes shows people at their most desperate to come alive. I used to balk at the Antonioni movies of the nineteen-sixties and seventies, at the insistence—the moral bigotry—with which alienation was urged upon us as the only available option. The director was serious in his purposes, but that very sincerity acquired a frill of chic; what is most moving about "Beyond the Clouds" is that, far from growing crusty or irascible in his old age, Antonioni has relaxed. The film is rife with images of discord and disquiet, but, possessed of a grace that I haven't seen in his work since the elegant early days of "Story of a Love Affair," it has the good manners to offer its unhappiness less as a precondition than as a suggestion: take it or leave it.

There are two reasons you should go and see "Beyond the Clouds" at the festival. First, it has so far failed to find a distributor here, thus joining such distinguished recent company as Leos Carax's "Les Amants du Pont-Neuf" and Emir Kusturica's "Underground." Second—and this is hardly a separate reason—it feels like one of the last of its breed. "Beyond the Clouds" is many things, some of them more successful than others, but I take it to be, above all, an elegy for the art movie. I never quite thrilled to the battle that was pitched between mainstream and art cinema, but if low-level warfare has simmered for the last fifty years it has now been comprehensively won by Hollywood. The dedication to European cinema has, within a generation, sunk from a robust moviegoing habit to a buffs' charter. That is why there is such relief, and a breeze of nostalgia, in watching "Beyond the Clouds." It even contains a brief, inconsequential skit that serves no purpose other than to provide cameos for Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni—king and queen of the art house. I know perfectly well that there is something absurd in such crumbling Continental melancholy, in the concoction of ravishing women and reflex and virtually thoughtless philosophizing. But this weakness for profundity nevertheless signals, in retrospect, a certain strength of character—an eagerness to get something across, or at least to wrap us in a hypnotizing mood. I don't happen to believe that Antonioni's work *is* profound, but the illusion of profundity is so spooky, and so exquisitely managed, that it will do just as well. "There's a cure for everything," Jean Reno tells Fanny Ardant. "That's what concerns me," she replies. The world of Michelangelo Antonioni throngs with sick souls, and we may be slightly sick of them by now, but I wouldn't want them to get better. ◆

OH, YEAH? DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in the Mexico City News*]

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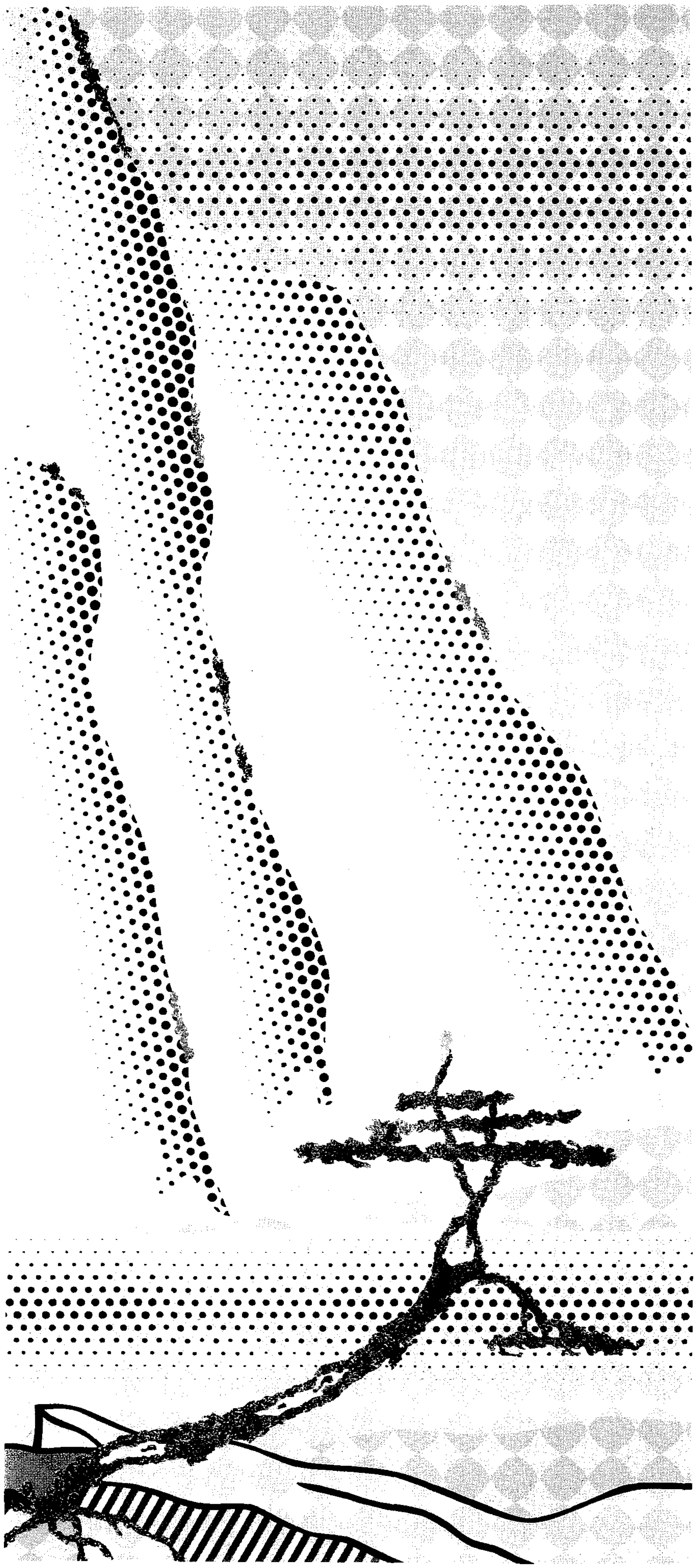
AT THE GALLERIES

THE GOOD CHINA

FOR more than thirty years, Roy Lichtenstein has been processing other art into Lichtensteins. Cézanne, Mondrian, Picasso, Monet, Art Deco, Surrealism, German Expressionism, Purism, Cubism, Futurism, American Indian art, and quite a few other styles have gone into the magic meat grinder of this sovereign ironist and come out looking recognizable but different—so Lichtensteinian that your take on the originals is permanently altered. Art in our century tends to be about art, but a Lichtenstein is about reproduction—the printed image that becomes, through infinitely subtle variations of the familiar dot-matrix manner, a new original.

This season, he's doing Chinese landscapes. The new paintings, on view starting September 28th at the Leo Castelli gallery, look less like Lichtensteins than anything he has yet produced: spare, subtly colored canvases, with very few black lines. Some of them actually manage to suggest the atmospheric wizardry of Chinese art. "It's not really what I do—all that subtlety and atmosphere," he said last month in his Long Island studio. "I like to think of them as pseudo-contemplative." (You don't catch Roy Lichtenstein with his irony down.) The idea came to him after he saw Degas monotypes at the Met. "For some reason," as he put it, they made him think of doing Chinese landscapes. He went out and bought a lot of books on Chinese art. "The thing that interested me was the mountains in front of mountains in front of mountains," he said. "And huge nature with little people. We all have a vague idea of what Chinese landscapes look like—that sense of grandeur the Chinese felt about nature. In my paintings, it's not nature, of course, it's just dots. But it wasn't nature when they did it, either. Any painting is so far from the real look. It's a symbol that reminds you of reality, sometimes, if it does." Here it does.

—CALVIN TOMKINS



Roy Lichtenstein's "Yellow Cliffs" (1996)

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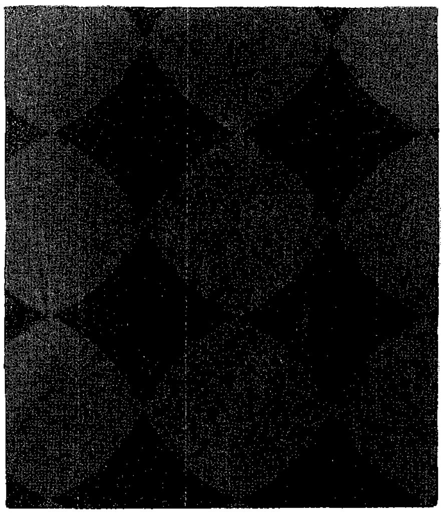
MUSICAL EVENTS

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Morton Feldman's revival and City Opera's rebirth.

BY PAUL GRIFFITHS

MORTON FELDMAN cropped up twice in John Rockwell's 1983 "All American Music," both times as a name on a list, even if in one case he was distinguished as "the most impressive" of four composers associated with John Cage. Thirteen years later, welcoming us to the new Lincoln Center Festival, Mr. Rockwell felt able to declare boldly that "Morton Feldman was a natural choice for the first composer to be honored" by that festival, his music being "evidently important yet, for those receptive to its allures, seductively beautiful." The encomium is still a bit awkward and curmudgeonly, but clearly there's been a shift of opinion, and it hasn't affected only Mr. Rockwell. Since Feldman's death, in 1987, his music has flourished as never before—flourished in respect, in abundance of performances, and, most spectacularly, in representation on record.



Feldman's music has us waiting for nothing to happen.

JAMES BURRIS

Some of this attention has surely been prompted by the late works, several of which, in their extreme length, go out into territory music didn't know before. The Lincoln Center Festival's promise of String Quartet II had to be withdrawn, because the Kronos Quartet, which played the work several times in the mid-eighties, found itself no longer able to cope with the muscular fatigue of making music for six hours without interruption. Nevertheless, in one weekend the festival managed to provide a course of increasing tests in patience: "Why Patterns?," for flute, percussion, and piano (thirty minutes); "Triadic Memories," for solo piano (seventy-five); "Three Voices," for Joan La Barbara—who else?—with two tracks of herself (ninety).

These works are, frankly, boring, but that isn't really the point. Feldman's whole effort was to counter the assumption that music must be interesting—that it must engage us, speak to us, tell us something about human feeling or the life of plants or four-part voice-leading. His music generally won't play those games. Far from commanding attention, it makes the hush of near-inaudibility and the tempo of calm its hallmarks. Far from giving us some message or memory to possess, it is always a shadow slipping away, its only purpose being to provide, for a while, a gentle envelope of sound. Feldman was interested in the decay of sonorities, in patterns that quiver, in structures that are altering even as we become aware of them, in the instability caused by avoidance of pulse, in our doubt about when a note began, in our uncertainty whether what we're hearing is circling reiteration or a slow onward line of change—change not directed to some purpose but simply occurring because that's the way time goes, taking things away from us and substituting new ones. All these qualities make his music intensely frustrating and, in the case of the long works, eventually annoying, especially when we're listening with anticipation.

The music's almost bound to have such effects in the recital hall. Feldman's main aim was to remove rhetoric, and recitals are rhetorical devices. Performers perform. We may expect the transcendental, but we want fun, tears, and virtuosity along the way. A pianist's rendering of perfect flatness for close on an hour and a half makes for a disconcerting sort of concert, since it's hard to remain impressed by, or involved in, how difficult it is to maintain lack of interest. Also, Feldman's achievement of vacant time—of time in which we're waiting for nothing to happen—is supported by only the most fragile machinery of meaningless repetitions, unpredictable unpredictabilities, and constancy of tone. We may be unable to enter that world when all around us is the evidence of time filled as usual—with the movement in a singer's face, the echo of a cough, a neighbor's shuffling in her seat.

But heard on record, especially by way of headphones, the raw absence of meaning can be a tonic and the continuous presence of beauty a delight. The pulse of time slows, and boredom becomes a kind of unexpectant alertness. Even then, I have to confess, I have difficulties with pieces that last longer than half an hour: the problem is partly of concentration but also of trust. How do you persuade yourself that you have to listen to "For Philip Guston" (four hours for a trio similar to that of the more humane "Why Patterns?"), and not put on "Tristan" or read "Madame Bovary" or take a walk? How do you do so in the assurance of experiencing, at best, an exquisitely disturbed tranquillity?

Better the less immoderate late pieces, such as "Why Patterns?" On the CRI recording, with the composer on piano, this piece eventually opens into a free flurry of birdsongs. (The Lincoln Center Festival performance just didn't.) There are also, on this same time scale, excellent alternative accounts of how Feldman moves at the piano: one from Roger Woodward, in the work entitled simply "Piano" (with "Triadic Memories" and other pieces, on Etcetera); the other from Alan Feinberg, in "Palais de Mari" (on Koch). One could argue that Aki Takahashi, who was the festival's chosen pianist, is a more Feldmanesque performer, in that she validates the music's claim to exist in a continuous present, perpetually reëvoked by changes within an essential sameness or by repetitions that are never sufficiently guaranteed for us to be sure they'll continue. But Feldman's music, like most, profits from ambiguity, and even conflict. Mr. Woodward's "Piano" is hardly the same piece as Ms. Takahashi's (played in the festival and recorded by Mode). Chords that she detaches he makes into lumbering chains, by pedalling much more and bringing forward the treble melody, carrying us into "Cathédrale Engloutie" territory and beyond, to the borders of late-Romantic malaise. Mr. Feinberg goes a different way. In tones as pure and fresh as morning mist, he paints a breathtaking stretch of time, where the melancholy is that of grace no sooner found than lost, always departing.

Feldman's own solo recordings on the German RZ label (of much earlier pieces: "Intermission V" and "Extensions III," both dating from 1952) are different again, and strikingly different from recordings of these works by David Tudor on the same disk or by Ms. Takahashi in her Mode anthology. The composer is much slower. His touch creates sounds that rise as bruises, almost without perceptible attack. And he never treats repeats as repeats: each time, because of some slight change in duration or tone quality, the question is freshly posed.

From one piece to the next, as within pieces, Feldman never tired of repeating himself, because not to have done so would have been to entertain the possibility of progress and thereby to negate his entire artistic endeavor. But he could switch to another part of

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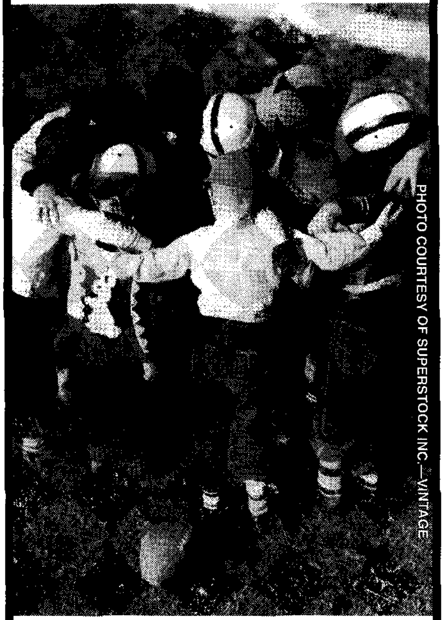

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the same landscape, as he did in the huge late pieces, and also in the late sixties and early seventies, when he seemed to be accommodating himself to more normal notions of the work of art as an object of pleasure. The pieces not only are generally quite short but balance impassiveness, which was Feldman's constant manner, with superlative care in the placement and instrumentation of chords and single tones. (The lack of such care is what disturbs in the most repetitious later works, such as "For John Cage," for violin and piano, which begins—and this is as far as I've ever got—with three or four minutes of pianissimo echoings of two-note phrases and single notes.)

Much the best part of the retrospective was its first half hour, when we heard two of the fine middle-period pieces for tender ensembles—"I Met Heine on the Rue Fürstenberg" and "The Viola in My Life I"—following a dedicatory performance from Ms. La Barbara of Feldman's Opus 1, the unaccompanied Rilke song "Only" (1947), which suggests that he was ready to meet Cage some years before he did, since it recalls nothing so much as the few-note melodies of what was then Cage's most recent music. The piece from the viola series featured beautiful playing from Paul Neubauer in the title role, entering imperceptibly and letting each note grow as one cool whole. Once again, there are different ways to play this music, which is a proof of its quality. Karen Phillips, for whom Feldman wrote the series, is rich and warm in her recording under his direction; Barbara Maurer—playing the first two with the Ensemble Recherche on an excellent Montaigne disk that also includes "I Met Heine"—makes a non-vibrato sound that can appear furtive (the rising melody moving away like a snake through grass) or else folkish and forlorn.

Another worthwhile record is the latest from Ms. La Barbara, on New Albion, which includes "Only," along with two pieces that achieve a virtue rare for this composer (because unsought)—unforgettability. "Vertical Thoughts V" has just five vertical thoughts—strident slashes of similar sound, each topped by the soprano singing, in a high, strained register, a word from the line "Life is a passing shadow"—separated by rumblings from a solo percussionist. "Pianos and Voices," for five of each, is a soft haze of chords and vocalises which suddenly turns nasty: a celesta enters with a characteristic footling three-note wobble, and we find we're left with just one piano and one lonely voice.

The loneliness and the persistence are Feldman's. Whatever one makes of the vast lightness of his final years—the big orchestral works of this period are still unrecorded, and under such conditions of ignorance a performance of one of them might have been a more useful festival contribution for the Philharmonic than its playthrough of the earlier and brief "Structures"—he moved away from compromise at a time when most artists were hurrying in the opposite direction. Now, still, we need his example.

MEANWHILE, the City Opera season has opened with "Falstaff," "Madame Butterfly," "La Bohème," and "Der Rosenkavalier," a selection that could easily have been the Met's, and suggests that the junior company is having trouble defining its difference—especially now that it rarely sings in translation and has lost its taste for adventure. The State Theatre sounds a bit better than it did last year. But the orchestral tone, at the "Butterfly" performance I attended, was still boxed in, and the playing not very elegant. The chorus, too, needs a lot of work. So do the lighting and makeup departments.

There is a good deal, then, for the new regime to achieve, and these are early days. Some signs of how things will go may be available next month when the Glimmerglass-derived production of "The Turn of the Screw" opens, but somebody needs to decide soon what City Opera is for. ♦

Barbara Stalnaker, 43, of Salem, suffered minor injury after a car she was riding in struck a cow crossing Western Reserve Road at 8:15 p.m. The accident occurred about 1 mile east of Ohio 534 in Berlin Township. The car had to be destroyed by his owner.—*Youngstown* (*Ohio*) *Canfield Town Crier*.

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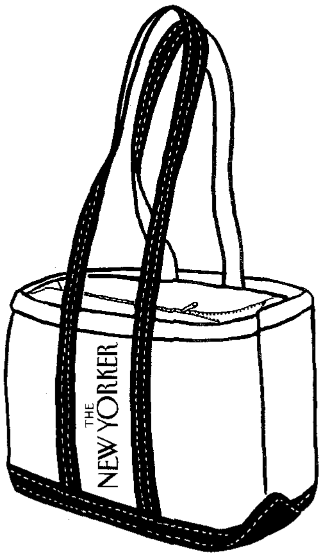

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THE THEATRE

A MORAL AFFAIR

Comfort and conscience have a love-hate relationship in David Hare's new play.

BY JOHN LAHR

DAVID HARE has been one of the most visible bricks in the imposing wall of British theatre since he broke through, in 1970, with "Slag." His jeremiads about the collapsing state of England and his rants about social justice have been delivered in such varied and successful plays as "Plenty" (1978), an attack on the corruption of the upper classes; "Pravda" (1985, with Howard Brenton), an attack on the tabloid press; "Racing Demon" (1990), to my mind his best play, which attacked the entropy of the Anglican Church; and, most recently, the award-winning "Skylight"—currently at the Royale Theatre, on Broadway, for a limited engagement—which attacks just about everything else. Here Hare's invective ("I'm tired of these right-wing fuckers," one excellent tirade begins) makes him, as Michael Billington, the critic for *The Guardian*, put it, "John Osborne's natural heir." (Hare himself says that "Look Back in Anger" "is the modern play I'd most like to have written.") The comparison is wrong but relevant. Osborne was a reactionary brawler—reckless, bullying, as capable of the low blow as of the precision punch—who could rarely go the distance. Hare, who is more of a technician, is a slick, smart, guarded, and progressive in-fighter; his jabs are accurate, if not always memorable, and he never risks the vulgarity of an intemperate explosion. This is why he wins more of his theatrical battles. Osborne, at his best, writes like a bad boy; Hare writes like a Head Boy—articulate, forthright, mature beyond his years, alternately severe and supercilious. He's a model of good form. Not surprisingly, he holds the record for having the most plays produced (ten) in the history of the Royal National Theatre, whose director, Richard Eyre, expertly directs "Skylight." But Hare's success and his social conscience are at odds: they put him in a moral quandary that is at the center of both "The Secret Rapture" (1988) and "Skylight"—plays that, each in its own way, struggle with the dichotomy of being big and being good.

FRANÇOISE ROUSSET

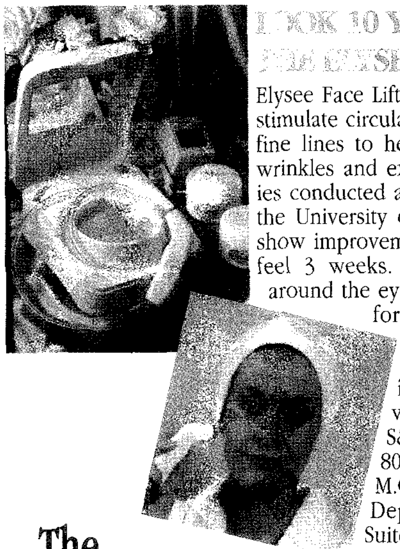
In "Skylight," the entrepreneur Tom Sergeant is big (public company, limousine, island retreat); Kyra Hollis, his beloved former mistress, is good (she has given up the lush life to teach the underprivileged in a "comprehensive" East Ham high school). Hare puts them toe to toe onstage and shows us how comfort and conscience don't live happily together. Yet for all his eloquence he doesn't have a storyteller's love of texture and the mysterious idiosyncrasies of character. His dramas are really essays with legs, and the characters are stick figures for his ideas. They set out a hypothesis and then elegantly argue the pros and cons to a progressive conclusion. As a 1991 collection of his journalism, "Writing Left-Handed," shows, Hare is a pedestrian, somewhat pompous essayist; in his plays, however, and in the mouths of fine performers, the whopping, opinionated arias he writes lose a good half of their immodesty and sanctimony. Often, the charisma of outstanding performers—over the years, his plays have starred, among others, Helen Mirren, Kate Nelligan, and Anthony Hopkins—distracts from Hare's inert exposition and makes talk feel like action. This is decidedly the case in "Skylight," where we have both the inimitable Michael Gambon, playing the entrepreneur Tom Sergeant, a grief-stricken widower, and the powerful, appealing Lia Williams, playing Kyra Hollis, into whose life he crashes back one wintry London night in the nineties.

John Gunter's set, like the play itself, seems caught between naturalism and symbolism. It's a well-appointed, ramshackle main room, dominated by a behemoth upstage wall/window (whose like would not be found anywhere in the fashionable but dowdy area of Northwest London where the play is set), through which the gray, barren outlines of the city can be seen. The incongruity of the transparent wall reinforces the notion that Kyra's book-lined first-floor flat, with its up-market "working surfaces" and down-market decoration, is some interior garret of Hare's exacting imagination. (Even the downstage garbage is politically correct: divided into glass and paper, it signals the home of a liberal, responsible citizen.) Kyra, whose name echoes "Kyrie"—a call for mercy—is just that. "My goodness" are her first words. Although it's an exclamation directed at Edward Sergeant (Christian Camargo), Tom's eighteen-year-old son—whom she hasn't seen for a few years, and who walks into her house unannounced—the words subliminally establish the moral stakes in this puppet show of passion. Edward brings news of his rebellion, his mother's death from cancer, and his father's weird behavior during a year of mourning, and he asks the question whose answer Hare spends the next two hours telling but not showing. "We saw you for years," Edward says to Kyra. "Then you vanished. Why?"

As soon as Edward exits, Tom Sergeant is produced as glibly as Edward was. Tom is shrouded in a black raincoat, which he won't remove, and his loneliness is as vast and dark as the coat around him. He hasn't seen Kyra for three years, since his wife discovered their six-year affair. He wants to be embraced, but he cannot embrace Kyra's life style. "This is the life that you made?" he says at the end of Act I, when it appears to both of them that they might come back together. "Will you tell me, will you tell me, please, Kyra, what exactly you're doing here?" Tom and Kyra are separated not by love but by ideology, and Michael Gambon fills the play's formulaic plot with the compelling gravity of his booming, inconsolable presence. He enters carrying an offering of whiskey; she puts it with the beer. Starting with this first gesture, the differences between the would-be lovers are factored out as systematically as an algebraic equation. He is wasteful, well dressed, successful, ironic; she is responsible, casual, impecunious, sincere. In her self-sacrifice, she is also "spiritual," while that "bloody word 'spiritual' " is one that he can't abide. "It means, 'Well for me, for *me* this is terribly important, but I'm fucked if I can really say why,' " Tom says, on a winning, splenetic roll, as he prowls around Kyra's lacquered red kitchen table. As we see, Kyra is a good listener; but to Tom "listening's halfway to begging." In his restless energy—Gambon is a dynamo of ironic feints and charming nervous tics—Tom, whose entrepreneurial talent has made him a wealthy restaurateur, personifies the Thatcher boom years. "Just through that little opening in history you could feel the current," he tells Kyra. "For once you could feel the current running your way. You walked into a bank, you went in there, you had an idea. In. Money. Thank you. Out."

Kyra, who once worked in Tom's restaurant and said no to an offer of the shares that made Tom a millionaire when his business went public, personifies the rejection of the free-market spirit. "The whole of society must get down on their knees and thank them, because they do something they no longer call 'making money,' " she says when it's her turn to serve for the match. "Now we must call it something much nicer. Now we must call it 'the creation of wealth.' " Kyra gives as good as she gets: "If you actually have to learn to survive, well, it's a thousand times harder than leading an export drive, being in government, or . . . yes, I have to say, it's even harder than running a bank." Hare's dialogue fairly crackles with vitriol; and Gambon, especially, makes the observations pay. "I'm deeply impressed with it," he says of Kyra's flat. "It gives me no problem at all. Put a bucket in the corner to shit in, and you can take hostages and tell them this is Beirut!" When Tom's needling doesn't get a response, he loses control and, in the play's best moment, heaves her students' notebooks around the room and at her. He makes a last-ditch promise to give Kyra a family, but they both know they've missed their moment. "The energy's wonderful. Oh God, I tell you the energy's what everyone needs," she says to him before he exits, defeated, into the snowy early morning. "But with the energy comes the restlessness. And I can't live in that way."

After Tom closes the door on his dream of love, the lights fade on the exhausted Kyra as she straggles to bed. The audience, which has listened with rapt attention, applauds. The play feels over—and, indeed, it is. But Hare adds a forced grace note—a commercial theatrical compromise masquerading as a kind of spiritual consolation. Kyra, who admitted to Edward in the first scene that what she missed from her old deluxe life was "a good breakfast," has an haut-bourgeois blessing literally spread out before her. At seven o'clock the next morning, just as she's racing off to school to give special help to one of the few gifted students, Edward arrives with breakfast from the Ritz. Kyra wakes up and smells the coffee. Here on Broadway, at fifty-five dollars a head, it's in a silver service. "Let's eat" are Kyra's last words. The lights fade on a banquet—Hare's romantic tribute—where idealism and materialism cozy up together. "Nobody lives an honest life, do they?" Hare has said, and certainly his ending, which panders to the customers, proves the point. In "Skylight" Hare, I suspect, has his Broadway hit; he also has an unwitting metaphor of the winded, nervous British political moment. "Skylight," finally, is a socialist soap opera in which, as in Tony Blair's new Labour, the socialism is left out. ♦



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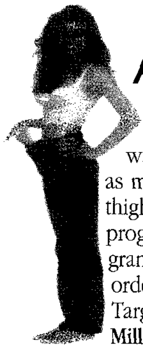

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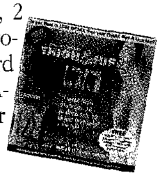

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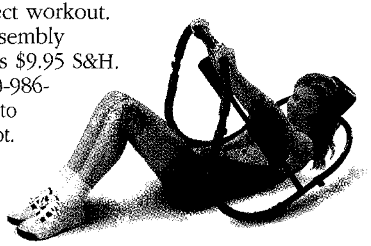

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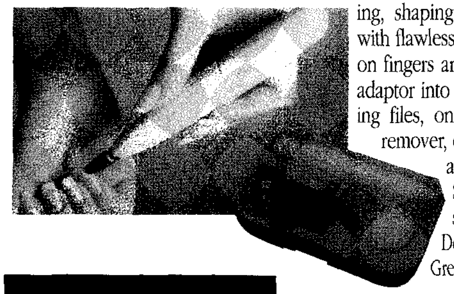

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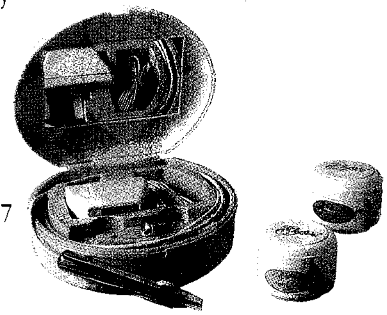

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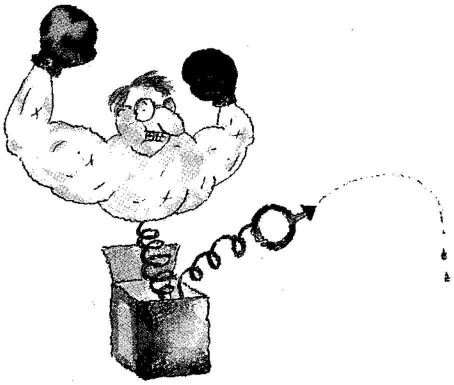
SHOUTS & MURMURS

PUNCH DRUNK

BY CHARLES McGRATH

I READ two things recently that changed my life: the *Newsweek* cover story on hormone therapy for middle-aged men and Richard Ford's essay, in this magazine, on the dangerous attractions of fistfighting. Afterward, I couldn't face myself. I hadn't had a fight in years. My knuckles were as smooth as a baby's. My belly was soft. My hair was falling out even as I watched. And as for my libido—Hello, what libido? My "maximum ejaculatory distance," to use the *Newsweek* term, was down to nothing. To be honest, it had been months since I'd even bothered to take out the tape measure. Clearly, something had to change, so I reached for the checkbook and went up to Dr. Franck's clinic, on the East Side, for a course of treatment. The following is a diary I kept. I hope it will inspire other middle-aged guys to take the steps necessary to restore their youthful vigor.

DAY ONE: I was greeted in the lobby by Dr. Franck's cheerful Germanic assistant, Igor, who led me to an ozone-smelling cubicle, where he injected me with a liquid extract of fresh guinea-pig and dog testicles. I felt nothing, except a vague sense of well-being and a slight but immediate thickening of my beard. Then Igor showed me around, pointing out the Surveyor's Room, where patients go to have their angle of erection checked, and the Rainbow Chamber, where what *Newsweek* calls their urinary arcs are measured. I said I felt a little funny seeing so many middle-aged guys strutting around with their johnsons out. Igor said I would get used to it. On the way home, I didn't like the looks of the guy sitting next to me on the subway. So I coldcocked him.



DAY TWO: As instructed, I gave myself a Rogaine massage, but must have done something wrong. I have hair on my palms but not on my head. I was pleased to see, however, that overnight my love handles had fallen off, and that my abs now have that rippling, chiselled look. Gerry, the doorman, must be jealous of my transformation, because he gave me a funny look and said, "Good morning, Mr. McGrath," in a smirking fashion. "Good morning, Gerry," I replied. "I mean, good night!" I let him have one upside the chin, and then I kicked his sorry ass from one end of the lobby to the other.

DAY THREE: Feeling libidinous. And when my A. of E. proved to be not all that I'd hoped (though still far superior to that of your average twenty-year-old), I turned to my wife and said, sweetly, "Honey, it's time for the needle." She started to scream. "Come on," I said. "It's just hydraulics—a foreplay thing." She still said no, and I was so honked off that I gave myself a face peel, touched up my hair coloring, and went across the street and duked it out with two cops standing on the corner. I caught the first one with a rabbit punch to the bridge of the nose. Broke it clean. Then I turned to the other one and said, "You're next, suckah."

DAY FOUR: Am having trouble cleaning off the glue residue left by my stick-on testosterone patches. My back has as many rings as a fraternity-house coffee table. On the other hand, my skin is supple and my hair lustrous, and I no longer need eyeglasses. Threw them out last night, after crushing the lenses with my teeth. My ejaculatory distance is up to fifty feet, roughly—or all the way from the front hall to the back of the dining room. My wife asked for Igor's phone number—said she needed to talk to him. I said, "You know what, honey? I think there's a new fashion look coming this fall. You know, extra blackening around the eyes?" And then—budda-bing, budda-bing—I gave her a little demonstration. Also gave a little demonstration to the guy at the newspaper stand. Here, buddy, see if you can make change for THIS! (I missed him, actually, but just the wind from my punch knocked him over, and I followed up with some sprightly toe work on his kidneys.)

DAY FIVE: So this morning there's this guy in the mirror, thinks he's so tough? Got the big pecs? So what. Got the low body fat? So what. Got the permanent bulge in the pants? So what. I'll tell you one thing right now: I didn't like his attitude. Not one bit. So I smacked him in the face—take that, pal!—and knocked myself into the middle of next week. Wanna make something of it? ◆

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